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MAXIMUM ROCK & ROLL

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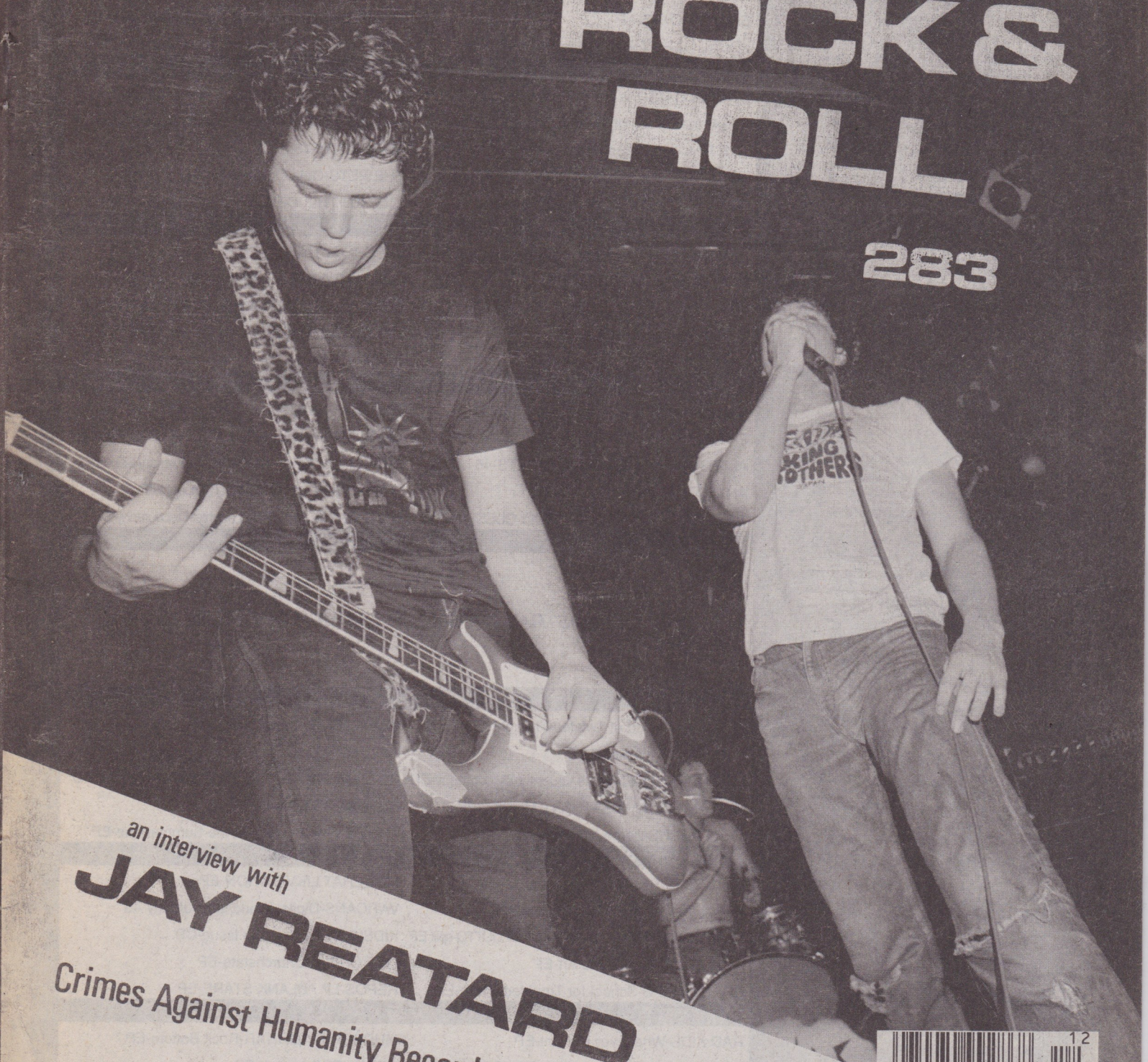

an interview with

JAY REATARD

Crimes Against Humanity Records

Doris Zine

A Touch of Hysteria

Kvoteringen

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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- Everywhere else: $10 each (air). 12 issue sub for $110 (airmail only). 6 issue sub for $57 (airmail only).

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See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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TOP 10

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TIM BROOKS

- BOMBENALARM/DEAN DIRG-split EP
- THE DAGDA-An Endless Betrayal-LP
- WIPERS-Is This Real?-LP
- SHOP FRONTS-LP
- LOCAL OAFS-Too Dumb to Reason...-LP
- THE VATICANS-Digital World/Little Jimmy-45
- THE PETS-Only One/Neverending Tree-45
- CARDIAC ARREST-Life's a Dead End-EP
- GHETTO WAYS-Winks & Blue Eyeshadow-45
- NIGHTMARE-Refugee of Logical Society-EP

MITCH CARDWELL

- STRATECOATS-The Savage Young Greg Ashley-EP
- FIX-At the Speed of Twisted Thought LP
- THE RALPHS-Zeros No ones-LP
- BRADFORD COX/OLD KING COLE YOUNGER-split 10"
- HOME BLITZ-Live Outside-EP
- THE FE FI FO FUMS-In the Summertime-EP
- HUE BLANC'S JOYLESS ONES-Fait Accompli-LP
- EBBA GRÖN-78-EP
- THE PETS-Only One/Neverending Tree-45
- ICE AND THE ICED-Drunk at the Duke-LP

ROB COONS

- NIGHTMARE-Refugee of Logical Society-EP
- MODERAT LIKVIDATION-EPs
- FIX-At the Speed of Twisted Thought LP
- LIFE CRISIS-Churchstate-EP
- CAUSTIC CHRIST-Lycanthropy-LP
- WIPERS-Is This Real?-LP
- CARDIAC ARREST-Life's a Dead End-EP
- DEATH TOKEN/KYKLOOPPIEN SUKOPUUTTO-split EP
- SOLID DECLINE-Adorning the Void-2xEP
- DODSDOMD-De Sju Dödssynderna--EP

PAUL CURRAN

- RADIO BIRDMAN-Hungry Cannibals-45
- ENTROPY-EP / TOP TEN-EP
- ALERT! ALERT!-First Aid EP / PETS-45
- ANXIETY ATTACK-Fine Art EP
- THE ANSWER LIES / FOUR DEADLY QUESTIONS-CD
- RUIDOSA INMUNDICIA-De Una Vez-EP
- BAMBIX-Club Matuchek-CD / WIPERS-Is This Real?-LP
- EBBA GRÖN-78-EP / KIDS-30th Anniversary Issue CD
- THE FIX-At the Speed of Twisted Thought-LP
- LEBENDEN TOTEN-State Laughter/Discography-CD

JONATHAN FLOYD

TOO DISTRAUGHT BY THE TRIUMPH OF LaRUSSA

LAYLA GIBBON

- FIX-At the Speed of Twisted Thought LP
- WIPERS-Is This Real?-LP
- LEBENDEN TOTEN-State Laughter/Discography-CD
- VIVA AMERICAN DEATHRAY MUSIC -EP
- THE RALPHS-Zeros No ones-LP
- BLACK TIME-Dance Party-EP
- CACTUS-LP
- PSYCHO SIN-The Cancer is Still Spreading-CD
- RETAINERS-Lose It-EP
- THE FE FI FO FUMS-In the Summertime-EP

CHRIS HUBBARD

- WIPERS-Is This Real?-LP
- FIX-At the Speed of Twisted Thought-LP
- DEATH TOKEN/KYKLOOPPIEN SUKOPUUTTO-split EP
- ANXIETY ATTACK-Fine Art-EP
- CRAP CORPS-School for Troubled Youth-EP
- MODERAT LIKVIDATION-EPs
- VATICANS-Digital World/Little Jimmy-45
- KIDS-30th Anniversary Issue-CD
- LIFE CRISIS-Churchstate-EP
- REPOS-LP / BLANK STARE-EP

KENNY KAOS

- RAD KIDS-Whenever U Want-EP
- NIKKI CORVETTE AND THE STINGRAYS-LP
- GROOVIE GHOULIES-Berry'd Alive-10"
- SHOP FRONTS-LP
- TOP TEN-EP
- MURDER BY GUITAR-Rock Bottom-EP
- RETAINERS-Lose It-EP
- THE VATICANS-Digital World/Little Jimmy-45
- SURFIN' MATADORS-Drive Me Crazy!-EP
- QUEERS/GROOVIE GHOULIES-live at Gilman

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl or CD-only releases to the address on the previous page. See Demos section for where to send tapes & CD-Rs.

CAROLYN KEDDY

THE VATICANS-45 / THE PETS-45	TURPENTINE BROTHERS-45
SUSPICIONS-CD / THE FE FI FO FUMS-EP	BELLY BUTTONS-Introducing-EP
BLACK TIME-Dance Party-EP	THE PLUTONES-Goin' to Memphis-EP
TENESSEE TEARJERKERS-45	HOMOSTUPIDS-EP / THE RALPHS-LP
RETAINERS-Lose It-EP / THE FIX-LP	FASHION FASHION.../FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS-split EP

WILL KINSER

CAUSTIC CHRIST-Lycanthropy-LP	DEATH TOKEN/KYKLOOPPIEN SUKOPUUTTO-split EP
ANNIHILATION TIME-EP	THE FIX-LP / WARCRY-Deprogram-12"
BOMBENALARM/DEAN DIRG-split EP	NIGHTMARE-Refugee of Logical Society-EP
CONTROL DE ESTADO/DRAFT DODGER-split EP	ICE AND THE ICED-Drunk At The Duke-LP
MODERAT LIKVIDATION-EPs	ALL SYSTEMS FAIL-LP

RAY LUJAN

GOLDBLADE-Strictly Hardcore- Best Of-CD	V/A - The Speedfreaks Ball - DVD
BAMBIX-CD / THE VATICANS-45	NIKKI CORVETTE-LP / THE PETS-45
JOHNIE 3/THE PROZACS-CD	SCREAM! HELLO!-CD
ELLEGARDENI-CD / GROOVIE GHOULIES-10"	RADIO BIRDMAN-Hungry Cannibals-45
HELLO FEVER-Broken Lines-CD / THE FIX-LP	BOOM BOOM KID-live / BILLY BRAGG-live

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

THE VATICANS-45 / THE PETS-45	FASHION FASHION.../FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS-split EP
THE FIX-LP / EBBA GRÖN-78-EP	THOMAS FUNCTION!-EP / SORE THUMBS-45
NIGHTMARE-EP / ENTROPY-EP	TOP TEN-EP / SPARKLE MOTION-EP
BOMBENALARM/DEAN DIRG-split EP	DEATH TOKEN/KYKLOOPPIEN SUKOPUUTTO-split EP
SINKIN' SHIPS/THE THREAT-split EP	BOOM BOOM KID-live

GOLNAR NIKPOUR

DEATH TOKEN/KYKLOOPPIEN SUKOPUUTTO-split EP	LEBENDEN TOTEN-Discography-CD
BOMBENALARM/DEAN DIRG-split EP	THE RALPHS-Zeros-No-ones-LP
FIX-At the Speed of Twisted Thought LP	HOMOSTUPIDS-Brutal EP
WARCRY-Deprogram-12"	CACTUS-LP / RUIDOSA INMUNDICIA-EP
NIGHTMARE-Refugee of Logical Society-EP	ANXIETY ATTACK-EP / CAUSTIC CHRIST-LP

BRUCE ROEHRS

DEATH TOKEN/KYKLOOPPIEN SUKOPUUTTO-split EP	DODSDOMD-De Sju Dödssynderna-EP
CARDIAC ARREST-Life's a Dead End-EP	WARCRY-Deprogram-12"
SWINEHOOD-I'm Startin' To Hate What I Used To Dig-EP	ANXIETY ATTACK-Fine Art-EP
ANNIHILATION TIME-Cosmic Unconsciousness-EP	BONECRUSHER/NO SOLUTION/RIOT GUN-live
BOMBENALARM/DEAN DIRG-split EP	HAMMERLOCK,NUTS&BOLTS/BODIES-live

RYAN WELLS

HUE BLANC'S JOYLESS ONES-LP	HOMOSTUPIDS-Brutal Birthday-EP
KIDS-30th Anniversary Issue-CD	THE FE FI FO FUMS-In the Summertime-EP
VIVA AMERICAN DEATHRAY MUSIC-7"	CRAP CORPS-School for Troubled Youth-EP
HOME BLITZ-Live Outside-EP	JUNKPILE JIMMY-Alberhill-2xLP
THE RALPHS-Zeros No ones-LP	CACTUS-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

Captive Vioces #14	*The Inner Swine v.12 #3*
Diamonds: A Teen Girl's Guide to Baseball #1	*Proof I Exist #8*
Domd #1	*Q for Treason #10*
Free Society #17	*Rile Harvester #13*
Good Ideas for Tattoos	*The Rise and the Fall of the Harbor Area #8*

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES...

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, the Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemtion 87, Torture Kitty.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity. "Education" theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Aaron Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR catalogue #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#224/Jan '02. "Legislation Since Sept. 11, Rendencion 9.11, Metro Youth, Severed Head of State, Piranhas, Paraf, Backstabbers, Inc, An Albatross, Citizen Fish Tour, SPAM Records, the Virus, Action Time.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#226/Mar '02. Queer punk special issue. Vaseline, Quails, Skinjobs, Italian queer punk report, Vaginal Davis, Feelings on a Grid, Sissies, Scott Free, Dumba, Columns.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#231/Aug '02. Epoxies, Puppy Vs. Dyslexia, Koro, Blocko, Amdi Petersen's Armé, Piss & Vinegar Zine, Schizophrenic Records, Toys That Kill, Give Us Barabbas, Dirt.

#232/Sept '02. "No Future" article, Lost, Fartz, Sell Outs, Razors Edge, Stakeout, Dillinger Four, All or Nothing HC, Fleshies, Bridge Nine Records, Akashic Books, Liberty.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/Dec '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, *Artcore*, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, *Snakepit* zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, *Trust* zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#248/Jan '04. Discharge, Superhelicopter, Jed Whitey, Black Friday '29, Find Him And Kill Him, The Lids, Impratical Cockpit, Face Up To It, History Of Maximum Rocknroll Radio.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#252/May '04. Fucked Up, Firestarter, Inepsy, Laukaus, Great Clearing Off, Radio Reelers, Extreme Noise Records, 46 Short, The State, John The Baker, Free Verse, Chrystaei Branchaw photos.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. The Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, The Boss Martians, Reactionary Three, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, The Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, "Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech scene report, New Zealand scene report.

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid zine, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, *Baboon of Sickness* zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, *Trust* fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

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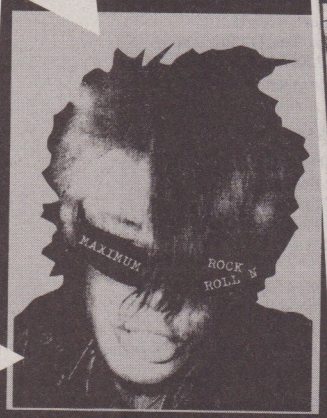

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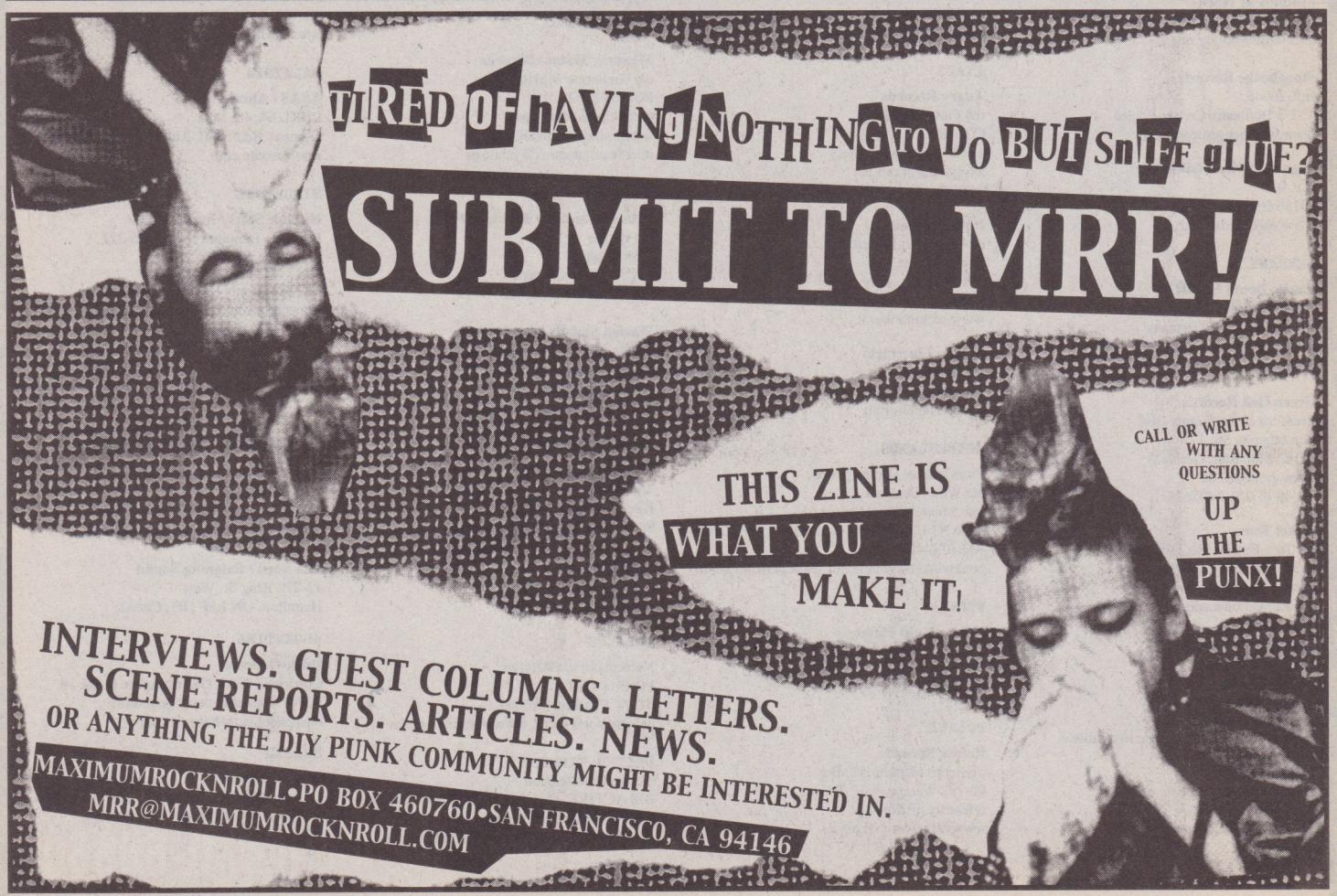

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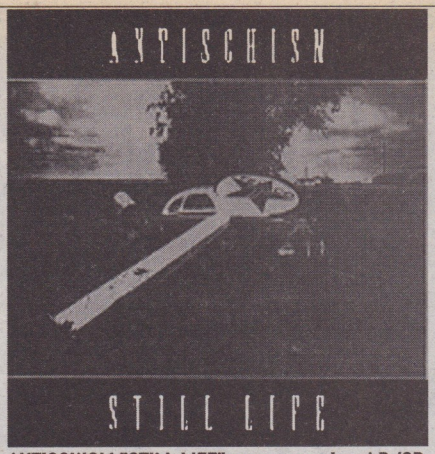

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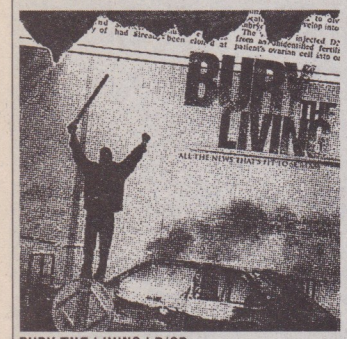

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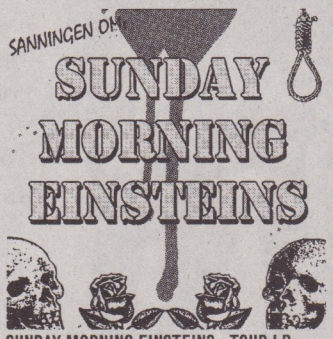

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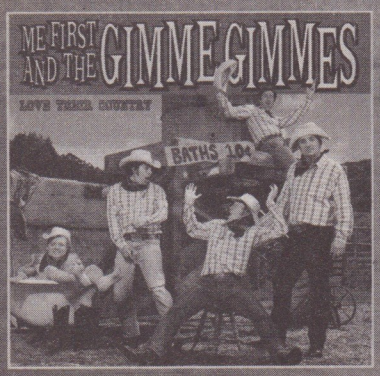

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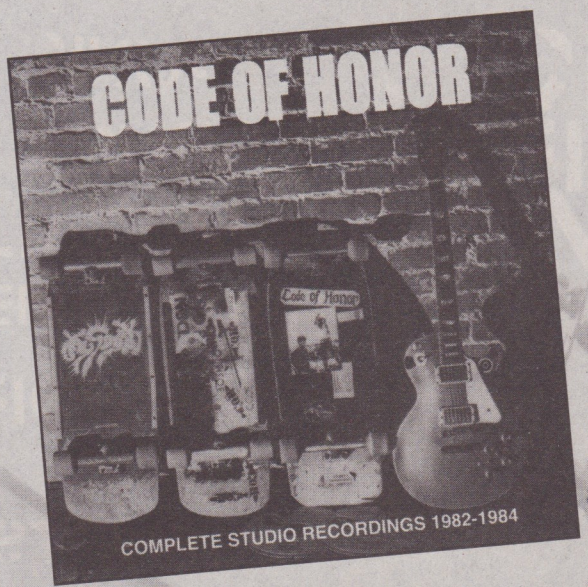

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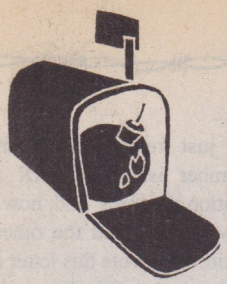


LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear MRR—

Lately I have been hearing a lot of complaints about the "inactivity" of punks as far as making positive changes or contributing to their scene and community. To hear this is quite disheartening, and I know good things are going on all around. In Albany, NY, kids would get a dollar off the show if they brought a can of food. In Boston, kids participate in "Critical Mass" the last Friday of every month, where bike riders take over the streets. I am temporarily residing in the Hampton Roads, VA area. It has an overall population of roughly nine million; still nothing much goes on. Instead of complaining about it, I'm trying to figure out what I can do to change the apathy I see in this place.

In an effort to demonstrate to people that no matter where they live there are things they can do to have fun and make a difference, I am working on a zine called *Active News*. I am looking for what people are doing in their towns that maybe others either can do but haven't thought of, lack the resources to do, or don't know how to do. This could be anything from Food Not Bombs, to reading to the elderly, to successfully squatting an unused building, to tips on setting up a show—whatever's successful, whatever people haven't thought of.

What are you doing? How are you doing it? Please let me know so I can help spread the word to others around the world and around my town and give them ideas for what can be done in their scene and community.

—Greg Pauley
xpalsyx@hotmail.com
1208 Pipers Crescent Apt. 534
Virginia Beach, VA 23454

Hey MRR and other readers–

This isn't a pinpoint fuck you letter to anyone in particular but rather a general pisstake at a lot of things punk. I am writing this at 2 a.m. with random inspiration. And no it isn't drug- or alcohol-induced…

While we bicker about record pressings, tours, token fees or lack thereof, who's more punk and who is less punk, which label is more legit than the other, which live show is the best, whether or not cannabis is straightedge, if your D-beat holocaust is darker than mine, if my band has more blastbeats than yours, if your dreadlocks are crustier than mine, ad infinitum...what is it that truly bothers us? What's our struggle? Is "struggle" even coherent to what we have to deal with everyday? Can we justify our arguments?

We bitch about how the capitalist juggernauts are taking over the world and fucking with the innocents out there, but how many of us would rather spend money on cheaper items from chain stores out of convenience than walk further to buy something off a family-run store? How many of us feel like saving this world but make fun of nerds, and don't take the effort to understand people with mental illness or flat out strange crazy weirdos? How many of us keep on saying that life is fucked when we all have working senses, limbs, a roof atop our heads, pillows to sleep on, friends to hang out with, great music to listen to, the ability to read, sleep, eat, see, hear? How many of us scream for acceptance but yet the vegans slam the meat eaters, the straightedge kids slam the drunks? How many of us scream for racial equality when white imperialist hardcore punk still reigns over any form of punk from Asia or Africa? How many of us scream against prejudice but any late package sender from South East Asia is automatically a rip off?

When I see a punk rocker complaining and whining (in a serious manner, not in jest) about how he doesn't have that record, when he missed out on that tour shirt, how her band can never go further than a demo, how she would kill to be on Suicide Girls, friends practically killing each other on mere musical/ethical differences...I want to fucking flip. Have we overlooked the simple fact that we have limbs and senses, homes, loving families and friends...the basics which millions around the world don't have?

We complain of being fat and bulgy when the hungry out there would never mind being in our state. You could actually help an independent shoe store paying its staff by buying their cheap useful shoes, but spend hundreds on a major brand. You call crusty punks with homes and jobs posers, yet you can afford to work freelance, go on tour, press 2000 color records because you have no bills to pay. When you bid $150 on Ebay for that record you don't need and your neighbor is actually wishing you could spare him $3 to feed his hungry daughter, would you give a flying fuck?

Is a rich punk less punk than you? Is a crusty punk with a car less legit? Does vegan mean more humane? Does jobless necessarily mean liberated? Is looking ordinary less punk than your 2,186 tattoos? Is a fat drunken punk more punk than a good-looking punk? Is laziness a virtue, a choice, a weakness, or a privilege? Is an Asian band important only after a label like 625 Thrash puts it out? Are ads in *Maximum Rocknroll* more legit than an ad in *Goatkore*, *Awareness,* or *Slingshot*? Are Nazi punks better or worse than punks who choose to practice religion, sign on to major labels, and commit consensual incest? Are bands you never heard of less important? Are Muslim punks more punk than Christian punks but not as punk as atheist punks? Are Rupture and Cripple Bastards punk because all sorts of labels have put them out, but Meat Shits and Libido Airbag are homophobes and should be boycotted? What, who, where, when, and fucking why????

Am I the most punk, perfect dude in the world? No. I have contradictions. Lots and lots of them. I'm guilty of half the things written above.

At times I feel all of us are fortunate to be able to be actively involved in punk rock in the first place. And when I see punks in the more developed countries, who are able to live off the scene without having to work a shit job, complain about fucking petty things, I wonder if they realize that the capitalist advances of their resident nation is the core reason why their realities are possible. Get it in your heads—most punk bands in the world cannot live off the scene because the economic status of their society makes it impossible to do so. Some people *have* to work, you fucking idiots. There is no other choice. CrimethInc ideas are only relevant in certain places, you fucking idiots.

Most punks who complain that the world is fucked would never give up their shirts, tapes, CDs, records, homes, or computers with internet access so that people around them could have it a little better. You scream and yell that you don't have a girlfriend. Some punks in other places don't even have running water, you prick. The world is so fucked and unfair, or so you whine on your blog. Fuck you.

So what is the point to this? I don't fucking know. It's all random rambling. But the fact remains that the punk rock scene can never be perfect. The fact we're all liberated from the mainstream social hellhole (and eventually being part of this struggle), to me, is a great privilege in itself whether you're from Bulgaria, Sweden, Togo, Korea, France, Indonesia, Singapore, Russia, Brazil, or the Faroe Islands. We fight a war every fucking day, that's a given. Most of us,

having punk as our outlet to this fucked up, depressive world take it for granted.

Not everyone in this world gets to see the self-empowerment that they see in punk rock. We do. Not everyone has a desire to look forward to the future. We do. Even if it's just to see and circle pit to our favorite band live. Not everyone realizes there is nothing wrong being themselves. We do.

We have hope. We have a community. We have self-empowerment. We have awareness. We have conscience. We have punk and hardcore. It helps us out everyday. Yet it's full of contradictory folk like myself, you, and the rest of your fucking crew.

That's why punk will always stay relevant, so quit whining about how we are all preaching to the converted. We're not. Because it has always been imperfect.

Punk is not dead. But it deserves to die. Maybe not.

Regards,
–Shaiful
Singapore
Circle Of Friends, Lead II Nitrate, Rememories
Prohibited Projects
trashkore@yahoo.com

Dear MRR—
The statement by RS Productions about "Pointless Fest" being shut down raises a number of issues.

• The organizers attempted to hire cops as security.

• The organizers did their best not to disrupt "everyday normal life" in the neighborhood.

• The organizers worked to reimpose social peace after people attacked police.

• The organizers list not wanting to put police in danger as one of the most important reasons for canceling the fest.

At its best, punk is a tool for coming together to attack and transform "everyday normal life," not merely find a niche within it. Naively, perhaps, I assumed that even at its worst, punk meant not supporting the police. Any scene that wants to hire cops for show security is not a scene I want to be a part of.

Scumfuck traveler kids are not my scene either, but if they're willing to throw down with the cops, I'd much rather join them in rioting then be another face in the crowd at a punk fest. If that means angering the neighbors, so be it.

I don't care what bands they're in or how long they've been in the scene, fuck anyone who works with the police. Let's do more than just listen to music and turn this world of "normal everyday life" upside down. The only path left is that of attack!

–Don
837 E High St #115
Lexington, KY 40502
don@crimethinc.net

Dear MRR–
I was part of the world portrayed in the film *American Hardcore*. I was in a band (we played Gilman St's first show), went around the world seeing and playing gigs, and always turned to your magazine as a resource.

Since then, I became a teacher, had a family, and dropped out of the scene. It has been ages since I have thought about '80s hardcore.

It was fun to watch guys in the film like Vic Bondi and Ian McKaye pontificate about the death of the '80s scene; however, for a film to assert itself as a documentary of hardore from 1980-'86, it sure missed a lot. Instead of giving so much camera-time to the Cro-Mags and SS Decontrol, the filmmakers should have focused more on the Midwest and icons like Hüsker Dü. SF? Where was Jello? Where was *MRR*?

They also succeeded in making hardcore seem ulta-male, and ultra violent. Not my experience at all.

I just wish the film would have found you as great a resource as I had for all those years.

–Glen Herman
Chicago

MRR—
Good F'n Grief!!!!!! I just witnessed the craziest band that I have ever seen. I went to the show at Harks Garage in Conroe not expecting too much. Manny's Wig was the headliner. They are a great band but they are also one of the only bands in Conroe so I have seen them a gazillion times.

The opener for the evening was a band from Austin called A Disco For Ferns. I'm not a grindcore fan in the least bit but these guys are insane. First of all, they wear these silly wrestling masks on and off stage the whole time they are at the shows so no one knows who they are. Their stage show is something else all together. During the set, the drummer and guitarist traded verbal jabs back and forth until the drummer hit the guitarist in the back of the head with a chair. As the guitarist laid motionless on the floor and his guitar started to feedback the band played through two songs. The guitarist finally came to and dove over the drumset knocking the drummer off of his stool and then took over the drumming duties. The set was pretty short after all of this went down as I believe the guitarist had a concussion. After their set, the guys hung out and talked to everyone but the guitarist was incoherent and throwing up so he was taken to the hospital.

If A Disco For Ferns plays a town near you I recommend that you go see them. You'll love it, plus someone might die onstage.

–Phil Walbal
Conroe, TX

MRR—
So I just read a letter in the September issue of *MRR* about Ebullition Records and how they are overpriced, and the other shit that was said. The kid who wrote this letter clearly had no grounds to say any of the things that he said. You could tell it was just another kid trying to complain about something because what better shit to we have to do then complain about what labels are doing what and what bands sold out? I am a hard ass when it comes to DIY ethics. Most of my hard-line stance has come from Kent at Ebullition. They have always done it their way and told everybody else to fuck off. No barcodes, no artwork they see as offensive—they don't care, they do it how they want. This kid calling them out is pretty fucking lame and just shows how lame punks have gotten. I read that interview from Kent a couple issues back and he some great things to say. One of those things was to stop looking at everybody else and calling them out and start looking at yourself, and to stop looking around and pointing the finger.

To say that Ebullition does not deserve to be in *MRR* is pretty fucking crazy, kid. You also said something about Alternative Tentacles, do you know them? Have you worked with them? If you say no, then tell me what the fuck are you talking about. I am not going to waste a lot of time on this letter for some kid who is just looking to start fights. I just want to end by saying punk is getting way too gutless and nobody will just say what they feel to the people it needs to be said to. Just letters and emails and back biting comments that really do nothing for anybody. If we took half the time that we spend making fun of or taking shit and spend it trying to make punk and hardcore something special and something to be proud of, then I think we would have less to complain about. No more cool clubs. No more shit talking. I want to see more positive letters. For example, thanks *Heartattack* for 50 great issues of awesome hardcore/punk coverage. Did you do 50 issues of a zine? Well, they did.

—Ryan Punxxx
PO Box 1148
Grand Rapids, MI
49501

Hey—
So I was reading the latest *MRR* and people are still carrying on about the *Punk Pagan* "fucking Arabs" thing. Okay, I understand what you guys are saying and where you are coming from. But, I have to disagree. I don't see why *MRR* has such a big discrepancy between blasting Christianity and then being okay with Islam. I understand that most Christians and most Muslims are benign people and their religions help them, I just don't buy into that and I see those belief structures as a crock of shit. But

organized religion is organized religion. Fuck Christianity and Fuck Islam are the same slogans, in my opinion. I don't think political correctness is, like, the key to our salvation. I don't give a shit if someone says "fucking Arab" or "fucking whatever." To me, punk has something to do with shock value and the PC-ness of the punk community seems contradictory and proof that these fucks deserve working for the Republican or Democrat National Convention—they don't like harsh terms, either. Christ, just because a guy said "fucking Arabs" does not fucking mean he's a racist. Arabs make up the majority of Muslims, does stating this and not being 100% politically correct make someone a racist? And who knows about this guy? Maybe he is an Arab himself. I know I'm a white-boy crack honky devil motherfucker myself.

About the Mohammed caricatures—who cares? Why does *MRR* find a difference between that and trashing an image of the cross or Jesus? Seems like more and more hippies are controlling the scene and labeling any offensive person (which, punk fucking started as—offensive to the mainstream) as a Nazi fascist homophobic sexist blah blah blah. Seems like it's going to get to the point where *MRR* is going to call anyone who says "black guy" as a racist. Furthering that, I suppose Richard Pryor was a racist jerk too, he said "nigger" constantly.

This wasn't well thought out, I know—lynch me for it. I just think this whole PC dogma bullshit and this double standard between organized religions has got to go.

Later,
–Andrew
android32@gmail.com

Andrew—
I should reiterate that my point last month wasn't that Islam is "ok" or cool; I find religious worldviews grossly out of line with my own, and I agree that they have no place in the punk scene. There is nothing benign about any philosophy that demands absolute submission, and these philosophies must be criticized in every way possible.

It is my feeling, however, that even if shallow shock value rhetoric is what a punker wants to achieve, replicating the trite mainstream opinions we are inundated with every day (i.e. "fuck Arabs") falls sadly short of the mark. The mainstream teaches us that most Muslims are Arabs, as you assert (they're not; the six countries with the largest populations of Muslims—Indonesia, Pakistan, Bangladesh, India, Iran, and Turkey—are not Arab countries), and that they are all murderous, barbaric half-humans. Reiterating such bullshit in a punk zine would be both irresponsible and stupid—you can find that sort of thinking by simply turning on the TV.

It is up to us to be crude, irreverent, shocking, fearless, and fucking punk, but to do all of that while offending the powers that be rather than populations being bombarded, tortured, and colonized by our government, with us complicit in their tactics. It is important to have some sense of the context of our words and our actions, especially in these dangerous times.

Lastly, I should point out that MRR *never covered the Mohammed cartoons, so I am not sure where you get your idea that we condemned them—we didn't, and we don't. Thanks for writing,*
—Golnar

Ahoy Punk Rockers—
Jim here from "Reigning Sound" the record store (not the band) in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. Unfortunately, I'll be shutting down shop in November '06, the day of my Second Anniversary of opening. It's been a blast, but not everyone listens to good music, and even fewer buy it.

Thanks all the bands and people that have been supportive in so many ways. Before I get carried away, I won't. It's been fun.
—Jimmy Vapid

Dear MRR–
Hi, I'm writing about Chris Hubbard's column that appeared in *MRR* #281, the October, 2006 issue. In that column Chris touched on a number of important issues, any one of which could probably make the focus of an entire column, but it was the bit where he described how accelerating changes on the internet—blogging, instantaneous file sharing, social networking sites, etc.—are changing how punk operates that I'd like to take a stab at. Although I think what's happening in the world at large (CIA torture prisons, Palestine, etc.) is more interesting than the internal dynamics of the punk scene, what Chris wrote about is something I've been thinking a lot about lately and I'm sure others have, too.

It seems like four things have irreversibly changed punk in the '00s: 1) MySpace, 2) eBay and Amazon, 3) online filesharing, and, related to that, 4), audio or mp3 blogs, but also blogging in general (which Chris rightly mentions could be phasing out the old zine culture). Chris mentions that it's impossible to tell how these things will develop and change punk. I agree, you can't tell. But the things he mentions aren't going away any time soon, even if old-fashioned photocopied zines march bravely on, pretending newer, free web versions don't exist. Whether the new developments are a good or bad thing, I don't know for sure yet, either. The advent of TV could still be debated as a bad thing (reality TV, Bill O'Reilly, COPS, etc.) or a good thing (the ability to collect and see independent movies at home), too.

About MySpace, it seems like it was about 2004 when the entire punk scene decided to pull up stakes and collectively migrate onto that Fox-owned site. Like a lot of people, I still have mixed feelings about MySpace. It seems like a more fitting name ought to be PromoSpace, especially within the past year. At first I thought MySpace was great. It enabled little-known DIY bands to have a free page with all the bells and whistles you'd find on big acts' webpages. MP3s, a bulletin area to announce shows, pictures of the band, and a chance to link to other bands in an all-important Top 8. Now there's so much relentless promotional crap on MySpace it seems like a joke to call it a "social" networking site. The bulletin area is especially rife with non-stop promotions: shows, shows, shows!!!, personal pet projects, and more. Complaining about it makes me a bit of a hypocrite because I've bought stuff by way of these bulletins, and have sold or informed others of my own stuff that way, too.

(It's also redundant to note that there's an enormous degree of vanity there. "Look at the goofy fun I'm having in *this* picture!!") On the other hand, it's kind of cool to be able to check up on what some band in Sweden or France or Argentina is doing, isn't it? Like Today's Overdose, who post new mp3s or live videos as they get them. MySpace is still in "guilty pleasure" mode, not into "Okay, this is total shit" territory.

Something that Chris did not mention, but might have if he'd had more space, is how online file-sharing is linked to the eBay-ization of record collecting. I've never been a huge collector of vinyl. For one, I simply don't have the money to pour into it, and I have interests outside of punk music, like movies and books and politics, things which also compete for my time and money. I am not all-punk, all the time, 24/7, especially in the sense that punk can narrowly be defined as a "collector of records" (it can't). Some times I take a break from the music and indulge in other interests. This is not made any better by the fact that, as some *MRR* columnists have pointed out, eBay has upped the ante on how much vinyl can go for. Same thing with out-of-print books and DVDs on Amazon. A great example of the latter is the book *Primal Screamer*, written by Rudimentary Peni's Nick Blinko. I have it, and even though it only went out of print within the last few years, apparently it's "worth" upwards of US $90 now according to Amazon's "Used & New" area. Bullshit! I know folks that have put off buying DVDs only to discover one horrible day the DVD they always wanted had gone out of print. So then in come the vultures and suddenly the DVD is "worth" $100 or more (the Criterion edition of *Salo: 120 Days of Sodom* by Pier Paolo Pasolini is a classic example). Folks at *MRR* may know the Misfits' *Cough/Cool* 7" from 1977 recently went for over $2,000 on eBay, and not too long ago a GISM album fetched over $300. There are some collectors on eBay who apparently have ample money to throw around. For example, the same person that bought the Misfits 7" for over

$2,000 recently also bought a Fear EP for over $400. Yikes.

Online MP3 blogs and file-sharing networks, like Soulseek, tie into this because they are a way us poorer folks can circumvent this insanity and actually hear the fucking music without having to sell plasma or travel 300 miles to see a show and buy merch there. I think in that aspect it's surprising that even though Chris mentions MP3 sharing in a halfway alarmist manner, as if it might replace folks actually buying albums (an old meme), a lot of sites devoted to sharing MP3s are actually doing so in a very DIY kind of spirit. 7inchpunk.com is one of the more recently-notorious sites; it devoted a whole post to the Misfits 7" going for over $2,000 in a kind of reassertion of its mission to make rare music available for those not in the jet set. I honestly think file-sharing networks help build up, not destroy, bands who are at a grassroots, DIY level. That is, I think users download bands to "test drive" them and see if they want to go to the bands' shows, buy their t-shirts or stickers, and invest any more time in them. Some bands seem to hate this. This makes me think those bands must not be that confident in their own worthiness. They want you to discover they suck only *after* they have your money, it seems like. If the bands were good and proud of it, wouldn't they be chomping at the bit to get folks to hear their music? It'd make show attendance and merch sales higher, I'd think. I have "tried out" plenty of bands before deciding, okay, I'm a fan, so now I am going to start trying to collect the band's shirts, vinyl, CDs, and see them live. It's sometimes only through doing this that listeners can weed out the crap kind of hardcore (The Distance) from the good kind of hardcore (Krigshot).

Also, Chris mentions that the recent Tragedy LP, *Nerve Damage*, was available on Soulseek within hours of its being released on vinyl. I was under the impression that it was a little bit more complicated than that: What I heard—which may be 100% false—was that initially "Nerve Damage" was to be sold on Tragedy's tour only. That meant if you couldn't make it to a show you were out of luck with hearing the new stuff, much less owning it. Maybe this was a rumor, but, true or not, it had its effect. So, some folks were so excited to hear the new album (which is a good thing, right???) but couldn't go to a show, or had no shows slated near them, that they sort of helped each other out by "taping" the album for friends in the form of MP3s. I'd love to be in a band that had a lot of people eager to hear a new release like that. If I hated that folks were eager to hear my music, or if I resented that I was getting more popular, I'd wonder why I was in the band to begin with. So, folks shared the music, something that is not necessarily tied into not purchasing records the way the RIAA wants people to think (in fact, it could be the inverse, creating "buzz," leading to more sales). And then Tragedy did release the LP at large, and now you can get it at record stores, where I bought my copy after listening to the MP3s beforehand when I thought I would only be able to buy it at a show.

It's ironic that Chris brings up Tragedy in a column about the Internet possibly changing punk, because Tragedy also have probably one of the lowest online profiles of any band I can think of. No webpage, not even the usual snail mail address in the recent album. There's always been an uneasy tension in punk between suspicion of success—to some people, being successful means you *must* have been co-opted somehow, facts be damned—and wanting folks to be excited and eager to hear your music. This makes me think a lot of bands fall victim to the same trendsetter mentality they criticize in mainstream consumerist culture. "I don't want to be popular, I want to be 100% cult always—but I actually do kind of want to be somewhat popular," a weird and precarious highwire to tread on. And a further irony is how the black metal scene really does seem to appreciate "cult" bands, lo-fi recordings, underground zines, etc., way more than punks nowadays; they have one-upped punk culture in this sense in a lot of ways. (When black metal bands shoot their mouths off about world affairs, though, 85% of the time I'm embarrassed for them.)

Overall, I think Chris brought up issues that people have thought about but have been hesitant to discuss at length. No one wants to discuss online culture much; it seems too nerdy or something. I don't like that there's a sea of personal blogs poised to replace zines, either. "Slug & Lettuce: The Blog" wouldn't feel right. But MySpace, online file-sharing, eBay, etc., aren't all going away, either. The geeks call this all "Web 2.0," the next big thing, a new era of social internet interactivity. You can't just weather it all out and wait for it to leave. It'll build upon itself and progress into something even more perplexing, I'm sure, probably in the next six years—unless the world plunges into chaotic nuclear armageddon, also a very real possibility given how US foreign policy is proceeding. In any event, even though *MRR* is a printed zine (and I have a subscription, and would hate to see it become merely a website or blog, or a series of messageboards), I think the issues Chris raises are important ones that people into punk will be forced to confront more and more in the next few years, whether they like it or not.

All the best,
–Oliver Sheppard
Dallas, TX

Oliver—
Thanks for taking the time to reply to my column; you bring up several good points (not the least of which is that there are certainly more important worth talking about than the internet's impact on the punk scene...!). I will just try and respond to a couple things in the space here.

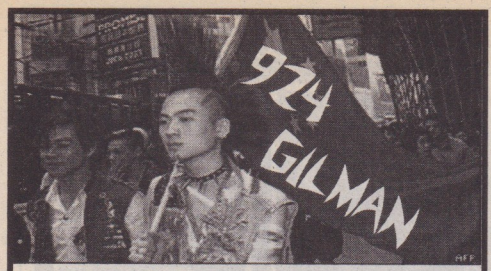
I think we would both agree that the internet has made access to hard-to-find music much easier. The advantages to this are self-evident, though easier doesn't always mean better. It's cool to be able to instantly download history's greatest or most obscure punk records, but for me, part of the appeal of punk music doesn't come from the fact that it's easily accessible. I love buying a record from a band on tour, getting a package from a distro in the mail, or tracking down an out-of-print EP buried in a used bin, being able to hold and appreciate the artwork, insert, or lyrics. Having to work a little harder for something means you value it that much more. I dunno, I'm not trying to say that I believe you should have to walk miles uphill in the rain and snow every time you want to hear a new band, I guess I'm just trying to look at both sides.

I don't think anyone, especially people in the punk scene, would argue that only the ultra-rich with thousands of dollars to blow on rare vinyl should be able to enjoy the Misfits or the Fix or whoever's records go for top dollar on eBay these days. Whether or not downloading music "might replace folks actually buying albums" is a different question... It is an old anxiety of the industry's, and of course I don't think file sharing will be the death of the music business—at least in the foreseeable future—but it does have an impact on our little world whether we like it or not. I could care less about rock stars like Metallica or Green Day who's check from the record company might not be as large as a few years ago, or the corporations themselves making less of a profit churning out the latest mass-marketed soulless garbage—it's the independent, mom-and-pop record stores, distributors, and labels who I would be sad to see gone because of music downloading. As it stands, the line between survival and bankruptcy is so thin, anything could push a small local record store out of business. And of course, the same goes for a print zine in the age of websites and messageboards. I really hope I'm just being an alarmist about these things, because I would hate to see them disappear.

Of course, punk will be around in one form or another, no matter how we listen to music or buy it (or don't); in the end that's the most important thing to remember.
—Chris

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS!

In issue #282, we mistakenly credited the The Homosexuals article to "Ethan Clarke"—his real name is Ethan Swan. Sorry Ethan!



November

Saturday 04
Resistant Culture (LA)
Attack Disarm Takeover
Eskape
Flatbush (LA)
Masacre
La Grita

Friday 10 $7
Lights Out
Have Heart (MA)
Go It Alone (CAN)
Sinking Ships (WA)
Lion of Judah (D.C.)
Times Up

Saturday 11
Agression (Oxnard)
Verbal Abuse
The Sick
Troublemaker
Psycho 78

Friday 17 $7
Jason Webley (WA)
Sherek & Alex Sprouts
The Pasties (WA)
Shakey Bones
1-2-3 Not It!

Saturday 18
Babyland (LA)
Replicater
T.B.A.
T.B.A.

Friday 24
Re:Ignition
Holy Ghost Circuit
Alexic
3606
The United Defiance

Saturday 25
Ghoul
Stormcrow
Arise
Hatchet
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Moderat Likvidation "Marionett I Kedjor" $3.50
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Pisschrist "Total Fucking Pisslickers" 7" $5 (Australia)
Ass "Sink" CD-EP $5 (5 songs, on Profane Existence)
Bill Bondsmen "Lungs Sieze" 7" $5
Go! "Reactive" 7" $3.50 or CD $6 (14 songs)
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Voetsek "A Match Made In Hell" CD $12 (42 tracks)
Dödsdömd "Seven Dealy Sins" 7" $3.50
New York Dolls "Welcome To The Dollhouse" 7" $5 (live '74)
Caustic Christ "Lycanthropy" LP $8.50 or CD $10
Profane Existence book #50/51 with CD $10
Control De Estado "Acto Criminal" 7" $3 (NEW on Burrito)
Control De Estado/Draft Doder 7" $3.50 (FL/Australia)
Gasmask/Coward CD $12 (Japan, mid 1980s)
Conquest For Death "S/T" 7" $3.50
Fucked Up "Dangerous Fumes" 7" $5 (only 2 songs, sorry)
Brutal Knights "The Pleasure Is..." LP $10 or CD $12
Rattus "Levytykset 1981-1984: Recorded Works" CD $13.50
Rattus "Ratcage" CD $13.50
Riistetyt "HC Revival" CD $13.50 (Finland, 1983 -- 34 songs)
Roach Motel "Worstest Hits" CD $10 (FL punk discography)
Terveet Kadet "My Generation: 1983 Rehearsal" 7" $5
Terveet Kadet "Jeesus Perkele" 7" $5
Krigshot "Till Vilket Pris Som Heist" LP $8.50
Migra Violenta "Holocausto Capitalista" LP $8.50
Germs "What God Means To Me" 7" $5 (2 songs)
Misfits "Cough Cool/She" 7" $5
Vilently Ill "Where Is The Next Wave" 7" $3.50
Bread and Water "Everything So Far" CD $8.50
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Dicks "Hog" 7" $5 (2 studio outtakes from 1980)
Channel 3 "The Skinhead Years" CD $12
Totalitar "Wallbreaker: 1986-1989" CD $12 (Sweden)
I Adapt "No Parasan" LP $8.50 (Iceland)
Oi Polloi "Pigs For Slaughter" CD $12 (23song retrospective)
Oi Polloi "Six Of The Best" CD $12 (six 7"s on a CD)
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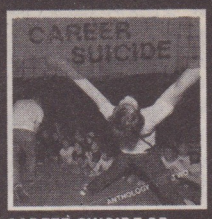

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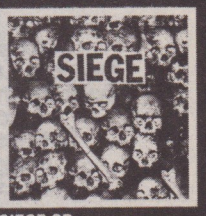

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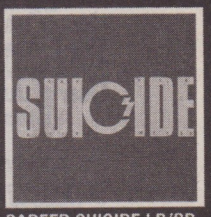

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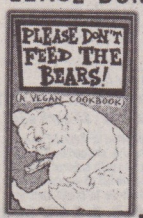

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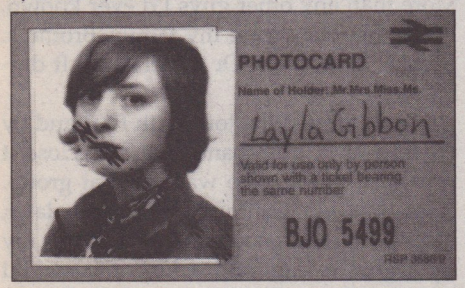


I feel like writing out the lyrics to the RAMONES "I Don't Wanna Grow Up" and have that be my column this month. Not because I want to be a child, but because I don't want to be a lame adult. My co-worker is reading a book about a woman who tried to live for a year without buying anything. Just to contextualize, before her great experiment she already owned a house in Vermont and an apartment in Manhattan, and had decided that going to the movies and fine wine were not things she would be able to live without, so somehow these things didn't count in her great strike against consumerism. Also: Skiing didn't count because, hey, she already had a place in Vermont so… well, you know. Just to contextualize my own, uh, involvement in said matter, I did not read this book. Just observed a lot of outraged and bemused grunts from said co-worker and got to listen to a lot of pompous excerpts from said masterwork. It made me think about how out-of-touch liberal America is, and how somehow this lady adding to the endless glut of crappy post-Bush jnr literature and blogs and shallow media world existences was somehow not part of the problem she was attempting to address. It's like Liberal Outrage™ as a lifestyle choice; just watch that Al Gore movie about the environment, buy a Prius, or put a Buck Fush sticker on yr vintage Volvo and uh, there you go all the way to the expensive organic food mart. As you recycle your huge stack of New Yorkers and sip yr Soy Latte, your delicate furrowed brow and Working Assets credit card are doing all they can to save us from doom.

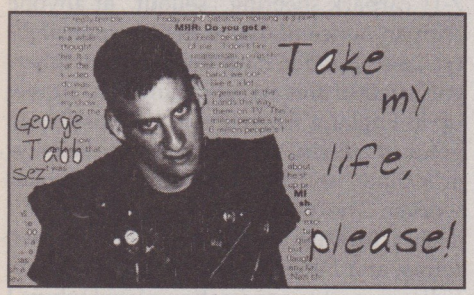
I am not an eager college graduate ready to take on the world with enthusiasm and vigour, and yet I get asked "What are you doing with your life?" increasingly often by the Concerned Adults in my life as I age. I work at a rad independent bookstore, making a buck or so over minimum wage, and live in a rent-controlled apartment in the most expensive city in America. I am much happier than when I lived in the Other Most Expensive City in America but somehow had a more parent-acceptable existence working for the Time-Warner Corporation making sure that people got paid for allowing New Line Cinema to use their music in movies such as *Next Friday* and the trailer for *Lord of the Rings*. That was five yrs ago and to my parents I believe it was the pinnacle of my achievement—a proper grown-up job! 401k! Benefits! I only lasted a year as a fast-paced adult-style yuppie drone, and one of the reasons I am not currently clawing my way viciously up the ladder in Movie Exec Powerland is that I didn't care. There were other more personal reasons that led to the collapse of my potential yuppie scum lifestyle but probably the fact that I did not actually want a corner office on the 57th floor of a Manhattan skyscraper, that would be the main light switch/HELL NO moment. I didn't enjoy cubicle life, but who does right? But more importantly I didn't want to be my boss, the Snr VP of Music and Business, who had the Seinfeld theme as his Screen Saver—so every time he left his office we got to hear that awesome teeth-gratingly non-sweet slap bass refrain ad infinitum—and who also fervently listened to Yanni and who's main claim-to-fame was that he'd written a made-for-TV movie for Kirstie Alley. NO THANKS! I'LL PASS!

One of the perils of getting older and staying punk is watching people abandon ship and start to roll their eyes or smile vacantly at the things that used to mean something to them. I mean, seriously, insert a whole boatload of sXe warrior betrayal lyrics here, because they all apply. Plus some earnest yet strident finger-pointing, please. I don't think my goal is to stay emotionally and developmentally backwards and just be a perpetual useless adolescent. But as I get older and find myself doing the things that I could have done pretty much at any age without a BA, and yet also find myself a lot more content and happy than I was when on the path to Great Achievements in Corporate Adulthood, I find myself thinking about boring shit like this ALL THE TIME. Uh, though I guess punk is essentially an extended adolescence for all intents and purposes, and first world living means lots of time to sit around and be the most self-involved creature you can be. I also didn't mean this to be a lame-o emo finding-your-inner-colorful-parachute spiel. The point is that I do not want my own office or business cards. I do not want the respect of the business community. I am sure I will regret this decision when I am a bitter old jerk who hates life and has no money as opposed to a bitter old jerk who hates life with a pension plan and a second house in Vermont. But right now when I skate down the street listening to "I Don't Wanna Be a Rich" by the Guilty Razors (who have a Myspace! Huh??), that world doesn't make sense to me. I know this seems really juvenile and 15 yr old kid in 7-11 carpark sneering "sellout" at anyone with an ounce of direction or responsibility… and I understand the privilege inherent in all of this naval-gazing too. I grew up in England when it was still possible to get a university education on the taxpayer's dime, and I could be a white collar worker. The possibility exists if I wasn't such a fuck-up. I like things on my own terms, and I really do not want to exist on a dinner party conversation planet where I don't see the irony in thinking about consumption as I ski down a virgin slope far from the welfare lines and housing projects where Buy Nothing Day isn't a lifestyle choice but a fact of life.

I would welcome correspondence on this subject! And I am sorry I am so rotten at writing back. But I can be found here layla.gibbon@gmail.com or write me c/o *MRR*.

1- Britton saying that my wanting to see the reunited Stimulators/Harley Flanagan '06 version was in direct contradiction to my last column. 2- Jess saying that she

likes it when it rains because it means everyone suddenly has the same problem and you kind of know what people are thinking about. 3- When you name things you damn them to the graveyard of "not gonna happen"—RIP Productive Summer '06. You could have been. But weren't. 4- Mika Miko. SO much better at the falling-apart calamitous house show than at the uptight-women's-studies-major-from-expensive-liberal-arts-college club show. But I am going to continue to name check that band until they truly leave my realm by only playing stadiums and coliseums. SO GOOD. Seeing them play is like yr birthday everyday. 5- Lebenden Toten Discog CD. Seriously. This band. Next level rad. 6- Martin talking about organizing a mass heckle of that stupid *American Hardcore* book dude if he comes to town. 7- Minutemen "Working Men Are Pissed" and the liner notes to the *American Youth Report* comp. 8- Rocking out to the Uzbek and Kazakhstan compilations with the Gnar. 9- Calvary LP. The best combination of post punk and Revolution Summer ever. Totally missed this band when they were around but I think it's the only true successful demonstration of a Rites of Spring influence ever. 10- The clip for that Chicago punk film *You Weren't There*. It's on the internet: www.regresivefilms.com. How much better than *American Hardcore* does this look? I think all girls at punk shows should do that one girl's crazy vibration dance. And all punk bands should just be Naked Raygun.



Skipping Rocks

Every so often I like to rerun this column.

Not just for the family and friends of those who were touched by Joe "Stoots" Ciauri, but as a reminder that we all have friends we love and care for deeply.

Please, don't let time go by so fast we forget to tell our friends how much we love them.

*

The heat embraced us, and hugged us tightly, as we all sat around the small pond in the mountains, somewhere between California and Nevada. The fresh mountain air offered us some relief, as did the fact that we were all together.

As I sat in the bright sun, on grass greener than I'd ever seen, I watched Joe Ciauri—a.k.a. "Stoots," spelled the same forward as it is backward—skip rocks along the placid surface of the pond. He had quite an arm, and the flat rocks he was digging out of the moist dirt bounced at least five or six times before taking their final plunge to the bottom of the of the murky green water.

As Stoots continued to toss rocks across the pond, we all took turns walking to the wooden restroom. Most of the members of Furious George went first, followed by FYP and those traveling with us: Wendy, Natalie, Aaron, and Rall. When we were all done, we went back to the pond, where Todd had joined Stoots in skipping rocks. Each would take turns, seeing who could get their rock to bounce the furthest.

Eventually, I wandered over to the edge of the pond, where the two members of FYP were playing like brothers. I loaded up my super-soaker squirt gun with the cold mountain water, and then proceeded to cool everyone off. Whether they liked it or not.

When I got to soaking Stoots, he just stood still, with his shirt tied around his head, and a boyish smile plastered to his always-happy face. I first soaked his crotch, then stomach and chest, and eventually his head. The whole time he stood still, smiling. He knew it was just a game.

After he was dripping wet, he picked up a muddy rock and handed it to me. It was flat on the top and bottom, and rounded on the edges.

"Give it a try," he said, as he wiped the dirt onto his pants and keychain.

I threw the rock like I'd seen him and Todd do, and it just made a big splash. Then it was gone.

"Try again," explained Stoots, calmly, "and this time, use more of a side pitch. And flick your wrist."

He then picked up another rock, and showed me how to do it in slow motion.

I took the rock from his hand, and tossed it. It kind of skipped once, then went straight down into the dark green unknown.

Once again, Stoots picked up another rock, wiped the mud onto his pants, and handed it to me.

"Let me guide you this time," he said.

He put one arm on my shoulder, and the other on my arm and hand. As I wound back to toss the rock, it felt good to be held by him in this way.

I tossed the rock, with the help of Stoots, and it skipped at least three times. I let out a yell of accomplishment, and Stoots then hugged me, telling me he knew I could do it. I hugged him back. In the past week or so, I'd been hugging him and Todd a lot. More than any other guys I'd ever known. It was like they were my family. Brothers. Sons. I don't know. Or understand. It didn't matter.

We continued the tour with FYP, and by the end of it, both bands were so close it was hard to tell who was in what group. When we left California sometime later, during a tearful goodbye, I gave Stoots my squirtgun, a hug, and a kiss. I knew I'd miss the guy.

And I was right, of course. For weeks I walked around with a large hole inside my chest. Burning, and empty. Needing to be filled with the smiles and warmth of my Californian friends.

Three months later, in Cleveland, Ohio, part of that burning was extinguished. We drove all the way there to play a show with FYP At least that's what we told ourselves. Actually, it didn't matter if we were playing or not, we drove all the way out there to *see* FYP. See Todd, Stoots, and Sean. And we did.

When we arrived to the club, we found all three guys in good spirits, even though they were more than a bit under the weather, and beat from touring. Stoots looked the best, in his '70s three-piece suit he proudly purchased at a thrift store for a dollar, and his new shiny shoes he got for fifty cents.

As we set up to play, Todd told us that Stoots was the "stud" of the tour, managing to find a new girl that he really liked every night. Typical Stoots. The women just fell over themselves for him. Cute. And sweet.

After the show, the FYP guys loaded up their van, and we hugged all of them goodbye. We planned to see them very soon on our upcoming European tour. So the farewells were very informal.

We loaded into Evan's car, and as we passed them in their van, we waved to them. They all waved back. And Stoots had that boyish smile on his face.

And that image of him is forever engraved in my mind.

Because it was the last time I saw him. Alive. Two months later, he died.

He jumped off a cliff. Or fell. I don't know.

I don't think I ever will.

And now I have a black hole in my chest. Burning, and beyond empty.

Last night I cried in my sleep. I was back there. At that pond. In the mountains somewhere between California and Nevada. Stoots, Todd, and I were skipping rocks. Sean, the other member of the band, stood by, casually watching. The sun was warm, but not hot. The cool stones felt good in my hands.

As we threw the rocks, I felt Stoots touch my shoulder and arm, and it felt great. I also felt him hold Todd. And it made me smile.

We continued to skip the flat stones and watch the ripples work their way toward the outer edges of the pond. We weren't in any hurry to get anywhere.

After a while, we took a break, and all sat on the very green grass. Stoots told Todd and I that he was fine, and very happy, and not to worry about him. When I began to cry, Stoots and Todd both hugged me. When it was Todd's turn to cry, we hugged him.

Sometime later, we were back at it, skipping those rocks. I looked over at Stoots, Todd, and Sean, in the bright sunshine. They looked back at me. Smiling. And it was then I realized why I enjoyed being around them and hugging them so much. The answer is really quite simple. I love them.

As the dream faded, I found myself trying to recapture it. Trying to recapture Stoots. But as consciousness set in, I knew it was a lost cause. But I swear, just before I woke up, I saw him with wings. And maybe a halo.

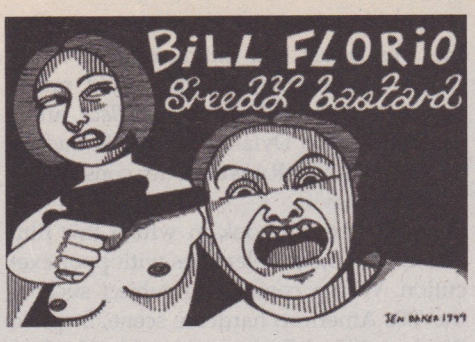
Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. www.myspace.com/paulryder — The best band next to the Dead Boys and The Dwarves. And getting better. I know I keep saying this…but wait to you hear some of their *new* stuff.

2. Been back in the hospital this month, so haven't heard much, but what I did hear from Some Action, I really liked. Also, I'm really digging "Metroid: Hunters" for the Nintendo DS, as well as "Animal Crossing: Wild World" for the same machine. Great fuckin' PUNK ROCK games. Really! Get them and find me and play me via Wi-Fi.

3. www.helpgeorgetabb.com — turns out there is a tribute album coming out of *my* songs! Holy fuck! So far it sounds great! With tunes by Monica Nelson, Whole Hog, 2 Man Advantage, Paul Ryder, and many more, this may be the best comp, ever!



My girlfriend has a Hybrid vehicle. It's sorta creepy: When you stop at a traffic light, it shuts off—it doesn't sputter and stall like when you have a shit car and stop at a light, it just ceases to run until you take your foot off the brake, then it starts right back up smoother than if you turned the key and started it. So basically you learn quickly that if there are people in the car, you fart before you stop or it's very audible. It's also got this cool gage that tells you if you're wasting gas or conserving gas at any given moment. Slam your foot on the gas pedal and the blue bar goes all the way up, slam on the brakes or coast downhill and the green bar rises up. Basically there are little extra generators in the brakes and wheels that generate power to charge the batteries when you're not burning up gas. It's pretty cool, and if you're bored you can try to see how far you can go without using a lot of gas. I used to have a similar computer on my horrible 1991 LeBaron, where it would tell you your exact gas mileage at any given second. If I were, say, rolling down a mountain, I could get it up to 125 MPG, and if I gunned it up to 90, I'd get like 1 MPG. This one time I was lost in Rhode Island at 3 a.m. with nine other people and it said I had zero miles to go before I ran out of gas, it said it for an hour while we all looked for an open gas station and uttered panicky screams that we were gonna end up sleeping in a ditch.

When I think back to my LeBaron days, I was always anxious and a little depressed. I was probably anxious because I was driving a fucking death trap of an automobile, but let's say that wasn't the reason—and regardless, if I compare myself now to then, there is a huge difference.

A friend of mine was just telling me she just got back from a Social Worker and this professional told her that she could not help her unless she figured out a way to communicate to her properly. I quickly added my opinion that this person is probably a lazy shit—I mean, if you're trying to help someone with their societal skills you'd wanna make a little bit of effort to get into their head and not immediately blame them for not having enough skill to get through a mental health evaluation. Anyhow, she told me she has ADD, has trouble getting though her schoolwork and other activities, and is unmotivated—and it's because she has so much anxiety about not finishing her work that she can't concentrate on finishing her work.

Well, look at this shit, maybe if we all didn't call it something sympathetic like Attention Deficit Disorder and called it fucking laziness, one would find a little motivation. If the fear of being badmouthed, kicked out of school, fired, or dumped was put in plain sight, perhaps one would strap it down and fucking get what needed to be done over with already. Maybe the fear of people calling you a fucking loser would supersede the lesser fear of having to tell people you have ADD, which so many people have taken advantage of that it's as taboo as saying you double dip your potato chips… Shit, I think we should all exclaim to people who claim ADD that it's a well-known fact that people with ADD always forget to wash their hands after they take a fucking shit. If this were the general perception, a lot less people would throw the ADD word around for sure. Maybe I'd be able to take it seriously as a real disorder and not just assume it's someone who would rather play video games than sit and read a book.

I'm not saying there aren't legitimate mental disorders where we should make an exception for certain behaviors and miscalculations and even problems with social ability. What I'm saying is, if you're gonna act crazy you better fucking be all-out crazy. Don't just try to hide being a lazy ass with some three-letter syndrome, because you can't motivate yourself to read for an hour or two at a time or put some effort and have some pride in your own handiwork.

Getting back to my friend, she asked for my advice. I told her I dealt with my past anxiety by setting myself into a corner that was my zine. The zine represented a lot of good things all at once really. For one thing, it was a social motivator; I'd print 2000 of these things taking up a large corner of my bedroom. I had to go the fuck out of the house and sell them or fall risk to having that pile sit there reminding me what a failure I am. When the pile was dwindling, I had to start on a new one, because every third person I came into contact with was like, "When is yer new zine coming out?" and, "I hate reading anything, but I like reading your zine." I even got the famous, "I eat so terribly, I usually can read the whole thing during the course of one shit."

The other good thing is a lot of the things that caused me pain and anxiety I got to put into the zine and thus get out of my system. Granted, I didn't do this sort of thing in a conventional way ("whining"), I find it better to grab such things like a bunch of fish guts and slice them up and throw them on the kitchen table for others to gawk at. Either way, I got to give people a part of what I'm all about, and some of them seemed to enjoy and appreciate my efforts. And some really didn't, which also brought me gratification.

Much like the Hybrid, negative things that normally would provide social resistance were processed and stored into the zine and then used as something that ended up fueling my healthy mental state. Here's the thing though—at some point I was feeling pretty happy and content with myself. So, the zine thing ended up dwindling like it should have. It would have been really boring if I kept it up just for the sake of keeping it up, so I moved on to doing other things that didn't rely on me being a complete ass all the time. Hmmm, I suppose certain people would disagree with that statement, but everything's relative right?

Send all complaints (if you can pay attention long enough to finish a sentence) to bill@candids.com

American Hardcore

Like a lot of people, I was disappointed by Stephen Blush's new music documentary *American Hardcore*. If it wasn't for the great subject matter, I wouldn't have gone back for repeated viewings. Each showing was with a different group of friends, and each time I left the theatre unfulfilled. I blamed my first sour taste on the gaping holes in regional scenes where pivotal bands like the MISFITS and the DEAD KENNEDYS weren't even named. I chalked the second time up to my personal bias against the director's choice to spend way too much time emphasizing the violence, and hardly any time on the leftist, progressive politics that played a huge part in the early hardcore scene. Aside from a very brief still-shot of the first issue of *MRR*, Tim Yo and this very magazine didn't even get mentioned. After the third viewing it hit me: this is just bad filmmaking. Even by music documentary standards, I'd rather watch Pennebaker's *Don't Look Back*, and I can't stand Bob Dylan. Hell, the *Behind the Music* on PANTERA was better constructed than this movie.

Much like the book in which this film was based, the problem lies with poor execution. With a compelling subject such as the '80s American hardcore scene, Stephen Blush and Paul Rachman should of had no problem creating an interesting film that put hardcore into a larger cultural context while still remaining historically accurate. They fail on both accounts. What Felix Havoc said in his review about Blush's book can also be said about this movie, "The whole thing is like a college term paper someone spent months doing research for then stayed up all night to write the night before it was due."

Within the first 20 minutes, *American Hardcore* settles into a pattern of talking heads repeating the same mantra of "hardcore was against the society, hardcore was against the mainstream". By the time this movie hits the halfway mark, I feel like I am watching an info-mercial. The brief clips of barely visible live footage must come off as only mildly interesting to the uninitiated. The directory did not do his homework, as you can find better quality versions of the same footage on *YouTube* or from someone's VHS collection. A lot of mainstream reviews are crediting the cruddy quality of the live footage at an attempt to capture the grittiness of the times, but I am not giving Blush or the director that much credit. Both guys are hacks. DIY doesn't mean it has to look like shit. Lets just hope that eventually someone will counter this weak attempt at filmmaking so this doesn't go down as hardcore's only lasting legacy.

Despite it major discrepancies, *American Hardcore* wasn't a complete bust. There were some great (if fleeting) moments that are worth mentioning:

Any and all BAD BRAINS footage.

Henry Rollins punching a crowd member that won't stop fucking with him.

Mugger talking about going from a street runaway to becoming independently wealthy.

Phil Anselmo being stoned out of his gourd while talking about BLACK FLAG.

NEGATIVE FX riot footage.

Harley from the CRO-MAGS calling the DC kids "Washi-fornians" for borrowing their style from the Huntington Beach skins.

And last but not least, the five seconds of YDI footage (ridiculous).

Endnotes:

—I just spent another two weeks in Austin, TX for work. I met some really great people this time around. This city rules. Extra thanks goes out to Sketchy Wade and Timmy Texas. Someone ask Wade about his feelings on poached eggs.

—I am still looking for a clean copy of the ABUSED *Loud and Clear* EP.

—I picked up the reissue of RANDY HOLDEN's *Population II* LP, which was originally released in 1970. I can't think of a better representation of stoner rock. Dude was in BLUE CHEER, so enough said.

—YOUNG OFFENDERS just recorded their four-song single for Parts Unknown. Heard it, and it rules. Pick up their demo immediately if you like '70s English post-punk.

—ABSOLUTION's "Dead and Gone" might be the best NYHC song ever (post 1986).

—My best friend from high school, False Metal Brad, just moved into my apartment from Michigan. He did vocals on the last THREATNER recording. It sounds awesome despite his moniker.

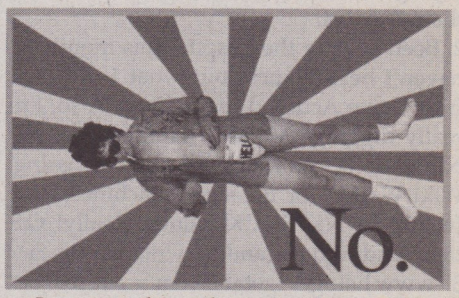
—New BULLET'S IN EP is coming out soon. Fans of JOHN HENRY WEST take notice.

—I will be 29 come this November. Bring it on!

—I love the DEAD KENNEDYS. *Give Me Convenience*… still holds up after all these years.

—Hung out with a straight edge kid named Zumi from Tokyo last week. I asked him how many kids in Japan were straight edge, to which he replied, "I am one of four." He also told a story about how he got beat up at a show by some Jap-core kids just for being X'd up. If that's not punk, I don't know what is. This column goes out to that kid.

Please contact me via email at ih8thekids@gmail.com, or at 746 Baker Street, San Francisco, CA 94115.



Last month's column on West Oakland gentrification and the culture wars drew a pretty big response. Assumedly, this is due to the fact that many (if not most) of the punk-types who live in big cities in the US

and Europe currently live in what could be called ghettoes or low-rent areas, so the issue hits close to home. Last month's article dealt with the complications that arise when longtime local residents (mostly people of color/black) react hostilely to the presence of punks and artist weirdos (mostly white) in their neighborhoods, often considering it to be "the arrow point of gentrification," as (black) West Oakland resident Marcel Diallo put it; the first wave of real estate and rent hyperinflation and the "takeover" of genuinely poor (black) neighborhoods by genuinely rich (white) people. I use (black) and (white) in parenthesis here for a reason: These terms are the focus of the issue, yet they are also social constructs that need to be acknowledged as such. "Race," per se, does not exist; we are all human beings with the ability to produce perfectly healthy lil' babies with each other, regardless of skin type, and the appearance-based variations identified as "race" among peoples have essentially nothing to do with internal human biology and brain structure. Yet these terms exist in the social realm, and have real impacts on us, so I use parenthesis as a way of expressing the awkwardness of these terms that we so often mutter under our breath while acting as though we were screaming them out loud.

These problems are deep and complex, and often end up with poor people, who should have much in common to express solidarity about, bickering with each other over the petty privelidges that accompany a lighter shade of skin. These privelidges (such as getting less harassment from police, inherently raising a neighborhood's property values upon moving into it, added encouragement from many educators, etc.) are an end result of complex social control mechanisms and a nasty history of hardcore racism in the USA, and are a primary tool of those in power to keep that power out of the hands of the larger mass of desperate people.

Anyway, these are some responses I got from last month, and some of my responses to them in turn. If you want to read the original article, it is online at www.myspace.com/noarchive

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Posted by Shawn the Zombie Killa on Friday, September 08, 2006 at 5:04 PM

...John ...don't get mangled by Viking Skins. Dumbfucks travel in packs and don't go for the ol' heated, articulate debate. Remember Jello's knees? ...no one likes violence enough to do anything about it.

Anyhow... I too am loving living in Oakland; I do live in a "whiter" pocket however. I actually probably wouldn't move to the "bad" parts of Oakland...which coincidentally are predominately "black" ... does this make me a gentrimafornamacator or whatever? ...I wouldn't rent anything in a bad part but would consider buying a cheap house there... if only to actually own somthing so I won't have to throw away money as rent. Not like Ii can afford doing either at the moment.... even though me and the wifey are clawing our way out of "poverty," we seem to be climbing further into debt. Now here's where the big economic line is... credit. Who gets it and who can't... Hell, you can get a whole dingdang fangled computer art education if you go in debt far enough... I'm proof. Now here's a kicker, there's WAY MORE free money available to black, Latino, American Indian poor people than white people... so why are "minorities" still not outnumbering honkies in colleges around here???? One quick answer is the gangsta glamour in pop-rap music... Thug life. Bling. Of course if "go to college" rap ever came out it would never hit the mainstream... Nice hip-hop just doesn't sell as much.... The funny thing is white people buy more gangsta rap... suburban kids eat that stuff up.

Now the crime line I see is a strange one... I myself have done just as much illegal stuff as the next guy, black, white, Latino, whatever... but my crimes have never been violent. The whole prison moneymaking scheme seems to be based on violent criminals and drug offenders... My point is drugs and violence being prominent in poorer areas and as we all know, there's no silver bullet in the form of "change this change that" and in maybe 20 years we'll see a difference. Capitalism just won't allow that. The machine will keep consuming.

So what will fix all of the problems? Well... anyone who knows me in real life knows my answer is a zombie apoopalypse or alien invasion.... well I'm coming to terms with the fact that my head is in the sci-fi clouds. Activism? Psh...yeah... right... that can fix evreything. I'd love to see activism work as well as a zombie attack... or full-on space man induced annihilation.

Anyhow Dr. Shawn has solved it all... Gangsta rap culture needs to be eaten by zombies and the suburbs and activists vaporized by alien deathrays. Man, I should run for president... promising zombies and alien attacks I think I can do more good for the nation than any administration I've ever known of. Who needs an economic line when you're fighting off zombies and aliens.

What the fuck John... How the hell do you get me to write essays on this crap?

***

Posted by JohnNo on Saturday, September 09, 2006 at 10:07 PM

Shawn, you can't blame the problems of the ghetto on gangsta rap. That's the same as blaming suicide on metal lyrics. There are underlying problems based on exactly what I was talking about in the essay, and poor education is one of the main problems. Yes, if you are (black) (or Latino or Native American) you can get college scholarships galore. Of course, to get those, you need to get decent grades in high school to begin with. In areas where schools have a shitty tax base, the schools are underfunded. Compare Acalenes high school in Orinda with Kennedy or Richmond High and tell me those kids are on an equal footing in terms of the supposedly equal "public" education available to them—and I'll laugh in your face. Of course, our high schools went bankrupt too—because we went to schools in low-tax base areas. Our home was working class. Most of us are struggling economically, and are far from being on top of the shit heap. But, as (whites), we still get pulled over and searched a lot less than a (black) student, and that's a hard statistical fact. Anyone having to go to jail for the same petty drug bullshit we did in high school (while avoiding serious punishment) tends to have an impact on one's education. This stuff has a lot of layers, and the reason they are emphasized and artificially maintained is in order to keep the working class from banding together.

You wrote an essay on it because I am talking about our youth, man.

Also...the fatalistic dark future/zombie/nuke holocaust stuff. Jeez, it's starting to sound like Jehovah's Witness junk. Totalitarian evil worldwide capitalism and apocalypse are no more inevitable than improved worldwide education and a wealth redistribution system.

***

Posted by Professor Plague on Friday, September 08, 2006 at 7:58 PM

"...the fatalistic dark future/zombie/nuke holocaust stuff. Jeez, guys—it's starting to sound like Jehovah's Witness junk."

You're giving me a great idea for a new magazine, John.

Good column. Jeez, someone tagged "Viking Skins" on a black venue in West Oakland? Real nice. Whatever the joke is, I bet not too many people got it.

In any case, I think everyone would be better off putting the American Dream behind them and figuring out how to carve something worthwhile out of the remnants of the American Empire. The brief burst of post-WWII prosperity that made our parents the

most entitled generation in the world's history was a moment in time that is not coming back; we gorged ourselves while the rest of the world lay in ruins. We are not, for the most part, going to graduate from college and sail into a comfortable union job, nuclear family, and home ownership. Those were the spoils of war, and they were squandered long ago. We've been coasting on fumes and aggression since then. We don't produce anything anymore, we rob at point of sword.

As far as the shape of Oakland goes, a good place to start is the planning board meeting. That's where the development goons and local government jerk each other off. But when enough people speak up in public forums like that, the board has to back down. I've seen it happen.

Info here: http://www.oaklandnet.com/government/ceda/revised/planningzoning/Commission/default.html

"City Planning Commission meetings are held twice a month on Wednesdays, usually at 6:30 p.m. (but occasionally earlier if there is a long agenda), at Oakland City Hall, One Frank H. Ogawa Plaza, Hearing Room No. 1, Oakland, CA 94612."

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Posted by Corbett III on Wednesday, September 13, 2006 at 2:15 PM

Honestly, once the Zephyr Gate arrives (1600 condos, a bank and a supermarket/strip mall in the middle of West Oakland) it will either wind up being the mostly successful gentrification project next to something like, uh, Paris, or it will be like Escape From LA. I'm getting an eye patch.

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Posted by Bobby Carlson on Tuesday, September 26, 2006 at 5:47 PM

Totally awesome. Well worth the read. I think the second to last paragraph can stretch farther than Oakland.

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From: Dave
Date: Oct 1, 2006 11:22 PM

Larry Livermore, the Lookout Records guy, has written about Oakland's problems on his blog, but he's much less forgiving of multiculturalism than you. In fact, he thinks the problem is that, instead of actually addressing the problems in the high-crime areas you describe, guilty white hipsters are preserving these areas' cultural integrity as long as they don't have to live there. Because, of course, they're dangerous slums. Also, the people who live in them are criminals who sweep their own problems under the Blame Whitey rug, sez Larry.

Ol' Larry's got a point about neighborhoods only "belonging" to certain groups in theory, but I think he's full of shit about everything else. But I don't live in the area. How would you respond to that?

***

From: John Geek
October 2, 2006

I know some really lame hipsters (of several racial/ethnic persuasions) who act like the whole area is nothing but a 40-oz Disneyland. Then I know others who are some serious activists, working for effective social change. Oakland/the Bay Area is weird, in the same way NYC is weird—property values are insane, and this colors everything. Queens is now one of the most prosperous non-Manhattan boroughs, and most of that prosperity is in the hands of middle-class (black) families. Similarly, in West Oakland, these issues are complex, with (black) landlords often in a far better financial position (suddenly, for the most part) than their dirtbag tenants, and surrounding families are very likely to look on them as basically (white) trash helping keep the neighborhood a slum.

Racial tension is (to my mind) a distraction from the more real issues of class inequities, and it is a distraction wholly bought into by both sides and fed by those in power with a vested interest in the status quo. Not surprisingly, many of those in power who have helped perpetuate these class inequities are (black), particularly in Oakland—Robert Bobb (the city controller for many years), is a big culprit in some really shitty civic decisions of the last 15 years. Similarly, in Berkeley, it took a black chancellor of UC Berkeley to finally eliminate affirmative action on campus—so now we have a goddamned sea of honkies and rich Asian kids from Orange County, who all took the same overpriced SAT prep courses and had the same high-end opportunities. This junk is perpetuated by everyone involved, and no one is innocent.

I honestly haven't read Larry's latest screeds, because I've kinda tuned him out for the last several years...I used to read him all the time in the early '90s, when he was a rabble-rousin' lefty who seriously disagreed with the mainstream lefty establishment for a number of good reasons. The last few years, probably not unrelated to him getting rich off Green Day and Operation Ivy, he has become a neo-con switchover in the mold of Christopher Hitchens, "clash of civilizations" rhetoric and all fully embraced. I think he was doing it at first to "get a rise out of people" (as many anti-PC types say they are doing), but ya know...You keep spouting lies long enough, you're gonna start to believe them yourself.

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Posted by Olivia on Thursday, October 05, 2006 at 9:27 PM

I wanted to tell you that I really enjoyed reading your last column; this is an issue I've struggled to address for a long time and I'm pleased you chose to examine it and write about it with such intelligence and honesty. Gentrification has always been a powder-keg topic for many of the communities I find myself a part of, and I find myself in a unique position, being that I am nonwhite and from a poverty class background. However, I, like many American Indians, come from a rural poverty class, as opposed to the urban poverty visible in West Oakland, which puts me at a disadvantage for understanding my poverty class peers-of-color. Nobody has wanted to party on the rez since prohibition, after all.

One thing I always try to remind everyone during debates and discussions about gentrification is not to forget the importance of being polite—people who argue this are usually the rich kid assholes who see the punk rock/youth culture/alternative arts/radical lifestyle as a way to piss off the folks back home in Cambridge or as some sort of twisted role-playing game. Extending the courtesy of at least letting neighbors know there will be a show, if not inviting them, can go a long way in defusing tension between groups.

I would be really interested in hearing your own description of what "gentrification" is.

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Posted by JohnNo on Friday, October 06, 2006 at 12:30 PM

Olivia–

Yeah, the 40-oz Disneyland mentality in West O really pisses me off—from everyone involved, including (black) gangstas on the streets. Sometimes, though, I wonder whether it's just me bring cranky, and just kinda being sick of partying in general.

As an American Indian, you have one hell of a complex and terrifying history of oppression right there—I feel like the only people who can have some measure of understanding of what the North American Indians had to go through would probably be Jewish or Gypsy survivors of the WWII holocaust. Even people from parts south of the USA Andrew Jacksonian wasteland of the mid-1800s had a pretty different lot in life, though it was by no means just or easy. So, yeah, in that sense economic class is not what it's *all* about, for sure—but if you look closely enough at history, it usually is the major factor. Jackson got (whites), mainly rural poor/underemployed Scots-Irish, to start committing genocide against American Indians in the Southeast because he stoked their fears that newly-educated Cherokee would steal their jobs. Just more hideous manipulations by those on top of

the economic heap to make sure those at the bottom don't organize to get their fair share of the pie.

Gentrification really seems to mean different things in different contexts, doesn't it? Maybe it's like the old statement from a court case on obscenity, Jacobellis v. Ohio 378 US 184 (1964)—"I shall not today attempt further to define [hardcore pornography] ...But I know it when I see it."

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Posted by Chris on Tuesday, October 10, 2006 at 2:43 AM

[Note: Chris lives in the Pine Street house, and is one of the people who helps clean up messes in the neighborhood]

In response to the column you wrote and the goings on in West Oakland, all I can say is:

People can yammer on all they want about gentrification and white privilege, and point fingers at neighbors and blather on in the East Bay Express *about who's fucking up a neighborhood and so on and so forth.*

Marcell Diallo, self-appointed king and champion of the lower bottoms, has done that. He has basically laid the blame of gentrification upon the shoulders of the very small group of punks and art enthusiasts that live in West Oakland. This fellow, who will not even look in my direction when I say hello to him, has all but come out and said that the afore mentioned group is ruining the neighborhood.

Let us count the ways my housemates and I have ruined our specific corner of our very small street:

1. Cleaning not only our yard, but all garbage strewn down the street, after any events we may be responsible for.

2. Removing graffiti from buildings and fences.

3. Making noise that cannot be heard by our nearest neighbors (as we are surrounded by abandoned houses and junkyards).

4. Making friends with longtime residents of the neighborhood.

5. Minding our own damned business.

That sounds to me like we're some pretty horrible fucks. What aren't we responsible for? Let's see:

1. The rising homicide rate. Hmmm.

2. Auto theft.

3. Robbery/burglary.

4. Selling crack, meth, or heroin.

One can argue that these I just mentioned are more of a semantics issue. Maybe so. But on the street semantics don't mean shit. Your either doing something or you're not...

I just think it's funny these issues are not being addressed. Instead, its fine to keep assuming that we're all just a bunch of snot-nosed "urban adventurer" brats with trust funds, and its more than acceptable to point the finger of blame in our direction.

To touch on other subjects... I do not understand graffiti culture so much, but I hate cleaning up after it.

I also understand that partying, loudly, with bands, two or more nights a week—you know who you are—may rub the neighbors the wrong way, but I also believe it is the responsibility of the "guilty parties" as well as the neighbors to talk to each other when things get out of hand....

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Posted by JohnNo on Tuesday, October 10, 2006 at 8:54 PM

Fair enough, and I don't think it is semantics that is the issue here—the only way semantics is an issue in my mind is with the term "racism," which is, by definition, applied from the top-down in a power structure. What we are talking about here is ugly prejudice. The reactionary attitude from a guy (Marcel Diallo) who has been sucked in, along with many other people on the short end of the stick economically/classwise, to fighting other people who are just slightly less fucked over as he is in the grand scheme of things—and that tiny difference in status accorded by the people in control is designed that way, to keep the poor from recognizing their common interests. People have to work together on this shit, and government needs to change to reflect this work, or all the symptoms of urban decay that you described will just get worse. That will suck for everyone.

It's a real shame Diallo has been fooled into hating on some of his potential allies, but let's not forget what paper it was that printed this relatively one-dimensional article: The *East Bay Express*, a weekly rag owned by a predatory corporation called New Times, which is dedicated to buying up independent weekly papers across the USA and turning them into cookie-cutter ad rags with a pure capitalist/Libertarian/right-wing editorial bent. When it comes to telling the poor who their enemy is, the last thing we should be listening to is a one-sided article from a predatory news corporation, owned by rich people with a vested interest in keeping poor people from recognizing their own vested interests. Or, hell, why should we even listen to an article written by me—a neurotic (white) man who will never understand what it's like to be on the other side of the coin?

We always gotta look at the context, and until there's a real dialogue between the different people consistently getting fucked over by the way things are, none of this will change. Thanks for responding.

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Posted by SHAKES on Tuesday, October 10, 2006 at 11:13 PM

On behalf of neurotic black folks who think too much, thank you for addressing this issue, my neurotic white brother. I believe all too often that (mostly white) counter-culturalists tend to pretend that they are ignoring issues of race, class, and gentrification because they believe themselves to be constantly pushing against the dead horse named "Status Quo." Being an outsider doesn't mean that one automatically understands the first thing about the struggles of other ostracized and oppressed groups.

I'd love to say more about how racism does still figure into the equation, regardless of the education we get or the lights we see. How when I first moved to the Mission (halfway to gentrification land) very few white kids walked or biked down Mission Street. How it was real easy for me to get money and acknowledgement through school so long as I left the race box blank, and how that changed dramatically when it was checked black. There's all kind of things to think and talk about within the structure of gentrification and I think probably the first thing to recognize is that probably every last one of us has taken part in it, be it through cheap rent, new storefronts for our art and shows, bike lanes through West O' and now the Bay View... It is something we participate in and capitalism makes sure of that. I suppose the best we can do is to ensure that we are respectful and responsible while we do what we do.

Two side notes: I hope your one friend doesn't buy a cheap house in West O.

I hope Murdoch gets over feeling bad about white guilt. There's nothing wrong with white people taking responsibility for their role and automatic privilege in this country. It don't have to be guilt. Piece aut.

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Posted by JohnNo on Tuesday, October 10, 2006 at 12:32 AM

Guilt is for Catholics. Action is for us. We can't let the bastards bring us down.

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–Johnny No Moniker Mink, PO Box 3026, Oakland, CA 94609, johngeek@hotmail.com, www.Myspace.com/noarchive

Students of historical hysteria immediately understood that the Bushies had turned 9/11 into the America's equivalent

of the Reichstag Fire. Both incidents were organic acts of terrorism (contrary to popular misconception, the Nazis didn't set the 1933 fire) seized upon by power-hungry government officials to justify the crushing of political dissent and rolling back of civil liberties. Hitler began his people's march into the abyss immediately upon seizing power in 1933, but Nazi Germany's fate as a rogue nation didn't become sealed until two years later, in the late summer of 1935.

There were heinous violations of human rights. Nazi authorities detained thousands of socialists and communists in concentration camps (death camps weren't built until 1941). Many were tortured; some died in custody. Stormtroopers enforced state-sanctioned boycotts of Jewish-owned businesses. Brownshirts beat Jews in the streets as the police stood by and watched. Ignoring Germany's treaty obligations, Hitler poured millions into the military and threatened to use it. No one could doubt that Germany was in the hands of militaristic right-wing thugs.

Until 1935, however, the home of Beethoven had not entirely abandoned the universal values accepted by civilized states. True, top German officials and street-level Nazi Party members were breaking all sorts of laws, including constitutional protections against racial and religious discrimination. That's precisely the point: the law remained. Pre-Nazi legal infrastructure and laws, including the 1920s-era "Weimar" Constitution—still the Western world's gold standard for protecting individual rights and privileges—remained in force. Technically, anyway.

Had there been the political will, Hitler and his goons could have been arrested and tried under German law. The German government was a lost cause, but Germany still had a (slim) chance. Until 1935.

That's when Germany officially codified the Nazis' uncivilized anti-Semitism by passing the Nuremberg Laws. Jews were stripped of citizenship and banned from marrying or having sex with non-Jews. The laws were a form of legalized harassment, even prohibiting them from displaying German flags or shopping at stores at given times. Turning Jews into legal pariahs paved the way for the Holocaust. More immediately, the barbaric ipso facto policies of the Nazi government had corrupted Germany's lofty and admirable system of legal guarantees. Even though German law hadn't been of much help to Jews before—well, there had been the occasional arrest and prosecution of a brownshirt who had gone "too far"—now there was every reason to succumb to hopelessness. Germany was no longer a civilized nation in the clutches of gangsters. It had become a gangster nation.

As the Nuremberg Laws did to Germany, the recently passed Detainee Treatment Act definitively removes the United States from the ranks of civilized nations. It codifies racial and political discrimination, legalizes kidnapping and torture of the government's political enemies, and eliminates *habeas corpus*—the ancient precept that prevents the police from arresting and holding you without cause—a basic protection common to all (other) modern legal systems and one that dates to the Magna Carta.

Between 2001 and 2006, George W. Bush worked tirelessly to eliminate freedoms and liberties Americans had taken for granted. The Bush Administration's CIA, mercenary and military state terrorists kidnapped thousands of innocent people and held them at secret prisons all over the world for months and years at a time. They were never charged with a crime. (There was good reason for that. As the government admitted, fewer than ten had actually done anything wrong. Maybe.) Hundreds, maybe thousands, were tortured.

Under American law, however, these despicable acts were illegal. They were, by definition, un-American. Although it didn't help the dozens of Bush torture victims who died from beatings and drowning, the pre-Bush American judicial system worked. The Republican-controlled US Supreme Court handed down one decision after another ordering the White House to give its "detainees" trials or let them go. For a brief, shining moment, it looked like there was hope for the US to find its way back to the light.

Now, thanks to a gullible passel of Republican senators and an unhinged leader who is banking that Americans are just as passive as the Germans of the mid-1930s, we have our own Nuremberg Laws.

Under the terrifying terms of the radical new Detainee Treatment Act, Bush can declare anyone—including you—an "unlawful enemy combatant," a term that doesn't exist in US or international law. All he has to do is sign a piece of paper claiming that you "purposefully and materially supported hostilities against the United States." The law's language is brilliantly vague, allowing the president to imprison—for the rest of his or her life—anyone, including a US citizen, from someone who makes a contribution to a group he disapproves of to a journalist who dares to criticize the government.

Although Bush and his top officials ordered and endorsed torture, the courts had found that it was illegal under US law and treaty obligations. Now torture is, for the first time, legal. This puts the US Code on a lower ethical footing than Iraqi law under the regime Saddam Hussein, which prohibited torture in theory, if not in practice.

"Over all," reports *The New York Times*, "the legislation reallocates power among the three branches of government, taking authority away from the judiciary and handing it to the president." Bruce Ackerman, professor of law and political science at Yale, notes that the DTA trashes the centuries-old right of a prisoner to petition to the courts: "If Congress can strip courts of jurisdiction over cases because it fears their outcome, judicial independence is threatened."

How did we get here? Good Germans—and many of them *were* good people—must have asked themselves the same thing. The answer is incrementalism, the tendency of radical change to manifest itself in bits and pieces. People who should have known better—journalists, Democrats, and Republicans who are more loyal to their country than their party—allowed Bush and his neo-fascist gangsters to hijack our republic and its values. They weren't as bad as Bush. They just couldn't see the big picture.

Just as no single rollback led marked the transition from the Weimar Republic to the Third Reich, no event is individually responsible for America's shocking five-year plunge from beacon of democracy to autocratic torture state. It wasn't just letting Bush get away with his 2000 coup d'état. It wasn't just us standing by as he deliberately allowed his family friend Osama bin Laden to escape, or as he invaded Afghanistan, or as he built the concentration camps at Guantánamo and elsewhere, or even Iraq. It was all of those things collectively.

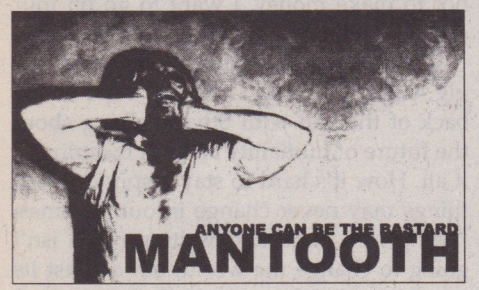
The Detainee Treatment Act signals that our traditional system of beliefs and government has irrevocably devolved into moral bankruptcy. At this point, only a popular uprising or a broad-based upbraiding of Bush and his laws by Congress and/or the Supreme Court can save us, and the odds of either are negligible.

Wise Congressmen and members of the media would have refused Bush any quarter from beginning of his misbegotten and

illegitimate "presidency." They would have steadfastly refused to entertain his initiatives—any of them. You don't negotiate with terrorists, and you don't compromise with torturers. What delusion! Senator John McCain thinks he "won" because he forced Bush to abandon one form of torture—waterboarding—while legalizing countless others. When Bush proposed the legalization of torture, Congress shouldn't have responded with closed committee hearing to hash out which types of torture would be allowed. They ought to have impeached him.

It doesn't matter how much food aid we ship to the victims of the next global natural disaster, or how diplomatic our next president is, or whether we come to regret what we have done in the name of law and order. Our laws permit kidnapping, torture and murder. Our laws deny access to the courts. The United States has permanently ceded the moral high ground to its enemies.

We are done.



Over the past few years, Pittsburgh has become somewhat of a major hub between the Midwest and the East Coast for touring bands. That's right. I said *between* the Midwest and East Coast. Pittsburgh isn't either, and I'll be damned to hear any motherfucker prefixing the place I live that implies that I live in either the land that time forgot *or* the dumping grounds of the Gulf Stream. Plus, more people would be inclined to make some kind of funny-ha-ha record/t-shirt/sticker about "_____ west/coast Powerviolence." I've grown pretty weary of bands appropriating the MITB skulls and slapping it on their merch all willy-nilly. That fucking skull is slowly turning into the new Iron Maiden-font or, even worse, the Grateful Dead bears. I can't wait to see Myspace framed in a black border, everything typed in Arial black. But I digress…

So Pittsburgh has been seeing a lot of visitors pass through town looking for "cool" things to do. Scott Adams, creator of world famous bullshit comic *Dilbert*, said that Pittsburgh "sounds like the kind of place where unless you stuff your wallet up your own ass and clench, someone is going to get it." I'm not exactly sure what that's supposed to mean. Maybe it's lampooning the quirks and absurdities of office life. Perhaps if I did see Mr. Adams walking down the street, I wouldn't be so shy of shoving my fist up his ass to grab the millions of dollars he's made on a comic about a shitty dog and a guy with a boner-tie.

So what hip things are there to do in this town? Not that I would ever tell you people. You'd probably come over and ruin our good, hip time with your burned out jive. Then it wouldn't be so hip, would it?

The "Original" Hot Dog Shop: Locally known as simply "The O," this is pretty much the only place in Pennsylvania that you can get beer to go once all the distributors close around 10 or 11 p.m. It's been featured in Rick Sebak documentaries such as *Can You Deep-fry This?* and *Hot Dogs that Once Were*. I guess some yob voted it one of the best hot dog joints in the country. I guess their hot dogs are pretty tasty, but they pale in comparison to O-fries.

I call them "fries," but really, they loosely wear the moniker. They're certainly fried, they're supposedly potatoes, but the end result is something much grimmer. I would imagine that if you stood above a puddle of oil with all the lights turned out and chanted "diarrhea" three times, a mound of O-fries would appear and proceed to ravage your intestines.

The sizes range from small to extra large. A small comes in a lunch bag that looks like it's vomiting potato product all over the tray. An extra large comes in a fucking brown paper grocery bag that is also spewing fries and grease. And once you're done shitting them all out, your bathroom will smell just like the O's deep fryer.

But it doesn't end there. The pizza, although delicious, smells like they sent puke through the oven. The bathroom is obviously a prop set up to hide the Stargate to another dimension—another dimension that is coated in feces and mildew.

A friend of mine once went down to use take a friendly piss when he inadvertently walked in on what we now call an "O-job."

Last, but not least, "The O" has a buffet on the weekends from 2 until 4. It's the most unholy of all buffets—all-you-can-eat: fries, pizza, hot dogs, and milkshakes. If you go, try rolling up fries in a slice of pizza, the O-burrito, and living to tell the tale.

The South Side: Many of those erudite-ly hip folks will try to tell you that this neighborhood, mainly the main drag East Carson Street, is *the* cultural epicenter in the city. If your concept of "cultural epicenter" includes shitty bars infested with reptilian college automatons that seem to reproduce like amoebas, then sure, the South Side is the place to soak up culture like a sponge in the gutter.

The first place you'll want to visit is undoubtedly the Burger King. This is the *only* Burger King in the entire city so you'll have every depraved burger junkie from all parts of town coming here to get their greasy fix. Your order is never right when/if it comes out and it almost always looks like they just dumped a slurry of hamburger meat, fries and buns on a tray. Everyone is always screaming and crying at the same time. The general atmosphere of the South Side is that of war, and being in the Burger King is like being in the trenches if they were flooded with LSD.

Down the block you'll find Pittsburgh's finest pay toilet. There's nothing that remarkable about it besides the time "The Family Circus," of hardcore punk heartthrobs, Brain Handle, saw some local scenester enter it while he himself was cleaning up human shit outside his former place of employment. That's pretty much it. He was pretty insistent on including this anecdote.

Move a little further down the street and you'll find "Ninja Entertainment." This is what happens when…this is what happens when…shit. I've been trying to finish that line for at least 45 minutes. I'm trying to piece together cause and effect relationships, but the only one that I can focus on is "high school douchebag + $$$$ = NINJA ENTERTAINMENT."

On the side of the building, there's a giant mural of the ninja turtles. Krang. Shredder. The whole cast of fucking characters, except they're all have misshapen heads with unfamiliar color schemes, apparently to avoid copyright fraud. The kid who owns it is 19 years old. He says that "they can't sue what's in my mind and, in my mind, I am a Ninja Turtle."

I guess this place is some sort of retail establishment. It's filled with a bunch of bullshit that looks ripped off from garage sales and flea market—mostly toys and video games marked up at least 50 percent from the price they paid for it. Supposedly they were going to order pizzas from other restaurants and sell slices out of the back for a dollar a slice, but I have yet to hear of anyone stopping by this sketchy teenage clubhouse fantasy for a piece of pizza from Big Baby Burnout Trust Fund.

Garfield Artworks: Ever want to meet a real, live Hobbit? His name is Manny Theiner and he can be seen squirreling about this hovel on Penn Ave. Don't get too close, though. His bite can be likened to that of the Sumatran Rat Monkey.

Joe Hammer Trade Center: This is the worst place on earth. I used to live here. I moved in on a Friday and by Saturday night I had already threatened to kill my neighbors with a hammer.

I guess you could call it a "punk house," but it's not so much a "house" as it is a swirling mass of filth and degradation and the house prefers to stay that way. I was attempting to clean the basement one time when, from out of nowhere, the entire house emitted this unearthly stench, as if trying to defend itself.

The first time I met "The Family Circus," he was in the living room trying to eat Christmas lights. It's the site of the annual "Sparkstember 11th" party, where The Incredible Hulk was once destroyed. Ryan Durkin of Hewhocorrupts took a shit in the basement while singing. One guy got a lot of blowjobs on the porch while everyone chanted "dudes on dudes." As the cops showed up, Intense Andy skateboarded down the street wearing a California Raisin costume.

Endnotes:

1) Tell me about your shitty time in my city: gregory.mantooth@gmail.com.

Traveling Tales

September 25, 2006

A woman with grey hair and a smile with only two front teeth said to me on the street today, "There is something strange going on these days." I didn't disagree, and she continued, "Just remember to duck."

San Francisco is a hell of a town to come home to. The murals and bustling life of the city embrace me after a month of being away, and I sit again at my favorite café, armed with coffee and too many thoughts, trying to catch up.

Ramsey asked me the other day, while eating an enormous everything-including-eggplant-and-french-fries falafel sandwich before a bookfair meeting, "So, what did you do in Europe?"

I paused, then said, "Well, mostly, I drank coffee and talked to people. In London, it was usually tea."

This trip was all about slices of life — talking to people, listening to their stories and experiences. People are doing everything from volunteering at an infoshop, to creating graffiti, to living life as performance art. Others coordinate a 'zine that is slowly taking over their apartment, or publish pamphlets to inspire others, or distribute literature, live in a squat or create music in a spirit of revolt. Some set up tours for bands, or work to keep an independent space going, or play bagpipes on the street. Others organize against fascists, or even volunteer time to serve smoothies in a collectively run vegan café. Our counter-culture, if that's the word that best describes, is only alive as the people who create it. And, I'd say there is plenty to be excited about.

A few of these conversations I captured on videotape and many others, I have only preserved in my head and heart. This trip was about friends and lovers, and the joy of being able to share a part of their lives while I was there.

My apologies in advance, if my memory fails and the quotes aren't exact. I'm a punk rock media type trying hard to catch the spirit of people who inspire me. This month, tales of Germany, next month, th' Brits.

Saturday, September 9

Riding in the back of a cool old car from the '60s, cruising down the autobahn at night, listening to an old tape of the Misfits. Maggie and Edith are in the front seats, and Stivie and I are in the back. We're four punks in a borrowed car on the way to the show, to catch Police Bastard and The Subhumans at JUZ Verden. I love the sound of Maggie and Edith's laughter, and sing along to the Misfits because they remind me of so many good times, "I want your skulls…"

The Subhumans were doing just a weekend in Germany, and this was their second show. JUZ was crowded, smoky, and loud, full of drunken punks being rowdy, people in a good mood, a crew of punks from Berlin, Bremen, and elsewhere who came just for the show.

Upstairs we drank a wicked happy mixture of fruit punch and alcohol, and it was good to see Herne and Julie again, and catch up with her about the Kopi and living in Berlin. It was also good to see Dick, who I last saw at ABC No Rio when Citizen Fish played. It had been hot as hell that day in NYC, but ABC was packed wall to wall, and Citizen Fish rocked.

Today was Nicole's birthday, and Trotsky's and some other people too, and we all cheered with shots of Kümmerling drank from little clear bottles. I videotaped POLICE BASTARD, which was a great fun set, as well as the SUBHUMANS. It was nice to see the Subs play a "regular" size punk show, as last time I saw them was in Boston at the Middle East a couple of years ago, at a sold out show of about 900 people. I missed seeing them in San Francisco this year, as the show was sold out before I even got there! So, I felt lucky to see them in Verden, and we even got a ride with them to their next show in Bielefeld.

Stu, the singer of POLICE BASTARD, a British band that was together in the mid-nineties, was full of energy and the band rocked. One of the first things he told me when I met him, "I got the band back together for this tour because I love it. It's not to make money. I want to go on tour one more time." Punk rock.

On the way to Trotsky's farm after the gig, slightly drunk, Dick and I sat in the back of the van with Stivie, talking about the future of humanity and the meaning of it all. How it's hard to stay inspired, when things may never change in our lifetimes. "Being in a band and writing lyrics isn't going to change the world, but at least its something." Music is both a personal expression, and a way to share ideas and frustrations about the world. Is this the secret meaning of punk?

Sunday, September 10

There were baked beans for breakfast with toast, coffee, and cigarettes. It was a beautiful sunny day, and Stivie and I threw sticks to the dog, and watched the wind turbines in the distance, talking with Trotsky (drummer of the Subs) about moving from England to a small German village, and life in the country.

Trotsky and Sandra's place was beautiful, a few acres of land with an old farmhouse built in the late 1700s. Massive wooden beams held the structure up, and old bricks filled in the walls. There were a few old brick storage buildings, and one was used as a practice room for bands.

While beautiful and seemingly peaceful, living in the country also sounded like a lot of hard work. It was a constant project, trying to restore the building after the last owner, an old recluse, had slowly let the place fall apart. "One day they found the

man dead in his bed, the cows in the barn, and a few cows dead from neglect. It took about six months of work before we could move in." Now, that's a fixer-upper.

One of their first projects was removing the tons of animal waste that had piled up inside and around the barn. Then they had to fix the land's drainage and sewage systems, figure out how to heat rooms in the winter, the list seemed endless. I admired their spirit, and the result of their work was inspiring. How many of us try to find a way to live, as we want to?

That afternoon the band headed out to AJZ Bielefeld, one of Germany's most well known punk venues. The Arbeiter Jugend Zentrum (Worker Youth Center) was established around 1974, the year I was born, and came out of the squatter scene of that time. The collective bought the building in 1978, and for many years the autonomous space has hosted punk shows and has been an important center for anti-fascist organizing. It was cool to be there, take in the murals, the sense of history, and the atmosphere. It was good to see Stachel, who is busy helping book tours for bands and putting out records as always. He told me, as I was eating the absolutely amazing vegan dinner the AJZ collective had made, "I don't make any profit by booking a tour for a band. I do it because I think the band is good, because they are friends. I like to have a connection with a band when I release a record, because it's not just about making a product." Right on.

It's hard to sustain in reality, but isn't this the basis of living in a free society, doing things because we want to? Putting our energy towards what we care about, rather than a job we're compelled to do to survive?

Thanks to the AJZ crew for the interview, and also the sound guys for helping with the lights. I videotaped the SUBHUMANS, once again a fun set, and also INSTINCT OF SURVIVAL, powerful crusty attack from Hamburg!

Monday, September 11

Listening to DAN from the U.K., rocking punk with a female voice, "They branded me a heretic, the codes of Salem say its true. They use their Christianity to justify their right to rule. Disbeliever! Deceiver! Your life is run by leaders."

Laying on the couch, eating chocolate, drinking coffee, sleepy from the weekend of shows. Life is good. I can finally catch up in my notebook and thoughts, as the days have run together.

When I first arrived to Bremen about a week ago, my head was slowly filled with so many confusing thoughts, all the questions begging answers, as my feelings for my good friend and lover I had come to visit all came rushing to the surface. I wondered–why love someone who lives so far away? Why love, only to leave and be separated again? Should we keep an open relationship, what will happen? Love seemed painful, my heart hurt, and I wanted to escape it. I had trouble sleeping, my dreams turned dark, and images of my past came back to haunt me. Fucking hell.

That night I talked about my feelings with Stivie, and asked again how he felt about being in an open relationship, about living so far away from each other. Sitting by the canal, looking out at the moon, we both agreed we wanted to be free, that our love and relationship was made even stronger by allowing each to totally be an individual. Monogamy, in principle as a social rule to live by, did not fit with our ideas of life, what it means to care for someone else, or be committed to another.

This morning, Stivie and I woke up in the German countryside, after a peaceful night at the farm. We spent the afternoon walking down gravel roads, looking at Elderberries, yellow flowers and red berries, the green fields and trees, two strange characters dressed in black under a blue sky. It was a moment that stands clear in my mind–as I sang and laughed at myself, "We are anarchists in love."

I smile, and let go of the traditional way of clinging onto another person, and feel free. I have no use for love that is only socially acceptable–the idea that love turns into a house, a mortgage, a family, becoming a single unit from two people.

Love really can be free, and overcome distance and time. Love does not need to be hoarded as a scarce commodity, protected by walls. But love does need to be appreciated, respected, nourished, trusted, cherished and expressed.

There is so much more I want to write on this subject, quotes from all the authors and people who have inspired me, ideas of love and anarchy and what that means to me, but it will have to wait until another time. I close my book, turn off the light and go to bed, holding tight, enjoying the moment and the time.

Tuesday, September 12

Katia and I walked together to Elianna and Fritze's house, to have coffee and catch up, as Elianna had just returned from traveling. She welcomed us in and we climbed the old wooden staircase up to her apartment and down the hall into a small kitchen where a blow up sex doll was suspended from the ceiling, and a leg in fishnet protruded from the wall. Photos and newspaper clippings were plastered on the walls, and 14" GENERAL's namesake dildo sat on a shelf. We settled into chairs at the little table and Elianna put a metal percolator on the gas stove.

Fritze sat in the corner by the window, smoking, and while Katia and Elianna talked in her room, we talked of bagpipes and playing music on the street, about the difference of being passionate about music, and just going through the motions for a band. Fritze also talked about his book being released this year, a fictional account of punks and artists, a story I'm sure will provoke debate, pushing the politically correct crowd and those who take themselves too seriously. I already have much respect, as how many people talk or dream about writing a book, but actually sit down and do it?

That afternoon, Stivie and I biked along the canal, through the park, around the gardens to New Town and back home again. Biking on the path towards the stadium, people laying on the grass enjoying the sun, I shouted, *"Ich bin glücklich! I am happy!"*

Smiling, racing our bikes, a glorious day, laughing at the serious faces peered in our direction. We biked all around until we were spent, and the electric summer-fall day started to fade, the sunset falling.

That evening Elianna came over and we talked again, her hair a mass of green dreads above blue sparkling eyes, not caring as usual as her short skirt rode above her hips, a glimpse of red panties, completely comfortable in herself. I listened to her stories of recent travels to France, and we talked about the need to live in the moment, to enjoy the atmosphere and details and situations of life. How so many people walk around the streets as if already dead, their emotions locked away, wearing masks.

It is glorious to be like a child sometimes, laughing at small things, dancing down sidewalks, not submitting to the grayness of society. It is wonderful to be alive, to love, to talk into the night, experiment, have fun, be brave and try to live out our dreams.

And where are we, without our dreams?

End Notes

Thanks to Smeagol, Nicole and Stivie for the interview about the Friesencrew, look for it on Channel Zero. Channel Zero clips

now can be seen on the web, check out **www.channelzerosf.blogspot.com**. Episode 002 will be done by the time this goes to print, with Golnar in the studio!

On a technical note, I've done some research into free video hosting, and highly recommend **www.blip.tv** as a way to upload videos. They are based in New York, and I've met folks who know them personally. It's a much better service than YouTube and the other free sites that are so blatantly out for cheap advertising dollars, and the terms of agreement keep the rights with the video artist, not the corporation. Also, check out **www.revoltvideo.blogspot.com**, site of the video activist collective Revolt Video. They do excellent work, making short videos about local actions that are easy to see on the web and fun to watch. An excellent and inspiring example of the power of collective video.

Thanks so much to the Subhumans for a fun weekend; they are hella nice and down to earth people who I was really glad to meet again. Hello also to the whole Bremen crew, especially Katia, Nicole, Edith, Stevie from Mox & Marix, Kauczuk, Fritze, Elianna, the G18, Franzy, the punks, and of course Mr. Crust. Thanks also to Jon@ for all the help videotaping in London, more on that adventure next month, as this column has rambled on for far too long, and I'm already late again! Love and Solidarity, Erika (e_bitchcrew@yahoo.com).

Dead heroes—I see them lying in the grave
Dead heroes—I hear them calling out my name
Dead heroes—I've got to fight for the cause
Dead heroes—for the red, white and blue

What does it take for us to win?
Dead heroes on the news at ten
I'll fight for a better way
Be a dead hero for the USA

I've got, I've got to be free
These kids will never see twenty
I've got to keep my name on the list
I've got to die like all the rest

Dead heroes—that's the price you pay
Dead heroes—for the USA
Dead heroes—there's a better way
Dead heroes—for the USA

You've got to fight
I don't know why I've got to die
Tell me why I've got to kill
That's the American way

—RED ROCKERS, *"Dead Heroes"*

"Spc. Jared J. Raymond, 20, of Swampscott, Mass., died on Sept. 19, in Balad, Iraq, of injuries suffered when an improvised explosive device detonated near his M1A2 Abrams Tank during combat operations in Taji, Iraq. Raymond was assigned to the 1st Battalion, 66th Armor Regiment, 1st Brigade, 4th Infantry Division, Fort Hood, Texas."

The Red Rockers' song was released in 1981, on the album *Condition Red*. Most of the songs on that album don't hold up particularly well, but "Dead Heroes" is an exception. The lyrics certainly maintain their poignancy. The line *"I've got to keep my name on the list"* had to do with the reinstatement of draft registration in 1980—by Jimmy Carter, *not* Ronald Reagan. The return of draft registration was a concern of mine, as well. I mentioned in a recent blog that I was hesitant to register for the draft and there were some heated arguments with my parents and, much to my regret, I gave in. There still isn't a draft but if they can't find enough troops to fight this conflict and whatever else our "leaders" have in mind (Iran? North Korea?), who's to say they wouldn't consider a draft again.

And the sentiment of the song remains sadly relevant, especially since young American men and women are dying for no valid reason, dying in vain. No reason except for Bush/Cheney/Rice/Rumsfeld's insane, misguided foreign policy concerning Iraq. That opinion may be at odds with those who feel these soldiers, marines and other members of the military died for a noble cause, protecting freedom, etc., but I'll hold to it. Also, I'm not convinced about the nobility of some of these troops—murdering civilians, torturing prisoners at Abu Graibh and Guantanamo. That's far from heroic. Even if they're just "following orders."

As for Jared Raymond, as you read in the death notice above, he was from Swampscott, my hometown, where I lived nearly the first 23 years of my life. He was the first military war casualty from Swampscott since the Vietnam War. The last was George Hussey, who was killed on May 4, 1970. He was 35 years old. If that date sounds familiar, it should. Or people should know its significance. It was the day that National Guard troops opened fire on war protesters at Kent State University, killing four and wounding another nine students. Does anyone else think it's more than a bit ironic they're the same date? Two other men from Swampscott also died fighting in that (also misguided) conflict—Alan Harriman on August 15, 1964 (age 26) and Walter Forbes on March 21, 1967 (age 25).

I've been reading different newspaper articles in recent days in the *Boston Globe, Boston Herald, Lynn Item, Salem News* and *the Swampscott Reporter* to try and get a handle on this story. Why he joined up, in particular, and the reaction to his death.

By all accounts, Jared Raymond was the all-American kid everyone liked. Altar boy for eight years at the same church where his funeral occurred. Lacrosse and basketball player. According to his mother Jaclyn, Jared *"made a decision to join the service immediately following 9/11. 'I picked him up at school on 9/11 and I'll never forget the look on his face. He said 'mom, we have to do something for this country.' Not too long after that conversation, Raymond called his mother at work and told her he decided he would join the service when he graduated from high school."* (*Lynn Item)*

Jared wasn't the only one to join the military following high school. Several of his Swampscott High School classmates did, as well, and almost all of them say it was due to 9/11. Now let's step back for a moment and consider that, when these kids graduated in 2004, the conflict in Iraq had been underway for over a year. Of course, Bush had already given his "Mission Accomplished" speech while looking all manly and military on the deck of the aircraft carrier USS Abraham Lincoln. As most (hopefully) people know, the mission is far from accomplished and US forces are in a quagmire from which it's unlikely they'll be extricated anytime soon. That's in spite of the fact that Associated Press reported that a recent poll done by the University of Maryland's Program on International Policy Attitude found that three quarters of Iraqis want US troops out of the country within the next year. Even a State Department poll found that two thirds of Iraqis favor an immediate withdrawal of US forces.

There's one statistic from that poll that sticks out—61 percent of the Iraqis polled approve of attacks on US-led forces. *61 percent.* Six in ten approve of the circumstances that led to the death of Jared Raymond and, in the month he was killed,

over 60 more US military personnel.

One wonders what Jared's classmates who are stationed in Iraq, who used 9/11 as the reason to join the military and did so after the invasion of Iraq would have to say about those poll numbers. What were they thinking? Was it a misguided sense of patriotism, of avenging the terror attacks? Did they know there was no connection between Al Qaeda and Saddam Hussein. Hell, even Bush finally admitted that. A Zogby poll in February found that 90 percent of the troops believe the war in Iraq is in retaliation for Saddam's role in 9/11. The same poll also says that 72 percent of American troops feel as though US troops should exit from Iraq within a year and more than one in four wanted an immediate withdrawal. At least there's some common sense there. Still, I don't see a lot of common sense in signing up to fight in this war.

Jared apparently did know that things had gone badly in Iraq, according to his friend Mark Dunnigan, as quoted in the *Salem News*. He added, *"When you're in the military, it's one of those things that could possibly happen. But you don't really think about it. You kind of say, "When it's my time, it's my time. God does his thing."* Sorry, Mark—it was the bomb doing its thing. I mean, I don't believe in god anyway, but, even if I did, 20 years old wasn't his time.

Another person using a quote from the Bible was Peter Stemniski. I knew Peter when he was four or five years old, since I used to hang around with his two older brothers, Mark and John—"Big Stem" and "Little Stem" respectively.

I'll lighten the mood for a moment—Mark was a combination of odd and clever, with more emphasis on clever. He studied Latin and inscribed my yearbook with a Latin phrase that translated to "always wear underwear." He once brought an electric fork to lunch in the Swampscott High School cafeteria. It was a fork with a cord attached to it and when he plugged it into the wall, it buzzed. That was it. He also had an invention called a "gazortch," which was a large rubber band inside a box. I'm not making this up.

The entire Stemniski clan are hardcore Republicans. In fact, Mark ran for the state senate in 1990 and, according the *Boston Globe*, *"acknowledged that he said he hated his primary opponent so much he would "like to see a bullet in his head." ... "I did say that, but it's nothing."* I suppose that's funny in a sick sort of way. Or kind of scary. He didn't win, by the way.

So Peter is now 33 (yikes) and an army captain. Peter did express remorse at Jared's death at the age of 20 but also quoted this passage, saying Jared *"lived his life one way and that was through Isaiah 6:8: "Then I heard the voice of the Lord saying, 'Whom shall I send? And who will go for us? And I said, "Here am I. Send me!"* In this case, though, the Lord had nothing to do with it. Bush sent him and Jared Raymond paid with his life.

Jared's military funeral drew thousands of people, both near St. John's Church and along the route to the cemetery. A huge flag was suspended between two fire truck ladders. Schools in Swampscott were closed for the day. Jared's flag-draped casket was carried to the cemetery on a horse-drawn caisson. Among the attendees were various political figures, including Republican gubernatorial candidate/current Lt. Governor Kerry Healey. I'd be curious about what Healey was thinking, given that she's been quoted as saying that she supports Bush's "strong foreign policy." She did specify that she supported the war in Afghanistan while not offering an opinion on Iraq. Still, I wonder that, if she shed any tears at the funeral, were they crocodile tears?

On my daily walking route, where I cross into Swampscott from Lynn, I come within a block of the church where the funeral was held. As I walked up Lynn Shore Drive the day of the funeral, I noticed there weren't many people walking along my route. Even though it was a weekday, there are usually at least *some* people out when it's as nice as it was. As I got closer, I started to see all the people lining the street and the huge flag mentioned earlier. I saw people clutching a photo of Jared Raymond that was being distributed. I got there before the procession to the cemetery began. As I got closer, I started playing Discharge on my MP3 player—songs from *Why?* and *Realities Of War.* I didn't sing along, obviously, since, while I'm virulently opposed to the war, I'm not crazy (it's called picking your spots) and, yes, I was trying to be respectful.

As I reversed direction and started to move away from the procession route, I did pass an older guy going in the opposite direction and said out loud, somewhat quietly, "what a waste." I think the guy kind of looked at me, but I just kept going, picking up the pace. A little further down, I switched the musical selection to World Burns To Death's *The Sucking Of The Missile Cock.* I probably should have gone with Kegcharge's *Sadistic War Glory*, but I was more in the mood for WBTD. Once again, there were very few people out walking. I was by myself most of the way. And I felt somber as I got closer to the end of the route. Usually, after the walk, I feel refreshed, satisfied. At the end of this day's walk, I felt drained, overwhelmed in a way. But I did feel that it was important for me to scope out the scene, so to speak. I have to admit I was curious.

When I was driving to take my walk a couple of days later, I drove the reverse way that Raymond was taken to the cemetery. There were literally a few hundred small American flags dotting the route. There was a gigantic American flag, half-mast, on the pole near the Swampscott monument. To many, the American flag represents freedom, our so-called American way of life. To me, the flag is being used to express blind nationalism. In the past five years, it's been used as a cudgel to beat back dissent; it's used to question someone's patriotism, while using such as expressions as "if you're not with us, you're with the terrorists."

Let me wrap this up with one last quote from a *Boston Globe* news story: "As mourners watched in silence, an Army officer presented Raymond's mother, Jaclyn, with several medals Raymond had been awarded, including a Purple Heart and Bronze Star."

Sadly enough, I'm reminded of the final lines of the Jam's "Little Boy Soldiers":

Then they send you home in a pine overcoat
With a letter to your mum
Saying find enclosed one son, one medal and a note to say he won...

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS

In a recent column, I had the incorrect address for the Order Of The White Rose CD. It's PO Box 880908, Pukalani, HI 96788, brokelegdog@hotmail.com.

MUSIC REVIEWS

BLANK STARE-s/t (Third Party, 7" EP)/s/t (Refuse, 7" EP)

Two new 7" EPs, each with three songs and smashing shit up furiously. A musical leap from their first EP, as Blank Stare has become one of the hottest hardcore bands in Boston over the past year or so. Trying some different things, such as the guitar dissonance that leads out of "Coward" on the Refuse EP. Atypical lyrical fodder for a self-identified straight edge band (those topics were covered quite vehemently on their first EP). On the Refuse EP, two of the songs are about sex and gender issues. On the Third Party EP, all the songs have

"white" in the title and the lyrics are about how "the whole white race is a fucking disgrace." I don't identify myself as a "guilty white male" but it's true that the mainly white males who control the government and industry in this country bear a lot of the guilt for the havoc they wreak. In other words, I understand where Benjamin's coming from. No subtlety here in any form and these EPs make a walloping statement. (Third Party: 21 Nancy Ln, Amherst, NY 14228, www.myspace.com/thirdxpartyrecords; Refuse: PO Box 7, 02-792 Warszawa 78, POLAND, www.refuserecords.prv.pl/ Band:thelaststraightedgekidsintown@yahoo.com)

CAREER SUICIDE–Anthology Of Releases: 2004-2005 (Deranged, CD)

I would guess most readers here know how much I love this band. If not or you haven't heard them, get with the program! This is hardcore, it's punk fuckin' rock, it's rockin' fuckin' punk and, at the center, Martin Farkas rants away. Leading off with a pair of unreleased songs and two more later on—"The Last Stay" is a rousing entry to this collection. Twenty seconds in, Martin gives out a primal yell and it's off we go. The disc includes their split LP with Jed Whitey, the *Signals* EP and the *Invisible Eyes* 12". Most of the time is spent thrashing, but then they'll come up the pure '77 KBD dumbo punk of "Bored Bored Bored" but it ain't that dumb. They capture the same feel for "There's Something Wrong With You." I think the reason Career Suicide are such a good band is because they understand the history of the music they're playing and draw what they love from those influences. I'd guess (in fact, I know) that they're record geeks. The New Bomb Turks are also record geeks and knew how to mix everything into an ass-kicking sound that's more than the sum of its parts. Same here. This kind of music shouldn't be overproduced, it should be rough-sounding and, most of all, it should be catchy *and* fun. That's why it works so well. (www.derangedrecords.com)

CHRONIC SEIZURE–s/t (Fashionable Idiots, 7" EP)

Four more hot slabs on this platter—hey, I'm hep with the boss lingo, here. OK—in English now. Another enjoyable effort from these Chicagoans who play straightforward and catchy hardcore punk. The production brings out the band's sound without either being too primitive or too overproduced. If you haven't heard this band yet, what are you waitin' for? (PO Box 580131, Minneapolis, MN 55458, www.fashionableidiots.com)

THE DISGRACE–The Original Unreleased 1979 Album (Welfare, CD)

The Disgrace were a NYC band that included Steve Wishnia, later in False Prophets and vocalist Butch Lust, who was later in the Hypocrites. The story is they never had an "official" release back then, having broken up soon after recording these 8 songs. A little offkey vocally, a little out of tune at times but a Killed By Death score, nonetheless. The Disgrace gets by on sheer attitude and snottiness, especially for the leadoff song "Not With You" and "Closet Punk." I'd imagine that by '79, things had turned increasingly artsy-fartsy or watered-down in NYC and these miscreants still forged ahead with their spirited noise. One minor quibble—I wish there had been some liner notes telling the story—I had to get the info from Mike from Welfare Records. (58 River St., Haverhill, MA 01832, www.welfarerecords.net)

FINAL CONFLICT–No Peace On Earth, No Rest In Hell (SOS, CD)

What to expect from a new Final Conflict album in 2006, especially with only one original member, guitarist Jeff Harp? In this case, the band's first full-length in almost ten years, it's a loud, throttling effort. Thrashy punk with some metal thrown in and, while not *Ashes To Ashes*, it's holding its own. Tim Sawyer has a strong set of lungs and, in addition to the power riffing, Phobia vocalist Shane McLachan proves to be more than adept on bass. The lyrical matter hasn't changed much since the 80s—suppose that's sad in a way. Pleasant surprise. (PO Box 3017, Corona, CA 92878, http://www.sosrecords.us)

GIANT HAYSTACKS-A Rebirth Of Our City (Pizza Pizza, 7" EP)

One good release after another for Giant Haystacks. The latest is a three song EP featuring their sharp sound. Strong musicianship without any sense of pretentiousness and good melodies and two of the three songs makes observations about their city—the clash of cultures between the gentrifiers and those still struggling. I've namechecked the influences before (M**men, G**g Of F**). Yes, it's *post-punk*, there's familiarity, but when it's this well played, this fresh-sounding, after a pile of soundalike records, it's welcome. (c/o John Patrick Quinn, 805 Courtland, Ypsilanti, MI 48197, itsfreontime@yahoo.com)

JESUS FUCKING CHRIST–s/t (Puke/ Inimical, CD)

First off, how can you not love a band with this name? It's one of the more common expressions that passes from my lips when confronted with irksome, irritating situations or blatant stupidity. Plus, I know some people who would take *great* offense at the band's name and that's just fine with me. A Final Conflict influence here, in terms of the semi-metallic hardcore sound and basslines darting in and out of the hot guitar riffs, plus Larry's vocals sound a bit like Ron Martinez (we're talking older Final Conflict). JFC don't rely on pure speed all the time, as many songs have a medium pace." Plenty of burn here. (PO Box 99456, Emeryville, CA 94663, http://www.pukerecords.com/)

KIELTOLAKI–s/t (Moo Cow, 7" EP)

I had this Finnish band's demo on MP3 (ah, the digital age) and liked it a lot. Here are three songs on wax, er, vinyl and it's a sick blast. Kieltolaki have the classic Finnish sound with modern production and gruffer vocals. Can't understand a word of it but, man, it sounds convincing. Two fast ones and a mid-tempo one on the flip. The descending bass-line and squealing guitar feedback for "Vitun Lampaat" are a deadly tandem. (38 Larch Circle, Belmont, MA 02478, http://www.moocowrecords.com)

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE VS. BEV DAVIES-A 2007 Punk Rock Calendar (Mint, calendar!)

Here's a first—a calendar sent for review. Nardwuar, one of the more unique interviewers on the planet. His work appears in *Razorcake* 'zine and on his own site www.nardwuar.com). Here he reminisces with photographer Bev Davies, who contributes striking vintage photos of such bands as Gang Of Four, Pointed Sticks, Clash, Ramones, DOA (a photo that appeared on the back of "Hardcore '81" and others Even a picture of G'N'R's Duff McKagan in his punk days, playing with the Fastbacks. Half of them are live, half are "photo shoot" type pictures, although they have a candid quality, such as Gang Of Four clowning around, which belies their assumed seriousness. They talk about the artists and the stories behind them. There's also an extensive interview with more photos. So it's more than just a calendar but also a document. I usually hang wall calendars in my bedroom/record room and office and that means I only have to get one more for next year. Good job. (PO Box 3613, Vancouver BC, CANADA V6B 3Y6, www.mintrecs.com)

PISSCHRIST–Nothing Has Changed (Yellow Dog, CD)

Nope it hasn't—not in the world today and not with modern-day Swedish-style hardcore, as played by this Australian

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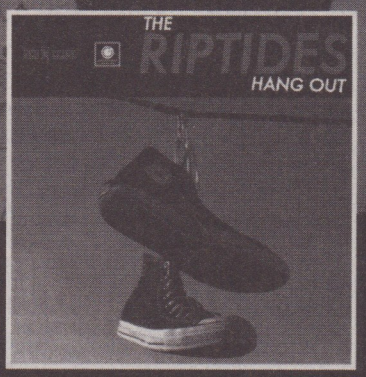

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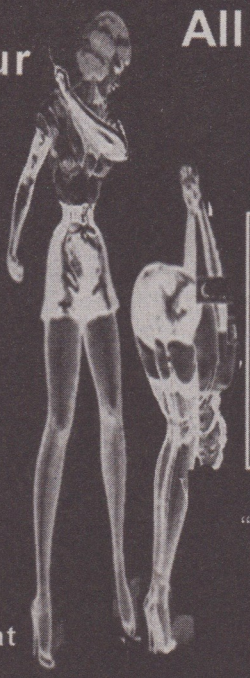

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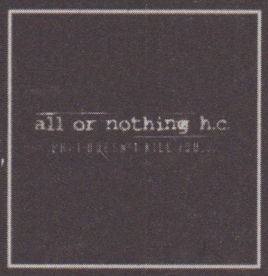

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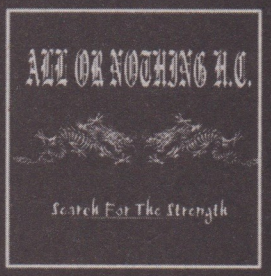

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band. I'm grateful for the latter, at least. Pisschrist feature the rampaging tempos, set-on-burn guitars and low-register howlings associated with the sound. And with such titles as "The River Runs Red," "Mass Genocide Machine" and "Fuck The World," there's no chance of missing their point. They've got me hooked. (PO Box 550209, 10372 Berlin, GERMANY, www.yellowdog.de)

RED THREAD – (tape)

I always get this band's name wrong—thought it was Red Threat and, actually, it works better since they're certainly make a threatening sound. Three-quarters of the short-lived band 40 Watts (who put out a good demo and broke up almost immediately after), with a different guitar player. Garage/punk/riot grrrl—if that's still an appropriate term. Forceful words, from the anti-tampon message of "Blood Song" to protecting oneself from unprotected sex to the topical "Bowery," about the grad student from Massachusetts, Imette St. Guillen, who was raped and murdered in New York City, her body dumped away from the crime scene. That was a perfect example of some in the mainstream media "blaming the victim," saying that she brought it on herself for being out alone at 4 a.m. Red Thread's answer is self-defense and not living in fear. Jen lets out some nasty screams along with her singing and the band plays with grittiness—and that's meant in a positive way. (punxisladies@gmail.com)

REPOS–Hearts and Heads Explode (Youth Attack, LP)

LP? More like a 12" EP. Only eleven minutes of scorch but who cares? This motherfucker shreds. Second 12" release, along with a split with Fourteen or Fight and this may be the last one. They were a live monster in Chicago when I saw them at the 2005 fest out there. Not even a ten minute set and they were done. Aaron's voice is very similar to Bob to Infest—in other words, he has a head-bitin' lower register growl, enunciating the end of the words and there is literally no space between songs. All hard and fast, except for the concluding slowed-down howl-session of "Totenstille." Only 700 copies so good luck finding it. (distributed by Ebullition, www.ihateyouthattack.com)

RIGHT ON – Reality Vacation (Malfunction, CD)

Ah, Right On. Power to the People. Wait a minute—there ain't no peace signs, no hippies, and it's not the least bit mellow, to paraphrase Ted Nugent (who was the anti-hippie, despite early psychedelic trappings). Nope, this is hardcore—direct and to the point, both musically and lyrically. Posi and youthful but without the tough breakdowns. In fact, the break for "Smoke and Mirrors" is metal in the trad way. Conflicted feelings about scene loyalty, people changing, insincerity etc. Always questioning things and perhaps wondering if they're being naïve about things. Shit—sounds like me when I was 23—the naïve part, I mean. In any case, another case of a band not being terribly original but still getting the job done in an assaultive manner. This CD includes demo tracks. (http://www.malfunctionrecords.com)

SLIMY CUNT AND THE FISTFUCKS-Nothing But Enemies (Welfare, 7" EP)

Kind of an unforgettable moniker here, although SCFF are now known as Nothing But Enemies. Shock value aside, this is some braying shit. Opie begins the EP with a howling "1-2-FUCK YOU!" leading into the title track. Not thrash but in a medium speed, heavy vein without being metal or metal-core. "CRS" is damn near melodic. It's an unleashing of pure hatred and malevolence directed at its various targets. "Rich Kids," for instance, takes on various groups of people—college students, yuppies, etc who invade/infest the Allston neighborhood of Boston. There's definitely something I like about these guys. If they do a full-length, though, a little variation would be cool. (58 River St, Haverhill, MA 01832, http://www.welfarerecords.net)

STRUNG UP / DIRECT CONTROL-Split (Tankcrimes/No Way, LP)

A damn good pairing for touring partners. Strung Up, in particular, slams out some of their best songs to date. That angry Bay Area hardcore punk sound. "Legal Dope" is a musical nod to the classic SoCal style; see: Adolescents. While the words touch on government and mind control, it's given a personal twist and other songs deal with a lot of personal demons. Direct Control also gives attention to both military aggression and more personal concerns ("ADD," "Kill Me"). Meanwhile, the final song, "Give It Back," is a pointed commentary on a certain "business" relationship gone sour, and I think I'll leave it at that. Revved-up, go-for-broke hardcore, as always. (PO Box 3495, Oakland, CA 94609, www.tankcrimes.com)

TO HELL AND BACK (Black Matter, CD)

To Hell and Back's first album shows off their hard-rock/boogie chops. Pretty straight-ahead, not having the obvious tongue-in-cheek ambiance of, say, Turbonegro, but also standing up on its own merits. "Backline Fever" has an obvious nod to Motörhead, both in title and spirit. Some fired-up songs, especially "Dumbstruck," while others tend to be on the plodding side. It's about half and half. It all depends on how much "rawk" you want in (sorry for the upcoming phrase) your musical diet. (PO Box 666, Troy, NY 12181, www.blackmatterrecords.com)

UNDER PRESSURE–Come Clean (Yellowdog, CD)

Come Clean is even more diverse than Under Pressure's recent self-titled disc. Some of the songs were recorded around the same time as that one and some more recently. There's an increase in melody in spots and a variation of tempos and styles. "I Explode" is grinding and heavy, throwing in some atonal saxophones and it doesn't devolve into pretentiousness. "Muddy Water" takes from the Wipers' somberness a bit. Meanwhile, there's no missing the speed/rage of "One In One." A dark power. (PO Box 550209, 10372 Berlin, GERMANY, www.yellowdog.de)

WE THE PEOPLE–s/t (Stop Whining, Start Winning, CD)

Chuck from Black SS is the vocalist in this band, but it's different from the straightforward hardcore punk of that band. Well, his bellowing vocals are the same, but the music is more of a melodic punk approach but still forceful. In other words, it's not pop swill. "Outside of Society," one of the demo tracks on the CD (the CD has both new songs and the songs from the demo) expresses the outsider mentality: "I'm a traitor to my country, I'm a traitor to the state, I'm a traitor to the police, I'm a traitor to this life I hate" while "I Don't Bleed Red White and Blue" is pretty self-explanatory. (58 Belaire Dr, Horseheads, NY 14845, wethepeople@timetooperate.com)

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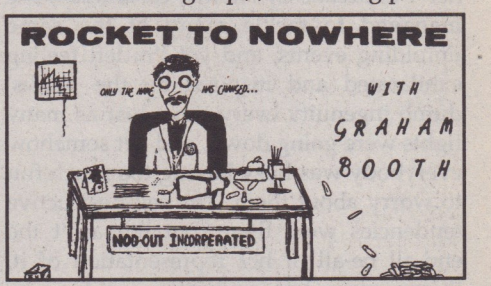


Doh! I can't imagine I'm the only one writing about this newfangled *American Hardcore* movie this month. I just saw it over the weekend. What a joke! OK, what-

ever, it's cool to go to a movie theater and see hardcore on the big screen, but gimme a friggin' break! It was like the Cliff's Notes version of American hardcore, hitting all of the author's chosen highlights. Unfortunately said author's glue-addled brain hasn't developed beyond a 16-year old level and he's still obsessed with all the violence and misogyny 20 years later. Violence definitely defined the era, but the movie came off sounding more like a Civil War Documentary than a musical one; tracing key battles between rival crews and show-goers.

Granted, all of those things happened, but really, there was so much more than that going on. I'm sure every one of the interviewees had regrets about how things played out (well, maybe not Jack Grisham who half-jokingly (?) confessed to being a grave-digging rapist); and ultimately it was the violence that drove everyone away from hardcore in the mid-'80s. I don't know what the filmmakers' goals were, but their unraveling story of one critical beat-down to the next did little more than make me feel incredibly embarrassed for each of their gracious contributors. It almost seemed like they were going out of their way to make everyone look bad. I guess nothing positive ever came out of hardcore, now let's go beat up some queers!

Beyond the stupidity, there was also a lot of unseen live footage. While it was cool to see YDI and a lot of the BAD BRAINS among others, the quality was mostly so shitty I'm surprised Sony Pictures (oh yeah, that?!?) ever signed on. Simply put, they could have spent more time finding high quality video. Sorry guys, but I could find better footage in an hour on YouTube.com (seriously, you need to go check that shit *out*!). I think a halfway decent hardcore themed YouTube playlist would blow this movie out of the water.

You'd think these filmmakers would've taken some cues from the originator of the punk documentary, Penelope Spheeris. In her *The Decline Of Western Civilization*, she managed to tackle many of the same unfolding events, and yet I'm left feeling exhilarated and inspired by the punks' dumb ingenuity every time. Just as many fights were going down, and yet somehow everybody was busy having too much fun to worry about them. The self-destructive tendencies were there, but it wasn't the end-all be-all of her representation of it: things were left ambiguous and open-ended enough for viewers to make up their own minds.

I'm honestly surprised this movie has received so much praise. It's depressing for me, knowing that this is probably going to be the only definitive US Hardcore movie ever made. I guess I can't really expect Joe Movie Critic to have a clue about hardcore, or that he ever would've imagined it was anything more than a bunch of wannabe jocks beating each other up. It's just too bad that *American Hardcore* was unable to demonstrate much more than that.

Enough about movies...I should probably leave that to *MRR's* esteemed experts. As always, I've spent the past month out digging in the trenches for records that really shouldn't be there circa 2006. It is with great pleasure that I recount yet another sordid tale of recent acquisitions: one that nearly ended in failure, yet somehow surpassed my wildest expectations. Bay Area residents take particular note, as you will be happy to know said acquisitions were liberated from your fairest of regions.

The trenches in this tale are digital in nature. Nothing beats finding a GERMS single for $3.99 out in the bins at your local haunt. But holding out for a score like that will get you disillusioned pretty damn quick. I happen to live in a pretty forgiving city when it comes to finding good records; but even so, there are only so many fruitless trips I can take before giving up completely. So I go dig on the internet.

Ebay can be great for getting records, but aside from the random fluke, it's also usually pretty expensive. But even if you don't have much money to spend, it can also be a great resource for finding out about new records that you (and the rest of the world) have never heard of. Oftentimes I'll come across an unknown record that piques my curiosity, either based on a cool sleeve, or a compelling description; but having been burned on bad records so many times now, I usually take any promising photos or descriptions with a large helping of salt.

Anytime I'm second-guessing something, I'll do my best to get a second opinion. More often than not, a simple Google search is enough to turn up one or two references to a given record. It may not be much to go on: maybe you'll find it on someone's trade list or want list; maybe you'll actually find a description of it; or maybe you'll find a store selling a copy for cheap or for hundreds of dollars.

I can't even remember what single I was looking for that fateful day, but I ended up finding a copy listed in a record store's web inventory. Said store is located in San Francisco, although, to you locals' credit, I don't think they have a walk-in storefront...as far as I know, they are a web-only retailer. If I find a record on a store's website, I'll usually spend countless hours combing through that store's entire vinyl inventory. Hey, if they have one good record, chances are they have more. In extreme cases, the sheer amount of titles can take two-three days to go through. In this case, it took about an hour.

Most of the records were priced between $3 and $5, with nothing more than $8. Nothing totally insane, but at those prices, it didn't take much to get me clicking. The highlights I can remember were the first RIVOLTO DEL ODIO 7" EP from Italy, the U.T.I. 7" from Orange County, some KBD type bootlegs, and the one that got me a little hot and bothered, a *Flex Your Head* LP compilation on (Dischord) with the "Wheat Sleeve" for $6 (the only version I've never owned). All things told, I had assembled a shopping cart containing about 15 records at around $100.

So what did I do? I read up on their ordering policies of course! Normally I would've been clicking "buy now," but unfortunately for me, I'd already blown my record wad for the week, so I had to put off my purchase for the time being. Luckily I was able to save my shopping cart selections, saving myself the trouble of going through the entire catalog a second time. I also noticed they had a weird mailorder policy: the only way they would accept payment was through Paypal, and you literally had to log in to Paypal and pay them in order for the order to be initiated and processed.

Fast forward two weeks. Once more I had some money for records, and this order had been on my mind for as many days. I went back to the website, and it appeared all of the records were still there. I logged into Paypal and paid for the records, and set to waiting. I figured I'd get something within about a week, and I couldn't wait!

Fast forward two weeks. Nothing. I logged into their website to check the status of the order, and it said I had placed the order, and they had started processing it about three days later. And nothing else. I wrote a quick email asking whether they had processed my order, and when I should expect the records to arrive.

Fast forward two weeks. Still nothing! Not even a response. I was starting to get worried. I remembered Paypal had a non-receipt policy, and the deadline was quickly approaching. In desperation, I filed a complaint, hoping I could recoup some of

my investment.

Fast forward two hours. An unknown caller on my cellphone. "Hello, is this Graham? Yes, I just received a notice that Paypal placed a hold on my account for the amount of the order! Haven't you received your order?! We couldn't locate all of the items, so we have been looking for them. But in the meantime, we shipped the first part to you around three weeks ago by Media Mail. I thought you should have gotten it within a week! I'm sorry, I realize you need to do what you need to do, but please let us know as soon as anything turns up." "Yeah, sure, sure. I'm sorry!"

Fast forward two days. Still nothing in my PO Box. Despite this fact, I was starting to feel incredibly guilty. This guy was probably having nightly meltdowns freaking out about losing $100 and the missing records. I was checking my PO Box every day, but there was nothing I could do. I got a hopeful email from the seller, and I had to break the bad news...nope, nothing.

Fast forward two days. What's that? A notice in my PO Box? It couldn't be! I marched eagerly up to the counter to claim my booty. The postman disappeared for a few minutes, finally returning with an 8"x10"x2" box. This had to be it...but a small box? no LPs? What a bummer! I signed the package out, and as I took it into my hands, I looked down at the address. Apparently my seller was also slightly dyslexic...he had switched the numbers on my PO Box. An honest mistake gone awry. The postman explained that they almost returned it to the sender, but thankfully someone had noticed the mistake the day before.

Fast forward two hours. Safely at work, I called the seller and explained that the records had arrived, and that I would be canceling the Paypal claim. He was relieved, explaining that he would be sending the remaining records or a refund. As we were saying our heartfelt goodbye's, the understanding and apologetic seller changed tact, make an unexpected final dig, "Yeah, I guess people need to do what they need to do. I may have handled it a bit *differently*, but that's just me." Ouch! Note: At press time, neither the refund, nor the second package has arrived.

Of course I still haven't opened the box. After I got off the phone, I had to rip that sucker open, eager to remember what the hell it was I had gotten so excited about in the first place. It certainly wasn't the *Flex Your Head* compilation. I grabbed the loose stack packed in a baggie and started flipping through the records. Hmmmm. So one of the records I had purchased was really poorly listed in the catalog. It was unclear what the band name was, but it resembled the name of a notorious Australian punk single, with a brief description: "Indy, Berkeley, CA." I was unaware of any Berkeley bands that had co-opted the song title as a moniker, but at worst it was likely the recent bootleg, and at best, it was some new KBD wannabe band with good taste.

So I'm flipping through these singles, and in the middle of the stack I immediately recognize the sleeve to this Australian bootleg. Wow, that's cool. I hadn't heard those songs for a few months, I really wanted to hear them again. I start fondling the record, and flip it over and, hmmm, that's weird. The record has a signature on the back in black marker, and underneath the signer had written "(guitar)". Crazy! That's awesome that the guitarist signed this Aussie punk bootleg! Hmmm, I wonder how he responded to being bootlegged...

Busy pondering the ethics of being bootlegged, I reach into the sleeve to check out the vinyl. Just as fast, my hand brushes against a startling enclosure: a folded up page from a comic book! Man, that is weird! I never heard the bootleggers went through the trouble of replicating the comic book insert...I wonder if they went out and bought '70s comic books just to tear out the pages and...and then I look at the vinyl, and this looks like an old blank labeled record!... uhh, and wasn't the bootleg on pink vinyl??...and, jeez! This record looks brand frickin' new...this *can not* be *thee fucking original record!?!*

Or can it? As you might imagine, I was hunched over the computer combing Google within seconds, trying to find a definitive discographical entry for the record, and any ways to differentiate an original copy from a bootleg. Not only does the band have their own website with an excellent history & bio (www.geocities.com/babeez_news), but this record was also all over Henry Weld's Aussie Collectorscum discography (www.collectorscum.com/volume3/ozpunk.html), divulging the original's matrix numbers MA7191 to my utter shit-eating glee. If you haven't yet figured out what record I'm talking about, I will give you one last chance to guess from the original catalog entry:

Dowannlove/Hate "Nobody Wants Me" Indy, Berkeley, CA, PS (Newborn Baby paper bag Slv) Sm. Hole $3.99

Yes, this would be that beloved BABEEZ 7" EP! Released in 1978, it was not only one of the first Australian punk records, but it also remains one of the best! The record has turned up a few times lately, although the infamous "comic book insert" is very often missing from the package. Ultra scum collectors will need to hold out for one of the first 200 numbered copies, though I will certainly argue the case that my autographed copy is just as desirable. How it ever happened to end up in a San Francisco dealer's warehouse may forever remain a mystery...

Now I need some sleep...until next month...must keep digging!

By the time you read this, the documentary film *American Hardcore* will be released. I was very critical of Stephen Blush's book *American Hardcore* and I was prepared to be similarly disappointed by his movie. However, the film is actually not that bad. I managed to hornswaggle an advance copy and arrange an interview with author Blush and director Rachman. The interview was brief and I was barely able to get a question in edgewise. However, I have been able to watch the film several times and I'm prepared to offer some comments.

In the corpus of punk music documentaries this film plugs a much-needed hole. There is a shelf full of books and movies written for the general audience that treat such well-worn subjects as the Sex Pistols, the Ramones, and the early punk scene. Inevitably these skip from 1979 to "The Year Punk Broke" and the post-Nirvana grunge scene. Despite copious screen time from Rollins and Keith Morris, most of these films give the 1980s hardcore scene only a tiny grudging nod by mentioning the Dead Kennedys or Black Flag.

As with the book, it seems that Blush saw that the field was wide open for a "hardcore for dummies" film to cash in on the 20-year cycle of interest in any youth culture. While there are certainly many more qualified persons to write or direct a book or movie on this subject, one must give Blush some grudging respect for being market-savvy enough to get a product to

market first. Indeed, the fact that he secured distribution for the film through Sony shows that his assessment of this material having some commercial potential is not misplaced. His book followed on the heels of a successful book from the same publishing house about Black Metal. That book seemed to appeal based on its emphasis of violence and antisocial behavior by a fringe youth culture, and Blush's book took a similar approach. Critics of the book such as myself and Stuart Schrader felt that its coverage of hardcore punk focused much too heavily on sex, drugs, and violence while marginalizing any of the idealism or more serious aspirations of the hardcore punk scene. The movie aims for much of the same lowest common denominator audience appeal. While I feel that Blush avoided most of the primary flaws of his book, some of the same bias is built into the film as well.

Overall, this movie is pretty good, although with such awesome subject matter, it seems like even sophomoric bumbling would allow the cruciality of hardcore to shine through. There is some outstanding live footage and interviews with a wide cross-section of important scenesters from back in the day. I will have many critical things to say in the pages that follow, but overall I would recommend this film. The live footage, music, and anecdotes are more than worth the price of admission. Although I would warn diehards that the majority of the still photos and video footage are already well known to tape traders and book, zine, and record collectors. That said, I'm going to make quite a few comments that I feel should be kept in mind when viewing and evaluating *American Hardcore*. The number one thing in this film's favor is that Blush doesn't talk. There is no narration, just interviews with firsthand participants in the form of interviews, vintage film footage, and screen shots of records, zines, flyers, and band logos with a pretty outstanding and representative selection of legit '80s hardcore music. So we are freed from Blush's analysis and opinions that really served to drag down the book, and instead just get the viewpoints and reminiscences of the scenesters he interviewed. He talked with a wide variety of people and it helps to keep the narrative moving. There are band members, scenesters, promoters, roadies, and fans from across the spectrum of the hardcore scene, which helps to balance the narrative. However, one of my biggest critiques of this sort of methodology is that he talks almost entirely to these guys today as middle-aged men (well, mostly men) looking back on their youth. There is almost no contrast of this jaded hindsight with primary source material from the period under study. That is to say, what some guys said in a fanzine interview or song lyrics in 1981 was probably a lot different from the point of view of a middle-aged guy 25 years later. As a result, we get a version of hardcore that is bereft of any youthful idealism or yearning for social change. Blush's main focus seems to be to portray hardcore as a movement of disaffected and self-loathing young rebels acting out in violence and unfocused rage. While this may have been the case for many, there was also a serious desire to make punk a movement of social change and things like straight edge, political activism, social protest, counter-culture, and the like are barely mentioned in favor of a focus on violent dancing, gang violence and police brutality. While I do not deny the existence of those factors, I feel like they could be balanced by presenting some of the other sides of the scene as well. For example, the Stern brothers are interviewed, but only talking about police brutality at shows, not the foundation and goals of the Better Youth Organization.

I would also note that at the time hardcore was a clean break with the music scenes of the past. In a way it was even a break with the punk scene which proceeded it. However, by interviewing the participants some 25 years later, after many of them went on to careers in the music business, we get a version of hardcore where it is somehow interjected into the "flow" of 20th century popular culture. This is in contrast to the idea that DIY hardcore existed, and continues to exist as some sort of radical counter-cultural alternative outside the music business. Blush actually seems to be struggling to insert hardcore into the history of popular music in order to somehow enhance its legitimacy. The best evidence of this is the inclusion in the film of absolutely marginal and in some cases inane commentary from personages with tangential connection to hardcore such as dudes from Pantera, Gwar, Mudhoney and G'N'R as well as some woman who I'm told was in *90210* or a similar TV show. I would have much rather seen more of the footage that wound up cut from interviews with members of the Bad Brains, Battalion of Saints, or Articles of Faith than what an extremely stoned member of Pantera thinks about Black Flag. Also interesting to note is that people's post hardcore careers are not discussed with two exceptions: ex-Black Flag roadie Mugger (now a tech stock millionaire) and the Beastie Boys (now rock stars).

The film focuses heavily on DC, Boston, and Southern California. But those were for sure important scenes and there is enough footage and interview material from other scenes to keep this from falling into the trap of an overly regional bias. Regionalism and the DIY networking of early tours is a main theme and this was actually handled quite well in the film through the use of animated maps and a variety of interviews and show footage. Slightly baffling though is the complete lack of mention of any punk or hardcore bands or scenes from outside the US with the exception of DOA. I understand the desire to focus on the quintessentially American roots of the early hardcore scene, but there is no mention of English punk (except the Sex Pistols) or any other Canadian bands. This gives one the impression that the hardcore scene existed in some sort of national vacuum, when in fact hardcore was spreading like wildfire across the globe and influences were being imported from abroad as much as they were being exported. Most notably omitted, probably for legal reasons, are the Dead Kennedys and the Misfits. I can understand the Misfits omission, but the fact that Flipper and Nig Heist get more coverage than the Dead Kennedys certainly betrays some personal beef or legal problems in putting together the movie.

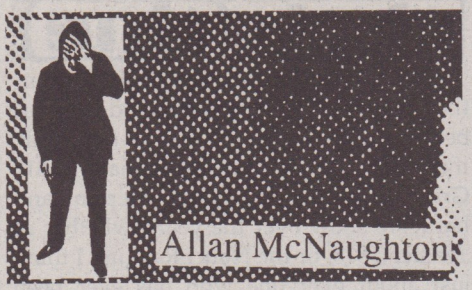
It is worthy to take notice of who Blush interviews and who he omitted. As with almost every documentary about music in the past 20 years, Rollins gets a great deal of screen time to grandstand and self-promote. Keith Morris also gets a lot of time to make his comments. I would like to have seen more of some of the guys who haven't spoken out much since the '80s instead of these familiar faces. Ian MacKaye delivers probably the most insightful and on-target commentary, and the dude from Gwar some of the most useless. Vic Bondi is surprisingly inarticulate considering his later career as an academic. Only Bondi and Dave Dictor seem to offer much from the political side of the hardcore scene and notably omitted is any mention of *Maximum Rocknroll* (or *Flipside*), any kind of political or social activism or more political bands like Crucifix. Also, straight edge is given the same sort of uneven treatment as it got the book, focusing mostly on the militant Boston variation rather than, say, Positive Force or BYO's idealism.

As with the book, violence, adrenaline,

and getting fucked up are presented as the main forces in the hardcore scene. And while no one will deny the presence of violence and self-destruction in the '80s, its centrality is greatly exaggerated in this film. The focus on pure aggression and unfocused rebellion rather downplays the musical and creative barriers broken down in the early days of hardcore. Bands like Minutemen and Big Boys were stepping through a musical and creative door opened by the hardcore revolution and although those bands are mentioned, the musical focus is definitely on "dumb hardcore"—which although great, is only one side of the coin. The film talks a lot about the violence directed at Henry Rollins (a favorite theme of Rollins in his own work) but fails to mention that Black Flag had started playing slower and turned its back on the hardcore scene it helped start. Also, gang violence is discussed and a founding member of LADS gets to discuss the formation of this street gang. While I won't deny the role of gang violence in the LA scene, it's hardly central to the narrative of hardcore nationwide. As in the book, one gets a view of hardcore that is violent, aggressive, and macho, and that dies in 1986.

The idea advanced in the book of hardcore's death early in Reagan's second term is also run up the flagpole in the movie. Ironically, Blush is fascinated with the Cro-Mags, who became popular precisely at the time that he claims hardcore's demise. There is no mention of hardcore after the mid-1980s. When I interviewed Blush, the only contemporary bands he name-dropped were Avail and Converge, so perhaps if that's all he's heard, he really does think that hardcore is dead.

There is a great deal of comic relief in the film as well. Many of the anecdotes are amusing. Some are unintentionally so, such as the guy from Flipper talking about how he was confused why everyone in the hardcore scene "loved to hate" Flipper, while he is wearing a *tie-dyed t-shirt*. One of the highlights of the film is Harley Flanagan trying to describe the build-up to the Bad Brains' "Big Takeover" where he loses the power of speech and starts pounding on the arms of his chair with his teeth clenched in anticipation. This is actually more or less the same way I feel during the same build-up. You can empathize with the manner in which Harley just loses it only imagining the song in his head. The raw power of the music is undeniable. And there's plenty of good music in the movie. In fact, the quality of the subject matter really makes this a hard film to fuck up. The soundtrack would pretty much sound like a mix tape I would have made in the mid-'80s. You just can't deny that early '80s hardcore is/was the best and most important music ever—a fact which helps to insulate this film from criticism of its many flaws.



Common Sense Ain't That Common

Thursday night, 11:30, somewhere on the edge of West Oakland. Someone took it upon himself to push a drum kit out into the middle of the intersection on a trolley. He began to play, to the amusement of the punks gathered in front of a nearby house, where a show was taking place. Like most punk shows, the excitement all took place outside. Not all the punks were into it, some people asked him to stop and were laughed off. Eventually a woman appeared and berated the drummer for waking up half the neighborhood on a work night. "You wouldn't try that in a white part of town!" What the fuck was he thinking? The answer: he wasn't. Maybe he was rushing on the excitement, the freedom that comes from being away from home for the first time, living in a punk house in "the ghetto", being a fucking punk, man, and fuck the rules. Fuck the squares that have to get up for work in the morning. They *need* to hear these drums, need to be woken up from their materialist stupor! Of course, I'm projecting. He was probably just drunk on Old English and thought it would be funny.

It's glamorous, in a way, to emphasize the shitty nature of your surroundings. A badge of honor, to proclaim that you live in a crime-ridden, violence-prone part of town. I understand the allure of cheap rent, tons of space, a place to have shows. Hell, punks and artists and musicians (and people who just like to dress like punks and artists and musicians) need places to live too. At least make friends with your neighbors, be respectful of them, keep the noise to a minimum on work nights. What is merely slumming it for you is matter of fact for them. Do I sound like your Grandpa talking? It seems like it should be common sense.

By now, for all intents and purposes, the gentrification debate is done and dusted. Everyone knows the cycle: the stormtrooper brigade of low-income artists, musicians, students, etc. move into an historically working-class, immigrant, or poor community for the cheap housing and gritty, ghetto-chic appeal, then create a culture there that makes the area attractive to more affluent middle-class types, who then move in, buy up property, and push out both the original inhabitants and the very people who created the culture that made the place attractive to them in the first place. I've seen it happen (or rather, been part of it) in the West End of Glasgow (resulting in the cycle starting all over again on the South Side) and the Mission in San Francisco, but punks and artist types have set up camp in Oakland for years without much in the way of gentrification taking hold. Recently, though, the Oakland art scene (predominantly, but not exclusively, that created by twenty-something white hipsters) along with the city's vibrant culture of underground music venues has started to garner some mainstream attention. Not to mention the thousands of high-rise 'loft apartments' being built all over the place. To be honest, it would be great to see some positive economic development coming to Oakland, but it looks like it's going to be more of the same: gated communities separating the haves and the have-nots, and the only opportunities for most of the original inhabitants will be minimum-wage service industry jobs catering to the newcomers. You can't fight progress.

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I was moved by fellow resident alien Timmy Brooks' review a couple of issues back (along with gutter-minded long-time shitworker Shane White's enthusiastic recommendations) to pick up Cockney Reject—*My Life of Music, Football, and Blood* by Jeff Turner (better known to fans as Stinky). This won't be a proper review as that would be redundant after Tim's comprehensive appraisal, but I have to say I did find it a rollicking good read. Could hardly put it down, as they say. One thing that I thought was particularly funny was that through all the stories of getting thrown out of studios for stealing, getting in fights, brushes with the law, etc., it's always someone else's fault! Stinky Turner must be the unluckiest bloke in the world; he's always in the wrong place at the

wrong time with the wrong guy. Also, while it was entertaining to hear about some of the more spectacular rucks the Rejects and their entourage got involved in, a lot of the violence made me pretty uncomfortable. Basically, if you so much as looked at Stinky or his brother, guitarist Mick Geggus, the wrong way, you were on to a kicking. Turner puts this down to some mythical East End "code," but I've known people all my life that were on a similar hair trigger. The kind of people it's hard to be around because you know they could snap any minute and you'll have to deal with the repercussions of their actions. It's a quandary—to enjoy the Cockney Rejects' music, do you have to accept the glorification of a violent, football hooligan lifestyle?

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Recently, the West Coast was graced by a tour by those redheaded (sorry, baldheaded) stepchildren of the Medway sound, the Armitage Shanks. I managed to catch them in the salubrious, genteel surroundings of John Patrick's, a cinderblock haven of cheap beer sandwiched between car dealerships on the Oakland side of Alameda Island that was previously the location of Maggotfest 2004, when the rumblings of the music shook live maggots (the remnants of years of BBQ leftovers tossed onto the roof) down from the ceiling and into unsuspecting revelers' hair and pints. Luckily there were no maggots this time, only a rousing evening's entertainment, whereby two actual Shanks (ably backed by San Jose's The Runs) plodded through an hour's worth of original material and classic covers, including songs by The 101ers, Television Personalities, The Mekons, and more. In fact, I think the Cockney Rejects were one of the few bands left out. After the show I picked up the band's cracking new four-song 7" on Cock Energy, which includes a tasty parody of my new best mate's band, The Fall. Get it at www.cockenergy.com.

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Column archives (now) and additional blogorrhea (eventually) can be found at www.dropout.cc.

Write: PO Box 22971, Oakland, CA 94609, allan@dropout.cc.

(A Google search attributes the title phrase to the folksy Oklahoman cowboy wisdom of Will Rogers.)

Shows of late are slightly fewer and farther between here in Richmond, in part because we recently lost our all-ages club, the Nanci Raygun. Love it or hate it, 818 Grace Street was host to many a punk and hardcore show over the years, whether as Twisters, 818, or the Nanci Raygun. I think just about everyone who has ever been there has had both a great experience or a bad one, but much as people like to complain, there is no denying that it was a place that has held a ton of amazing shows, and been a consistent spot for local punk rock, and especially for DIY all-ages shows over the years. In the same week that the Raygun closed down, one of the good house show spots also got shut down. So it's been a bit difficult to set things up, though of course people do manage, and I believe that it's only a matter of time before things look up. They always do.

Combined with the lack of venues, and even perhaps the lack of touring bands right now, I haven't been going out all that much, finding myself instead home reading and watching my belly twitch. But I did recently get to go see one of our hometown favorites Strike Anywhere, who were on tour with Ignite. That is the kind of show, when it falls on a Saturday, that I get very excited about. I was both psyched and surprised to see Ignite on the bill. Excited, because I can probably say they rank as one of my all-time favorites, but surprised because I haven't heard anything about them in years and didn't even know they were still together and playing. I didn't really like the last record they did all that much, and have heard little if anything about them since. So I didn't get my expectations up. The show was strange, in that the crowd was generally young—really young. The crowds for the likes of Avail and Strike Anywhere have been getting younger and younger (as I get older and older), but this was even stranger, because there was also a lack of the usual old-timers who showed up. I hardly recognized anyone there. So when Ignite played, I was pretty stoked to see that the kids were loving them—singing along and losing their minds. They sounded great, though I didn't really recognize most of the songs. They still sounded like the Ignite I love, and it was fun to see and hear them play for a supportive crowd. They played two older songs that I know and love. I know one was a request, and the funny thing is that when he said, "this is an old one," I cheered, knowing I would know it, and "when he said from back in the day, back in '94," I could even anticipate the song. It was one of my favorites that starts out with such a triumphant hook, one that has sparked my fire on many a road trip and many an inspired moment.

I was thrilled and ecstatic, having one of the moments that I feel is created just for me—well, for me and that one other guy who requested it, 'cause as I looked at the faces of those kids in the front row, they were blank. They had clearly never heard that song before. In a way it made me sad, and also surprised. To me, 1994 isn't that long ago, and music has this timeless quality where we all have grown up listening to old punk from before our times. It's just kinda how it is. But these kids didn't know the old stuff that made my heart sing, and I didn't know the new stuff that made their clocks tick, and all I could think was that we were all getting something out of it and it was awesome.

When they finished that anthemic song, the singer said, "That is why we don't play the old songs," and I knew exactly what he meant, 'cause it's hard to play songs to non-receptive audiences, especially when you can easily play songs they know. But again, I couldn't help but sing "thank you thank you thank you" in my head for playing that one favorite which made the entire night worthwhile, and almost even made up for the fact that I never got to see Ignite "back in the day" when it seems that I was always one step ahead of or behind them while on tour with Avail. So I got my moment and it was so worth it.

Strike Anywhere have found themselves with a young new audience too, and it was and is surprising to me that the kids knew the songs so well on their new album that came out just a few weeks prior, but didn't really know anything from their past seven years. Wow. What a time warp. When I put these time frames into perspective, it does make sense. Kinda like when I was sitting around the kitchen with the punks, talking about having been doing my zine for almost 20 years, and as I saw a few kids totally balk at that, I realized that I have been doing my zine for as long as they have been alive. And these old records, bands, and even shows that are so much a

part of my recent memories—even if that recent past is 15 years ago—once put in perspective, come from a time when some of these same punks were literally kids of the single digits. It is enough to make my head spin. Perspective can really throw you for a loop. And I guess that is why there was something awesome about knowing that the kids and the old lady could come away from a show and a band and a song with the same exact feeling—even if it's a different song from a different time and place. The cycles keep on repeating themselves and reinventing themselves and inspiring to carry on. And that makes me happy.

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I still have S&L benefit T-shirts with Jeremy Clark's design, black, available in YL, S, and L (no M or XL right now). Also, I have embroidered patches (red, green, blue, silver or purple on black). Shirts are $12 ppd and patches are $3 ppd (US only). S&L #89 will be out in November. $1 ppd for a copy in the US, Canada or Mexico. $2 worldwide. Thanks.

OK, so I'm feeling kind of frantic right now—I just had a wave of wired energy, so of course that means I'm about to crash, and I want to write this column beforehand, since it is the day of my deadline. I always think I'm going to write my column way ahead of time, but you know how that goes...

A minute ago I actually felt like I had a libido, and wanted to write my column quickly so I could go out and cruise this terribly dull porn theater with video booths in hopes of some sexual salvation, but now my headache is surrounding me, so I'm not so sure about that. I've been thinking about the things that happen in the world that disturb and traumatize me and leave me reeling and alienated but ready to write a brilliant scathing essay, but then I just keep thinking and thinking and the essay doesn't come about because I want to frame it in exactly the way that would make everyone fall into uncomfortable revelations but then I don't have the right amount of time or energy and then the essay falls by the wayside. So I need to start writing rougher things and not always worry about the perfect epiphany, just to get the thoughts out there. I might even start a blog—I'll keep you posted on that.

Do you know those moments when something or someone who is supposed to be on your side makes you feel more desperate and hopeless than all of the horrible monstrosities who want you dead? I had one of those moments when I first read *Beyond Same-Sex Marriage*, this grand press release that got a lot of attention a few months ago. In fact, even though this document says a lot of smart things about decentering marriage, and the different kinds of kinship structures queer people create, and the need for universal access to the benefits that marriage can sometimes help procure, it left me feeling alienated and angry. In the entire four thousand words, there is absolutely no call for mainstream gay people to be held accountable for the violence they have enacted by choosing to support marriage over every other issue, foaming at the mouth over platinum wedding bands and participatory patriarchy instead of challenging any form of violence. This statement, signed by hundreds of famous academics and "non-profit" hacks, is basically about reforming marriage, and reforming marriage leaves me cold. In attempting not to alienate the gaysoisie, *Beyond Same-Sex Marriage* even goes so far as to say that the gay marriage movement is a good start, but we need to go further. Further into cultural erasure?

Speaking of cultural erasure, this document begins: "We, the undersigned—lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender (LGBT) and allied activists, scholars, educators, writers, artists, lawyers, journalists, and community organizers..." avoiding any mention of those dangerous queers until well into the statement. That's right—LGBTs and "allies," but forget about anyone who doesn't fit neatly into one category. Furthermore, the insipid acronym LGBT, which has become popular over the last ten years or so, really just means, "gay, with lesbian in parentheses, throw out the bisexuals and put trans on for a little window dressing." It's the creation of the exact same movement that wants gay people to have the right to kill people as soldiers in Iraq or marry that cute bank executive, but does nothing to fight for basic needs like housing, healthcare, food, gender expression, *and* explicitly avoids challenging U.S. imperialism, colonialism or any other system of tyranny.

Speaking of systems of tyranny, I unfortunately had more run-ins with Seal Press about my new anthology, *Nobody Passes*. My editor managed to say one of the most preposterous things that anyone has ever said to me—specifically, she implied that by talking about both sexual abuse and sex work in my introduction, I was furthering the bullshit notion that says there is always a causal relationship between childhood sexual abuse and sex work. I couldn't even believe that she was accusing me of articulating this stereotyped, sensationalized, simplistic rhetoric when so much of my work is about directly speaking against this and instead investigating all of the complicated, critical, raw and uncomfortable intersections between sex work and sexual abuse (obviously, she hasn't read my other books). Furthermore, I was making no generalizations, but was instead speaking directly from my own personal experience as an incest survivor and a whore. My editor thought all of this was just too "shocking." We eventually worked through this, but not really to my satisfaction.

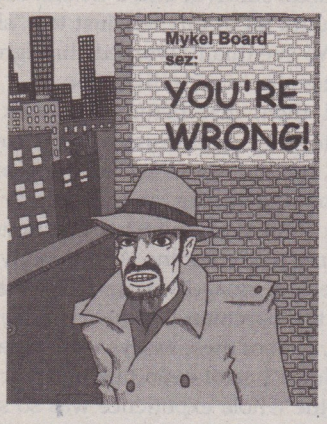
And then, just before the book was going to print, Seal insisted that I cut two essays, including Clio Sady's scathing piece on the racism and misogyny at a femme conference, which I mentioned in one of my past columns. Additionally, they removed an essay by Fritz Flohr that critiques the psychiatric industry. According to Seal, both of these essays were potentially libelous. I can't even talk about it right now—the whole experience was so stressful that it left me completely drained. The book is still brilliant and inspiring, but I have to sit back for a little while to gain energy again so I can tour when it comes out (late December).

Moving on, today I turned on the radio to hear about how some congressperson, Mark Foley, had resigned due to Internet chats he'd had with underage male former congressional pages in 2003. Actually, I turned on the radio to hear some ranting conservative interviewed on NPR saying that all "homosexuals" are sex-crazed and that congressional leaders knew that Mark Foley was a homosexual, and so he shouldn't have been appointed head of the commission on exploitation of children or whatever. Obviously, the issue isn't that Foley had sexual conversations with

minors, but that these minors were male. Let's be clear here—we're talking about the monsters that run this country—we all know that every underage girl working in Congress must get constantly harassed.

I actually went and read the chats online, and sure—they show that Foley is jerking off online with teenaged guys, pushing them to be more explicit—and sure, he's a lecherous old man engaging in exploitative behavior, but as a congressperson I'm sure he does infinitely more horrible things every single day. It's this everyday violence that should be the focus of all the attention.

Mattilda, a.k.a. Matt Bernstein Sycamore is the editor, most recently, of *Nobody Passes: Rejecting the Rules of Gender and Conformity*, out in January, and an expanded second edition of *That's Revolting! Queer Strategies for Resisting Assimilation*, out in November. Mattilda lives for feedback, so send her love letters and/or delicious threats via the recently updated <www.mattbernsteinsycamore.com>, which includes past *MRR* columns. Or write to PO Box 640047, San Francisco, CA 94164-0047.



Girls aren't supposed to play in bands. They're supposed to give blowjobs to guys *who play in bands.*
—Drunk Girl at a party in Scranton PA

The attractive Dominican boy cups one hand over each of his nipples.

"I see it like this," he says. "White girls have it here..." He moves his hands away from his chest. "Colored girls have it here..." He places one hand on each of his buttocks. "But Spanish girls... ah Spanish girls. They've got it here and there and everywhere you want." You can guess where his hands go.

This image comes back to me as I think about how the world changes. The two of us sat at a table in a Santo Domingo park. No other listeners. Just me and this guy, discussing things that guys discuss. Things we might feel uncomfortable talking about in front of our mothers.

This discussion does not come back to me as I gaze at well-proportioned Hispanic girls on the subway. It comes back as I walk down Fifth Avenue, passing this very white girl with very wide hips. She speaks loudly into her cellphone.

"... So it's like, I want him, ya' know? I'm practically drooling over him. But it's that time.... yeah... that's what I'm saying... I'm bleeding like a...I donno, tell me something that bleeds... hahaha that's funny... yeah, like that. So if I come on to him, ya know, I mean he's gonna get me home and... yeah, grossout! I mean yuck. I'll never see him again... So I told him I had to go somewhere and do something, but... yeah, you guessed it... it was in Soho, right on that street with all the shoe stores... no, I don't know if he likes shoes... why, you think he's gay?..."

So here we are, the kind of conversation that *should* be private, across a secluded park table. Here it is walking down Fifth Avenue. It's what people should talk about at home, in a corner café, where the music or ambient noise covers the conversation. Someplace where there are just you two. That's where you should discuss things not fit for public consumption.

Like the relative appealing endowments of various races, your monthly period and his homosexuality should not be public. I don't want to know. I don't know you. Why should I know about the effusion of your menstruation?

But kids these days. There is no privacy. Their parents give them cellphones at eight and the world becomes their private network. It's a new kind of generation gap. When I grew up, one side of the gap had the Vietnam War supporters, the other its opponents. These days, the gap has changed. One side has people who feel uncomfortable yawning in front of others. The other side has people who loudly discuss their genital warts.

There I have it. The perfect topic for a column. It's tighter than a feminist sphincter. No need to think it through, run it through the mill and see what happens. No need to write the column first to find out what I think. Uh uh. This time I know. It's the new generation gap. Those who have a sense of privacy, and those who don't.

Ah, but my tightly orchestrated, thought-out, obvious column collapses faster than a hard-on at a Hillary Clinton fund-raiser. I'm in Scraton PA. It's a reading from my books. Part of an *open mic* night, at a local coffee shop. No booze here. Just an espresso machine and some quiche. I arrive early to scope out the place.

It's small, with a few tables and a library so people can read while they sip their lattes. I check out the book titles: *How to Live Fat Free* catches my eye. The other books are somewhat less intellectual. The café is right across from a dorm. That street will be my generation gap.

Tonight's show will have a record turn out for the café. More than a hundred people. By the evening's end, the promoter will have over $200 in admission. He'll also get another $50 for "special services." I'll tell you about that later. Me? I'll wind up with bubkas.

The rattle of a doorknob disturbs my thoughts. A young blondguy enters. He wears jeans, a t-shirt and looks very collegiate.

Dan, the organizer, greets me with a handshake.

"You got a fan," he says. "I was doing promo for this show and this guy says. 'Wow, Mykel Board.' That's one in your corner. I'll ask him if you can stay there tonight."

"Is he attractive?" I don't ask.

Flash ahead: We've moved the furniture. The first performer is a guy and his guitar. The guy has red hair, a scraggly beard and wears sandals.

"Anybody got a capo?" he asks, pulling his guitar out of its soft case. Someone hands him one and he straps in on the guitar. Then he starts. Cover songs. The greatest hits of the 70s and 80s. Heart felt. *Shot through the heart and you're to blame!* Half the crowd sings along. When he's done, there is wild applause.

The next performer is a guy and his guitar. Cover songs. One or two originals. Heart felt. The guy has blond hair, a scraggly beard, and wears sandals. The next guy has light brown hair. Everything else is the same.

I look around. The folding chairs creak under fat girls who sit with their hands in their laps and applaud to *Horse With No Name*. Most of the guys sport their first beards, and wear just-bought-for-college sandals. The crowd is really white. There's one huge Negress and another girl who could have some Spanish in the woodpile somewhere. That's it. Not an Oriental in the room. I feel uncomfortable around too many white people. Like someone is going to ask me if I've accepted Jesus as my own personal savior.

And there are tons of bell bottoms, low cut under tons of lard.

Yowsah! I think. They're gonna hate me. Me, with my GG Allin t-shirt. And that's only for starters. This is gonna be fun. How long before the groans start? Will they throw things or will my host just say, "er.. Mykel... I think you need to wrap things up."? Will I need a chicken-wire fence to protect me from the raging folkies? Will they crucify me for my lack of sensitivity? I hope so.

There's one more folk singer. A guy with a dark beard looking much like one of the Nirvana guys who didn't die. They applaud his version of the 1967 hit, *If You Can't Be With The One You Love, then Love the One You're With.* Then comes me!

So I'm staying with some friends in this house in Philadelphia and there's this naked girl hanging from the ceiling... A couple people laugh.

I continue my story. Getting grosser and more offensive as I go on. The polite laughs continue. One person leaves... but soon comes back, eating a sandwich, drinking a cup of coffee.

No heckles. A few chuckles. Some polite applause. After I finish, I wave, go back to my corner to sell books. This big Arab-looking guy comes up to me. He points to my t-shirt.

"GG Allin," he says. "Yeah, I love GG Allin."

He gives me the thumbs up sign, then walks away and sits down. A chubby blond guy is up next.

"Anybody got a capo?" he asks.

After he finishes, Dan introduces the *other* special guest of the night: LIMA.

LIMA's got dark curly hair. He wears a pink shirt, carries a green mic stand, plastic flowers, and a megaphone. One "guitar" is a Casio VL Tone glued onto a guitar body. He throws confetti in the air and starts playing feedback. Then, a kiddie kind of song, you know like B-I-N-G-O. But his chorus is L-I-M-A.

"Come on, join me!" he shouts. "L!"

The audience comes back with a loud **L.**

I... **I!**

M... **M!**

A... **A!**

After they've got it. He gets them cheering: LIMA! LIMA! LIMA!

Then he launches into his next song. He wants the crowd to stand with him. At first a few people come to the center. Then everyone. The entire audience standing. Clapping. Waving their hands side to side above their heads.

"Come on, everybody," shouts Lima. "It'll be really gay if you don't join us."

No need to worry about gay. Everyone's already standing. Their hands are up high. All hundred plus sway side to side. Embracing, oozing love out of every non-gay pore. Holding hands— a hippie parody from people who know about hippies from textbooks. A new camp, from people who don't have a clue about camp. They might as well be dancing the Charleston.

I've never been a fan of audience participation. Especially when I'm in the audience. It's the anti-authoritarian in me. If someone tells me to clap along, or stand up, or honk that I love Jesus, I immediately don't want to. It seems dictatorial to tell your audience what to do. On the part of the audience, it's sheep-like obedience to do it.

"You guys like sea horses?" shouts Lima.

A few people answer yes.

"Let me hear it! Use your balls," shouts Lima. "Ladies, use what you got."

Yes! comes the massive reply.

Balloons bounce. There's a sound-effects tape of bubbling water. Lima sings about sea horses. Balloons skitter all over the audience. As soon as one begins to fall, an enthusiastic zaftig bounces it back up in the air.

A pretty girl, tall, with permed hair that looks like it'll break if you touch it, gets hit in the face with one of the balloons. It knocks mascara into her eyes. Lima walks over to her and kisses her on the eyelid. Instantly making it all better. Then he goes back to the guitar.

The crowd is still bouncing the balloons, clapping to the music, swaying back and forth. Pure form with no purpose. I'm the only one not on my feet. Maybe the only one lamenting the lack of booze in this place. Whassamatter, don't kids drink anymore?

I'm not feeling very good. It's probably just jealousy. They love him – but can't get it up to hate me. What's wrong with them?

Lima climbs up on the furniture. Joins in the dancing, let's the Casio play itself.

'What a great crowd! I love you." he says. "What a great crowd!"

As he leaves the stage, Lima shouts, "I have CDs. You can buy 'em from me... or trade. A hug for a CD! That's all I ask."

After Lima, balloons, confetti, flower petals litter the floor. Folks are laughing, hugging, panting for breath.

Dan walks in the middle of the crowd.

"Now, if everybody can please have a seat, we'll bring back our other featured act: Mykel Board."

It's about 11 PM. The Monster is finally kicking it. I'm on again and they are not ready for me. No booing. No reaction at all, except polite applause. I cut it short.

There is more polite applause.

"Now," Dan explains to the crowd, "you know we don't have any money to pay our performers. Mykel is selling some books and CDs, check it out and buy something."

No one moves.

This is the most unpunk group I've seen outside of a Baptist church. Whatever punk is... and it's something different to different people... it's not clapping along to *Everybody Wants to Rule The World* and strumming guitars. It's not sandals. It's not covers of 70s sensitive rock. It's not trading hugs for CDs. Blowjobs, maybe. But not hugs.

I'm feeling sorry for myself when Lima walks over to me. He's friendly, smiley faced, no trace of *I blew you off the stage man.* Just a nice guy from New Jersey.

"You work for Maxim?" he asks.

I laugh. "Er, not exactly. I write for *Maximum Rock'n'Roll.*" I tell him. "But I don't write about music."

He smiles and turns as a cherubic girl tugs on the back of his shirt.

"I wanna trade a hug for a CD," she says.

The other acts that night are even more awful. After me comes a guy and his girlfriend. He strums the guitar. She plays the bongos. (I shit you not!) She also sings so off key that even I know there's something wrong.

"Wow, am I glad we didn't have to follow Lima." she says.

Here comes the last act. A smooth-faced young man with a guitar. He's not wearing sandals... He's wearing Nikes.

"Hey Dan," he shouts to the promoter. "I'll give you $50 if you don't let anyone leave."

From the front of the room comes a voice. "You just bought yourself an audience," it says.

The guy turns to us and shrugs. "You do what you gotta do," he says. "Anybody got a capo?"

Before I have time to consider this further, the guy with the guitar puts on a harmonica holder, blows a few notes and then starts playing BORN IN THE USA!

A young man who looks slightly Indian (turban, not feather) comes up to me. I wonder if he *really* looks Indian, or if I'm just searching for ethnicity in this group.

"I listened to you tonight," he says. "Very interesting. How would you

describe yourself?"

"About five foot three inches," I tell him. "A hundred thirty-five pounds. Brown hair... losing it... Four and a half inches of..."

"No," he says, smiling, "I mean if someone asks you *What Are You?* how would you answer. For example, I'm a theist."

"I'm a *me-ist*," I tell him. "Just like it says on the book cover. It rhymes with theist."

He frowns.

"Me-ist," I explain. "Like communist, anarchist, scientist."

"I see," he says. "Tell me, have you accepted Jesus Christ as your own personal savior?"

Flash ahead:

"I'm sorry," says Dan. "We had a good crowd. I don't know why people didn't buy your books."

"Maybe it was the *wrong* crowd," I say. "By the way, where was my fan?"

"He never showed up," Dan tells me. "I don't know what happened."

"My fans are not the most responsible people in the world," I tell him.

He laughs.

"I found you another place to stay," he says. "I'll take you there."

We get in my rental car and drive about half a mile. There's a parking place a block away from the house. One and a half car lengths long. When we reach it, I get out of the driver's seat.

"You park," I tell Dan. "I'm not very good at it."

Without a snicker, Dan gets out, crosses to the driver's seat and parks the car. Then we walk uphill to THE HOUSE.

It's clear this is THE PARTY HOUSE in town. It's a ramshackle old wooden structure with a large porch on the ground floor and an outside staircase that leads to apartments on higher floors.

A couple of girls sit on an old porch rocker. One of them wears a thin cotton dress that looks like a 1940s couch covering. The other has on a short black skirt and a black thing that I think people call a bustierre. She's white, but to disappoint my Dominican friend, does not have the bust to be properly boosted by the bustierre.

"Dan!" shouts the girl in the couch material. "Come here so I can give you a big kiss."

Dan walks up to the girls. They both hug him— one on either side.

"Party going on?" says Dan.

The bustierre girl nods, "Upstairs."

Dan lets go of the girls and heads up the stairs to the second floor. I follow. Inside is a college house.

To the right is a bar, the inset, where the counter should be is filled with bottle caps. The caps are all from LIONSHEAD BEER bottles. They are turned face up and face down so they make a pattern spelling out **226,** the address of the house.

In front of the bar, a boy and girl wrestle on the floor. In the room to my right are two couches, a table, a huge TV, and a stereo set. On one couch sit a couple guys in jeans and t-shirts.

On the other couch sit two other guys, each holding a plastic guitar. They are playing some kind of video game. You have to match the notes on screen with the notes played by a skeleton heavy metal band on the monitor. The music is old blues, tough to play— like Muddy Waters or something. The TV musicians look like Misfits rejects. The combination is weird.

The guys "playing" the guitars are very intent, and by the high scores they're racking up, very good.

On the table are two sets of plastic cups partially filled with beer. Some one arranged them in V-formation, like bowling pins at opposite ends. At each end of the table, a boy-girl team is trying to throw ping pong balls into the opposing cups. I guess it's some kind of game.

A big guy with a shaved head wears a green football Jersey. I can easily believe he plays in it. He turns as if noticing me for the first time and holds out a meaty palm.

"Hi, I'm Mike," he says.

"Mykel," I reply. "Mykel Board."

"Oh, you write for Maxim," he answers. "Dan said you might stay here."

"Er... no, it's *Maximum Rock'n'Roll*," I tell him. "But I don't write about music.

"Welcome," he says. "Take off your hat and coat. There's beer in the refrigerator."

Few words ring more pleasantly in my ears than *There's beer in the refrigerator.* I'm off to fish out a *Lionshead Light.*

Light beer? Me? Ah well, even a daughter is better than nothing. So I twist off the cap and suck on it. It's not bad—for a light beer.

I walk back into the living room and sit on the couch. A chubby girl, wearing what looks like a stretchy cloth tube walks up to me. She holds a half-full bottle of Lionshead.

"Hi," she says, "I'm Sandy."

"I'm Mykel," I answer. We click bottles.

"Hey Mykel," comes a voice from the couch. It's one of the guys who was playing guitar in the game.

"Sit over there. I wanna teach you this drinking game..."

He explains a complicated game of touching your shoulder, pointing to other people, making an equal sign with your arms and one more rule that I forgot. If you make a mistake, you gotta take a drink.

I find myself part of a circle around a coffee table. I'm challenged to move, choose, drink up, choose again. This is fun. The big guy comes over with more Lionheads. It's not long before I'm feeling pretty good.

What gets me is that these kids don't know me. Most of them weren't at the show. I'm just this strange guy sitting here. Older than their dads. They don't care. I have a beer in my hand, I'm one of the gang. That's it.

When I was 17 or 19 or however old they are, the intrusion would have outraged me. I would have thought I was a cop. I would have felt invaded. *What's this old guy doing at the party? He probably supports the war! That old fart. Thinks he can span the generation gap? Yeah, right.*

But now... there is no generation gap. It hits me. I'm trying to bend reality to fit my concept of it. It doesn't work. My idea of privacy, now that I think about it, is true for all ages. I hear as many old ladies talking about their grandkids, as kids talking about their bloody OBs. I divided it into a generation gap, because I wanted there to be one. My desire made me see it that way. Privacy may be as dead as chivalry, but it's got nothing to do with The Generation Gap. There is no generation gap.

"Drink, Mykel, drink!" come voices as I focus back to the present. "You missed the point.... Al pointed at you."

I smile and down my plastic cup's worth. The big guy fills it up again. The game peters out when one girl sits back in a pout. *No more. I keep mishing my shoulder. Any more drinksh and...!* She gets up and runs to the bathroom.

I go out to the porch. There's a crew there. Sitting and drinking. The guy who looked like the Nirvana drummer sits on the stairs. A beer in one hand, a girlfriend on his knee.

"Hey," he says, "I'm Randy."

"Me too," I answer. I don't think he gets it. Probably never been to England.

"Naw," I correct, "my name's Mykel."

"You wanna play the ping pong drink game?" asks the girl, grabbing me by the arm.

"I already played a drink game. You had to touch your shoulder and..."

"No not that one," she says. "This one is

with ping pong balls. You got to put 'em in the right place."

As she speaks, she's pulling me back into the living room. "Can I chose where to stick 'em?" I ask with a smile.

She smiles back. "Later maybe," she says. "Now we drink."

She drags me to the one side of the table with the neatly lined up cups. She tells me I have to throw a ping pong ball into the cup on the other side. If I get it in, the other guy has to drink the contents. If I miss, it's their turn. Last man standing wins. Eventually, I lose.

Scene shift to the next morning:

Any couch surfer knows that when you sleep at the party house, you're the last person to go to bed and the second person to wake up. It's pitter patter to the shower that wakes me up this morning. Then the thump thump thump of the big guy with the shaved head, wrapped in a blanket.

I have a surprising lack of headache. In fact, for whatever time it is, I'm groggy, but not grouchy.

"Whatimzit?" I ask.

"About ten," says the big guy with a smile.

"Okay," I say, "I'm outta here."

I head toward the bathroom just in time to see a naked girl leave and head toward a bedroom. She smiles at me at she walks by. After taking care of my morning needs, I head off to the next reading in Allentown.

It's a show in an Allentown record store, set up by my long term pal, Sue. It's also a bust. This time only one person shows up. We rope some other folks in. The record store owner buys a few books and records. No one else does

But it's not a failure, this trip. Oh no. I learned something. The end of privacy will have to wait until next month. But it won't be a generation gap column. I now understand that I've spent so much time looking for the dingleberries, I haven't realized there's no shit to begin with. There is no generation gap. There are no KIDS anymore, except as defined by stupid lawmakers who were born when it meant something to be over 21 or 30 or 40 or whatever.

I want to raise a Lionshead beer to the drinkers of Scranton PA. I don't give a shit if they voted for Bush. For all I know they think Bush is just another kind of beer. I do know, they drink, fuck, get drunk and don't give a shit about your age, race, or anything more than that you also drink, fuck and get drunk too. Maybe there's hope for America yet.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to email comment on the column]

Thanks Dept. Dan Mahoney was the organizer in Scranton. After the show, he buys a book. The only sale of the night. I can't fault him for the financial disaster. He tried, and got a good crowd. It was the wrong crowd for me, but it was an adventure— and I got a column out of it. Thanks Dan.

Class of 1984 dept: According to the *Utne Reader*, many schools in "the remote African interior" lack current textbooks. A Swiss company wants to "help" by using satellites to beam textbooks into eBook Readers. The promoters of the technology say that it will be less expensive than replacing old printed textbooks. The eBooks can easily be updated.

Governments should love this when they need to change history to suit the political climate. A few clicks of a mousekey will wipe out the past forever. No hard copy to prove otherwise. Slaves? What slaves?

Strange what doesn't make the news dept: Fat chance you'll read about it in America's Christified press, but it happened. Indonesia recently executed 3 Christian terrorists. What did they do? Kill 70 Muslims in a terrorist attack. Nothing like equal opportunity terrorism. Right?

Fox guards the henhouse dept: A US military contractor accused of human rights violations has won a multi-million-dollar contract to police post-Saddam Iraq. The DynCorp company, which has donated more than $200,000 to the Republican Party, began recruiting a private police force in Iraq for the US State Department.

The awarding of such a sensitive contract to DynCorp has caused concern over the company's policing record. A British employment tribunal recently forced DynCorp to pay £110,000 in compensation to a UN police officer. The courts said it unfairly fired her in Bosnia for whistleblowing on DynCorp colleagues involved in an illegal sex ring.

DynCorp, which has its headquarters in Reston, Virginia, employs almost 25,000 people, many of them former US military personnel.

Punk Porn dept: Thanks to Dick Freeman who sent me a DVD Twin set called FUCK THE SYSTEM. It may be the first full-out/self-proclaimed made-for-the-public punk porn production. It's certainly the first porn DVD to come with it's own companion soundtrack.

A few of the girls are okay looking, the guys are ugly, but it's a great start. Dick Freeman, by the way, is the editor of *Batteries Not Included*, a porn review zine (no pictures), that sometimes features me. It always has great things to say, with writers like Nina Hartley and Richard Pacheco. Sample issues $3 from BNI, 513 N. Central Ave., Fairborn OH 45324

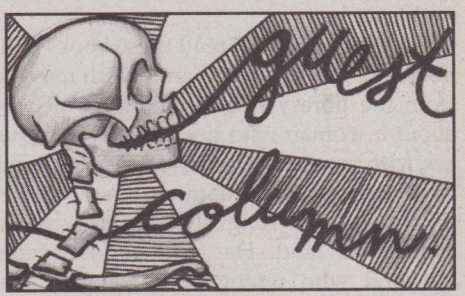
Take out them teeth granny, you're chafin' me dept: BNI also reports that the Senior Citizens VILLAGES community near Orlando is reporting epidemic levels of sexually transmitted diseases. One gynecologist said she treats more cases of herpes in the retirement community than she did in the city of Miami.

Socrates, when he became old and lost the urge is rumored to have said, "I feel like I've been freed from an old and terrible dictator."

Today, I'm happy to say, "Not so fast, buster."

Personal dilemma dept: I'm a supporter of kids' rights. I believe people should be allowed to fuck whatever consenting people they want. Kids are the world's captives. They live in legal slavery, bound to people they sometimes hate. I also believe in privacy. My email to you is OUR communication. It doesn't belong to George Bush.

So what happens when a right-wing Republican congressman gets caught sending emails to a 16-year old page? First, I'm happy. It's a right-winger getting screwed. Then I'm sad, somebody who did *no harm* is getting fucked over in the same kind of scandal I hate. Then I'm happy, because it could lead to the end of the Republican controlled House. Then I'm sad, because it will encourage even more spying and less freedom. Maybe I shouldn't care at all. Maybe I should have a drink.



By Juls Generic

We—Gabriela, Alec, and I—are standing on the side of the stage Look Back And Laugh is setting up on. The stage is this flat-leveled fenced-off area in the basement of a bar/art gallery in San Francisco.

Gabriela plays drums in the band I do vocals in, Margaret Thrasher, and we are on tour. Alec is a local, a little drunk, who keeps saying "Wire cover. Gotta respect that." But I don't know shit about Wire; the cover was Skidge's idea. He played it for me once and sharpied out some lyrics and added it to our tour set list. I don't want to talk about it. I'm always thinking about that interview in which Britney Spears attributed her cover of "I Love Rock 'n Roll" to her having always admired Pat Benetar. There's this archetype of girl everyone loves to discuss that I'm terrified of being. I'm just trying really hard not to look stupid.

"You know who Tobia looks like?" Gabriela asks.

"Who?" I ask.

"Holly Hunter."

"Was she in…?"

"*The Piano*. It's my favourite movie."

"*The Piano* is your favourite movie?"

"Well, one of."

The Piano I know from this month in 2005 that I spent in Portland. It rained pretty much every single day I was there but, luckily, the Multnomah County Library's requirements for membership are super lax and the Killingsworth branch was super close. So I'd spend my allotted one hour per day on the internet, emailing everyone at home, and then would take out some DVDs and non-fiction books of sociological surveys of racist incidents in North America. I had some questions about what sort of racist beliefs I had subconsciously developed against blacks as someone from western Canada where there are very few black people or representations of black people at all in local medias, but conversely, a high saturation of sitcoms featuring middle class black families. I figured, though, when I didn't trust the black security guard at the Safeway when he volunteered to watch my bike, I probably had a problem.

So in Portland, I'd read these books and not really talk to anyone and watch movies from the library like *The Piano*, which is about a woman who doesn't talk and has sex with someone who bribes her to do so with her own goddamn piano but he obtained by wrongfully trading away indigenous land. Her arranged-marriage husband who wrongfully arranged this trade punishes her by chopping one of her fingers off. At the end, she leaves with the sex-coercer and the piano and her daughter and decides to learn to talk again, which she practices with a blanket over her head. Is she expressing herself now? I have a better end for the movie: Holly Hunter realizes she just wanted her damn piano back and couldn't believe she felt like she had to fuck some old man for it. She ditches everyone but her daughter and moves to the Bay Area where she still enjoys the piano she's burdensomely lugged around the world but also fronts a brutal hardcore band where she gets to yell her fucking face off.

See, all these metaphors about women's oppression through their silence seem tired and almost embarrassing. Isn't being vague and meaningless another way in which we silence ourselves? What the fuck is up? I want someone to straight-up talk about 1) in what situations are we silenced?, and 2) how does that disadvantage us?, and 3) what makes us quiet exactly?, and 4) what we should be saying?, 5) is it bad to be quiet?, and 6) what about the girls who talk a whole bunch? How did they escape and does that mean they're outside the sexist paradigm or what? But at the same time, it's a literal rehashing of my life when I recount the summer before grade five when I kinda spent all my time getting molested by my mom's boyfriend and my much-older brother and how the subsequent year, I developed a stutter I was really self-conscious about and pretty much just stopped talking, really. Maybe I'm judging Holly Hunter a little much. As if she'd just snap back and let it all rage out. Baby steps. We didn't practice for maybe two and a half months before our West Coast tour because Gabriela was in Europe.

I'd ask, "Could we just practice anyways? Without drums?"

And Skidge would scoff.

I'd say, "I'm worried about my voice."

"Just go somewhere and yell."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I just… can't."

After only a six-week break after a consistent year of practicing, I grabbed the mic to a cover of NOFX's "Linoleum" during a Revenge set at a show in Langley. Afterwards, my throat burned. It worried me.

So of course I blew my voice during our frantic and constant half-week of pre-tour practice. Fretted. Secretly, I was stoked on our first two cancelled shows, leaving us to sort of drive up and down Washington trying to track down my roommates who'd pack-muled our merchandise across the border for us. I'd read zines on the loft and drink incessant cup after cup of Throat Coat tea.

During this pre-show era of our tour, I caught word that my partner back in Vancouver was diagnosed with scabies and I got a hard foot in my face during a Fucked Up set and stepped on my own glasses. I couldn't think straight for a few hours and stumbled around the curb outside the Foodhole. I think everyone thought I was drunk. Because of the scabies thing, I was kind of sort of not really supposed to sleep in anyone's house. That was the first night of it. I moped back to the van with a sack of ice against my face to sleep in the loft I was soon to hide myself in every day during the long hauls we'd do from show to far away show. I'd drink more tea and think about scabies and try not to talk so I could recover my voice enough to blow it again in a twelve-minute set and further the damage by afterwards smoking anxious cigarettes. In a town I don't know, I feel way more nervous after a set than before it. I both like it and hate it when people talk to me. But hate it when people talk about Wire. And in the morning, I'd begin my throat-recovery process over again.

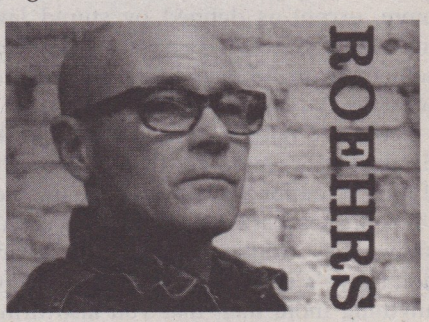
Back in the early days of Margaret Thrasher, like, oh, spring of 2005, I completely muted myself by combining strep throat and practicing and the problematic situation of a "fresh voice" (i.e. first band-fronting situation, delicate babyish vocal chords). I had this boyfriend with a car back then who lived in Washington State and we'd go to hardcore shows in Seattle or wherever, which I did silently with a notepad. It felt weird and childish.

I wrote my boyfriend this note: "You have to tell people when you introduce us that I've lost my voice so they won't think I just don't talk because I'm a girl. We're reinforcing unhealthy social norms."

Later, I wrote my boyfriend this email: "The literalness of not having a voice overlapping with the symbolic or whatever is getting way old."

He wrote back: "You're a genius."

I didn't say: "I didn't actually say anything."



"Old / New"

Grave Mistake Records from Richmond, Virginia has delivered yet another great

seven inch EP for your hardcore pleasure! The newest product, hot off the presses at Grave Mistake, is CARDIAC ARREST from St. Louis, Missouri, with their *Life's a Dead End* EP.

The men in CARDIAC ARREST come out fussing and fighting with the fast-as-fuck breakneck stormer "Fool Me Once." Fucking great! This is hardcore with a capital "H"—old-school style. CARDIAC ARREST has a melodic slower intro into the blistering "Old New!" This song is festering with some deep-seated hatred. Read this: "Remember when I was a freak / I was your joke, week after week / You and your friends made sure I never forgot / I wasn't even listening, fuck you / It's so cool to hang out in my one place to escape / Now you smile, laugh, and shake my hand, but it's you I hate / Leave me alone, get out of my face / We're not even listening, fuck you / You used to push me in the halls / Now you push me in the pit / Get off the mic, get out of here / I'm sick of it / You're not welcome! /...We're not the same!"

Side B just continues the pummeling you received on side A! The gruff and threatening vocals of Rob Ruiz coupled with the frenetic guitar skills of Scott Plant push this hardcore masterpiece over the top! The first tune on side B laments the found-out-too-late realization that the race to achieve success in life is already lost! Rob sings, "My life's a dead end"—this is fucking raw emotion harnessed to astonishing tough music! Song two on side B is "Daily Dose" and this shit does not pull any punches! "Daily Dose" is a frightenly accurate assessment of how world leaders are poised to destroy the human race. Read these lyrics—you'll get the cold kiss of wet fist! This is a very grim reality check: "Merry Christmas, hit the deck / You could die at any sec / Men hungry for your demise / You can see the blood thirst in their eyes / You're gonna die / Better watch your back / You're gonna die / Watch out here they come / Give up your rights or they've won / Give us what we want or you're gonna die / You're dead! / Tell the masses you'll make them pay / Your holy war is under way / Mounting tolls of those who died / Fanatics yelling from both sides." Fucking A!

CARDIAC ARREST finish the wanton destruction with "End of the Line" about one person trying to control another person under the assumption that they "know what's best for you." The opening line summarizes the theme of this song: "Everyday I fight the urge to put a knife into your face." Whew! Unbridled anger rears its ugly head! This EP burns itself into your brain from the first encounter! Repeated listening builds on the excitement! This is a great record! Order your copy of CARDIAC ARREST's *Life's a Dead End* EP from Grave Mistake Records, PO Box 12482, Richmond, VA 23241; GraveMistakeRecords.com; or No Way Records at NoWayRecords.com.

Mr. Yannick and his fucking awe-inspiring Feral Ward Records has another monster of a punk rock LP prepared for you fucks! The new meat is provided by WARCRY from Portland, Oregon and these punks will singe the hairs on your well-groomed spiky head!

The new WARCRY 12" is called *Deprogram* and the rough and ready punks come to the gathering fucking loaded for beer! Right from the start, these men slam you against the wall with relentless guitars and powerful deep guttural vocals! The first song, "Dirty Power Games" will fucking devastate you! Read this: "Grasping for straws / Aiming for targets / Selected by desperate demand / Suppliers of arms / Become aggressions / When clients cease following / The orders they make / Dirty power, dirty power games / Allies turn to axes of evil in the blink of an ever-suspecting eye / Dirty power, dirty power games / Armies search valiantly to find the weapons of destruction their own generals traded."

"Dirty Power Games" sets the tone for the LP with its brute force and the merciless onslaught of unstoppable guitar rage! You will now be bludgeoned repeatedly without hesitation and without a moment to catch your breath! We race through "B.S.B.S.F.B.S." and "Suck Your Life." The next hammer to come crashing down on your skull is "Countdown to Hell." This overpowering sentence to death goes like this: "Eighth page, Sunday news / Summit ends in failure / Seven days a week, war races on / Six six six the devil rears it head / Five wings of the Pentagon / Countdown to hell / Four corners of the world / All under order / Three minutes to midnight / Time marches on / Two leaders smile / shake hands on TV / One world order, one world ordered / Countdown to hell / 4...3...2...1 / Countdown to hell". Holy fuck! Try to get back on your wobbly-ass feet!

Now that you're standing again, accept the massive concussion of three bombs in succession: "Dead Future," "One Last Warning," and "Deprogram." If you are still conscious, WARCRY will execute you with "Harvest of Death." Read this shit: "In the aftermath of the bloodshed / A mother searches for her child / A harvest of death / The reaper comes to lay claim / To the thousands of corpses / A harvest of death / Loved ones are found in the rubble / But have no appendages / A harvest of death." Fuck yes!

That is a thorough beating delivered with aplomb. The WARCRY record is recommended to all HELLSHOCK fans! Order *Deprogram* from Feral Ward Records.

Fuck yes! You hillbillies from the Keystone State are in for a treat! The notorious Steel Cage Records from Philadelphia, "City of Brotherly Love," have a raucous collection of working class anthems for you!

The band is LABOR PARTY and it's fronted by battle-scarred punk veterans Frank and Sharon Labor. This calloused, blue-collar husband/wife team have learned their rock licks in the woods of Eastern Pennsylvania and they incorporated all the stitches and the bruises into a solid rock 'n' roll animal that embodies the frustration of growing up in the rust belt long after the steel industry had its heyday.

Frank on vocals and guitar, Sharon on vocals and bass, and Buck on drums and backing vocals combine to make a three-piece rock unit that is larger and more powerful than the sum of its parts. The music of LABOR PARTY is unadorned American rock and roll with its roots planted deep in the same soil that produced JERRY LEE LEWIS, LITTLE RICHARD, and HANK WILLIAMS. The more modern influences can be traced to work with such luminaries as TEXAS TERRI BOMB and the esteemed Mr. JEFF DAHL.

The LABOR PARTY fucking storm through the first track, "Beat, Bored, Broken, and Burnt" and get down to business with "Coal Cracker," a rocker of a tune about that life-or-death job of coal miners deep under the surface of Pennsylvania's raped Appalachian chain of mountains. Union blood was spilled here in the past. Miners still die trying to make a meager living for their families in this treacherous trade. Next up, you get the melodic "Spunk" with its steeped-in-the-blues feel. Song four is the title track, "I Bleed," and this fucker has some good lyrics for you cretins—read on: "Well, I'm frustrated / I can't get what I need / I'm fucking jaded / No one wants to help me / I make decisions / To make sure I don't succeed / I'm double damned / Because you know / Success is failure to me / My efforts worthy / I live to my soul / My blood is dirty

/ I bleed rock and roll." Fuck yes!

Frank and Sharon damn sure do "bleed rock and roll"! Next up, you get the JOHNNY CASH-tinged "Bridge Out of Memphis," which gathers a full head of steam before it releases you! Song six is "Twice" and this bitter commentary is holding up two fistfuls of raw nerves and pissed off attitude! Read this: "Hey I got something to say / And I ain't gonna say it twice / I am through with you / And I'm tired of trying to be nice / You think I live just to serve you / And you can tell me just what to do / Well you ain't got nothing on me / I can't stand you / Spoiled little babies / Hey you with your nose in the air / You walk around / So devil may care / In your mind, you're a great big hit / But guess what, none of us give a shit." Fuck yes!

We keep pushing hard right through "Bloodless" and "Take Care" and get tour reward: the song entitled "Break It." This song offers an alternative to all the unsolicited advice that the motherfuckers offer you. Who are these fucks that are telling me how to live my life? LABOR PARTY answers with "Break It"; read this shit: "You serve shit upon a plate / You think we'll think it's great / We got something here to say / Take your shit away / I know it's all in your plan / You're just doing what you can / But don't blame me / If I can't fake it / If the system doesn't work / Then I want to break it / Break it / If I sat and played the fool / Would everything be cool / If I believed the shit you say / Would it all turn out OK / Should we gather our beliefs / Throw 'em in the streets / But if it's all the same / We don't play that game." Fucking A!

Not only do these seasoned rockers deliver 180-proof rock and roll with no frills and no bullshit, the lyrics touch on the situations all people have lived through. LABOR PARTY demonstrates that rock and roll is a vehicle for addressing anger and it can help heal the wounds we encounter in our daily battles.

For your LIMECELL, HAMMERLOCK, and LABOR PARTY (among others) product, write to Steel Cage Records, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125; SteelCageRecords.com. For band info: LaborParty3.com.

The band called SWINEHOOD has a vicious punk EP out right now on the mysterious Ken Rock Record label. This nasty little slab of vinyl is called *I'm Startin' to Hate What I Used to Dig*, and the negativity that spews from these grooves is a beautiful thing to behold!

On the SWINEHOOD opus you march through the catacombs of lost souls with tracks such as "Treated Like Shit" and the painfully honest "Can't Stand the Sight of Love." The guitars chug along at a furious clip with sneering vocals cutting deep into every subject. Even though the EP does not include a lyric sheet, the third track "She Oughta Cut Whore Out from Her Middle Name" is self-explanatory. We finish side one with a happy ballad called "Sniper Man (He's Sick and He's Tired)." Fuck yes!

Side two commences with the same devil-may-care levity. We lurch right into the song "Drunken God." This is real good rock 'n' roll with superior guitar backbone and a very bad attitude. Song two on side two takes you unfortunate listeners along a dark path and you will go "Down in Pain," with the men of SWINEHOOD.

This celebration of failure and frustration ends on a especially bleak note with SWINEHOOD hitting you in the face with "Hate Injected" and swooping in for the death knell with the title cut "I'm Startin' to Hate What I Used to Dig." Fuck! This black, pessimistic ode to life's futility is fucking inspirational!

The only clue to help deduce the band's home country is on the back of the sleeve: "Recorded in Hudliksvall (Sweden), November 2004." This is great shit! Try to locate this EP on Ken Rock Records, you internet sleuth types!

Fuck yes! The mighty BONECRUSHER came to San Francisco to play the annual Rumblers SF Car Club event and fucking left a gaping crater where The Pound used to sit! Southern California's most dangerous weapon came up north to do what they do best—unleash brutal fucking rock and roll! Noah, Mike, George, and Pat are just four working class men going through their regular routines in life until you get them up on stage…where they become one of the world's most awe-inspiring machines delivering raw rock 'n' roll power by the truckload!

BONECRUSHER unveiled some new songs that the Bay Area skins and punks had not witnessed live—the unbridled enthusiasm was reflected on the smiling faces in the crowd as the band hammered the faithful with their patented blitzkrieg firestorm! Here's the BONECRUSHER set list that put a smile on every sweaty skinhead and every mohawk that started to wilt: "No Escape," "Casualty," "Animal," "Soldier of Fortune," "Overload," "Tomorrow Is Too Late," "Sights on Tomorrow," "Gotta Believe," and "Warriors." Fuck yes!

The BONECRUSHER brigade doesn't attack your town with just one panzer division. No, when the BONECRUSHER weapon appears, they unveil a three-pronged frontal assault! Traveling north with three lethal rock 'n' rollers were two examples of full-force rock 'n' roll ordinance: RIOT GUN and NO SOLUTION, both denizens of the same Orange County battlefields that have nurtured BONECRUSHER!

RIOT GUN, veterans of thirteen years of skinhead and punk wars, took command of the stage first. These fuckers demonstrate the musical prowess right from the first chord of the opening salvo, "Misinformation". The street rock shook the room as RIOT GUN plowed through a great set including "Built to Last," "Never Follow," "Barkesto," "Don't Wanna Know," "Too Many Muthas," "Reclaim," "Glory," and "$2 Pints."

MISLED CITIZEN, local Oakland punks, continued the momentum as the second squad, and then we got another unrelenting punk blast from Orange County bruisers NO SOLUTION. Fuck yes! These bad men grabbed the punks and skins by the throat and they wouldn't release their iron grip until they had converted all that were present to pledge allegiance to the gods of thunder: NO SOLUTION! Check out the bombs that these punks dropped on the hapless skins and punks: "Trainwreck," "Bombs Away," "Hollow," "Future Generation," "Break of Day," "Tomorrow Never Comes," "City of Angels," "Pour Me a Drink," "World Today," and "Shattered."

Whew! What a set! NO SOLUTION just gets stronger and tighter every year! The lucky greasers, scum rockers, skinheads, and punks in attendance were just starting to get an introductory taste of the trouble that was coming their way! Next on the bill was the venomous punch-in-the-face that HAMMERLOCK can summon up so well. Travis, Liza, and Mikey have hooked their wagon up to a no-holds-barred Confederacy of Scum hell-bound train! The uncompromising lyrics that Travis writes are sung in a bitter "death-to-society" way that only a man who has lived with every deep-seated grudge, cultivated every ounce of vindictiveness, and savored every drop of hatred that rose up in his chest! The country music coupled with the dissatisfaction of the scum rock disappointments produces HAMMERLOCK's unique strength. HAMMERLOCK speaks to every man—scum rocker, country rocker, skinhead, punk rocker—the universal frustra-

tion of trying to cope with this immoral and corrupt world we live in and all the fools we are surrounded by.

Of all the bands in the United States of America, HAMMERLOCK stands shoulder to shoulder with Confederacy of Scum cohorts ANTiSEEN and LIMECELL as leading lights of truth and hatred. The lyrics Travis writes cut to the quick. No punches are pulled. No delicacy is employed. You get pure unadulterated truth—whether it hurts or not! Here's HAMMERLOCK's set list: "Conquest Train," "Forgotten Range," "One Big Mess," "Sweet Senorita," "Know Her Out," "Colorado Mountain Goat (??)," "Tie Me Down," "Carried by Six," "Quick Justice Cowboy," "Devil's Gonna Get Ya," "BP Psycho/I Don't Owe You."

HAMMERLOCK remains the undiscovered treasure of real American music. Travis, Liza and Mike may never receive the recognition that their stark vision deserves. Those who have fallen under the dark, angry HAMMERLOCK spell are the lucky few. Look for new HAMMERLOCK product in the new year. You lucky fucks will get to witness the legendary Mr. Simon Stokes collaborating with Travis. We are looking forward to that monumental pairing! In the meantime, you can wallow in all the brilliant HAMMERLOCK material from years gone by on the HAMMERLOCK *True Grit* CD, available from Leslie and Larry's Scum Rock Empire in Philly at SteelCageRecords.com.

Shit! Mayhem was just starting to bleed profusely! NUTS AND BOLTS, Oakland's favorite skinhead sons took the stage after HAMMERLOCK for what may well be the best set of skinhead music ever performed at The Pound!

NUTS AND BOLTS have taken some time off to write new songs, performing only once in the last three months. The hiatus proved very productive. NUTS AND BOLTS have written thirteen new songs, some of which were offered up to the lucky skins and punks in attendance! Fucking great! Old material, new material—it made no difference! NUTS AND BOLTS were spot on and they nailed every tune! Jagger stalked the stage like a man possessed (which he is), and the chemistry that evening between band members was an awesome sight! The rabid NUTS AND BOLTS fans fed off the energy contributing to what might well have been one of the best NUTS AND BOLTS shows ever! Fucking amazing!

This whet the skinheads' appetite for the only band in the USA that could pick up the gauntlet that NUTS AND BOLTS had thrown down in front of them: fucking BONECRUSHER! Nothing like this has been witnessed in San Francisco before! BONECRUSHER ended all discussion about who the alpha male in this rock club was on this particular night. Noah is back behind the drum kit and somehow managed to pull off the most destructive vocals of any extant skinhead outfit! The whole BONECRUSHER set gelled into a massive rock 'n' roll behemoth—there was nothing but sweaty exhausted pulp left where the beefy skinheads had stood! BONECRUSHER wins over your heart as well as your biceps. These men have their finger on the plight of the working man in America today! Astounding! BONECRUSHER is 100% unique. These men have carved out their own niche in skinhead and punk mythology. They will remain there unchallenged for all time!

The crowd at The Pound took three deep breaths and girded their coins for Sonoma, California's infamous BODIES. These fucks keep improving with age! "Street Trooper" is the anthem that gets the skinheads dancing! THE BODIES delivered!

The daunting task of following BONECRUSHER and the BODIES was assigned to THE SORE THUMBS, from Oakland, California. Sure enough THE SORE THUMBS stepped up to the plate and not only survived, but prevailed! After this many years in the punk rock trenches, THE SORE THUMBS rose to the challenge of playing to a drunken exhausted clientele. These guys are true journeyman punk rock musicians!

Thanks goes out to all the bands involved with a nod of special recognition to RIOT GUN, NO SOLUTION and BONECRUSHER, who made that long drive and insured the success of the Rumblers SF Car Club annual event.

Until next month, see you around…

See you fucks at the bar!

Keeping a band together is difficult, no matter where you live. But in New York City, it's a different matter altogether. The largest city in the country, a cultural oasis, the birthplace of punk rock—one might imagine a massive, vibrant, thriving DIY hardcore scene. Well, that's not exactly the case—or, at least it wasn't during the time that I lived there (1998-2005). We had our share of good shows and good turnouts, but it always seemed like the bands were from out of town and half the audience was, too. Don't get me wrong; I love the city, the friends I made there, and the little scene of which we were a part (in many ways, I think it's much more authentically punk than the several-shows-a-week scenester clusterfuck that is the Bay Area punk scene). But, for a city of its size and punk history, I always imagined the hardcore scene in NYC would be something more.

I think there are a few reasons for this. First of all, New York is a transient city. It's always drawing people in, particularly college students, from across the country and the world. However, it's an incredibly difficult place to support yourself. The cost of living is staggeringly high, and what you get ain't much: $600+ a month for a tiny, cramped apartment, very possibly roach-infested. It's too hot in the summer, and freezing in the winter. Working a shitty job grinds away at you, especially when you are too broke to afford to do anything after paying rent. People get sick of this and eventually move to a cheaper part of the country (Philly, Portland, Austin, etc); in four years the college students graduate and are gone. It's great to have fresh blood constantly moving to the city, but with people coming and going so much, it's difficult maintain bands, show spaces, or a sense of community. The high cost of living also means you will end up working. A lot. Coordinating band practice for four people with fulltime jobs is tough. The last band I was involved with in New York, I worked 9-5 during the week doing temp work in an office, our bass player managed a video store weekday evenings, and our drummer worked 12-hour shifts at a restaurant both Saturday and Sunday. We really had to push to get in a two-hour practice session more than twice a month.

The incredibly high price of real estate in NYC presents more obstacles for bands: practice spaces and venues—or, rather, the lack thereof. No one I knew there had a basement or garage where they could practice for free. Unless you live way out in the outer boroughs, those situations just don't exist. And with everyone in the city squeezed so tightly together, trying to play live music in an apartment is gonna get you evicted pretty quickly. Renting practice space by the hour is a joke. $20+ an hour to practice on the world's worst equipment? Hell no. I was unfortunate enough to have to put up with this situation for nearly two years before the band I was in found a monthly space. And these

spaces are so scarce and expensive that you're gonna end up having to share them with four or five other bands—now you're not just working around four people's schedules, but twenty or more. Venues are a similar problem. There are no shortage of bars and clubs in New York, but virtually none of them give a shit about DIY punk. There are far more lucrative scenes for them to cater to. With the few clubs that do book hardcore shows (Knitting Factory, Northsix, etc), you gotta put up with high door prices, bouncers, and the like. House shows happen, but when I lived there, they were few and far between, and never at the same place more than a few times, for the aforementioned reasons. ABC No Rio is the notable exception, and despite any problems I've had in the past with the folks who (used to) run things there, it's still the lone provider of consistent, punk-organized shows in the city as far as I know, the best thing New York has going for it in terms of creating and maintaining a punk community. Though for a city of over eight million people, it's not enough.

All this adds up to a frustrating cycle: people don't play in bands and even if they do there are no places for them to play, and therefore there are no local shows and nobody's ever inspired to start a band. Of course, this is an exaggerated portrayal of New York's DIY punk scene; punk bands survive under the harshest circumstances and NYC punx are no exception. I probably shouldn't be talking shit about New York anyway; I split town for sunny California and haven't lived there for a year and a half. Oh well. The point of this column: I went back to visit a couple months ago, and while I was there I made sure to leave plenty of time to walk around and visit record stores. One of the ones I checked out was a new place called Passout Records. It turned out that one of the employees was Chris, a friend of mine. He offered to show me around the place. What they were planning on doing there was incredible. Aside from the record store on the ground floor, they had built and soundproofed rooms in the basement for bands to practice in. As Chris told me, they were planning on keeping the rates as low as possible so bands could actually afford to practice there. They also hosted free in-store shows. It was inspiring to see an organized group of people who had created a space that could in turn support and nurture a local scene. So, if you're ever in Brooklyn, check out Passout Records, hang out, buy some LPs, and pick up the new *MRR* while you're at it: 131 Grand Street, Brooklyn, NY 11211, www.passoutrecordshop.com.

On a related note, while I'm promoting new punk-owned record stores, there's one opening soon in San Francisco! It will be on Mission Street near 30th (only a dozen blocks down from the old Mission Records store) and I've heard it will be up and running by December 1st (so now all you Bay Area punkers know where to do your last-minute Xmas shopping). The store will be a collectively run, not-for-profit operation, and features a basement space that will hopefully host shows in the future. Keep an eye out…

Finally, I'd like to mention the fact that *MRR* is beginning the process of redesigning our website. I know that Casualties photo by Chris Boarts has only been up on our current site for several years and is still fresh and new, but we will hopefully add a few more features in the not-too-distant future. Among other things, we are talking about putting our record collection database online—*MRR* has a library of approximately 35,000 punk records from the last 30 years, probably the largest collection of punk that includes old and current records in the world. A discographical resource that includes information on bands, record titles, formats, and year of release would probably be of interest to punks out there, and eventually we would even like to add all the old reviews of these records that appeared in the magazine over the years. If there is anyone out there with experience in web design and/or database programming (particularly SQL/php coding) who would be interested in assisting us with this project, *please* get in touch. We need your help and will do our best to make it worth your while.

Contact: chris@maximumrocknroll.com

Until the End

A number of people have weighed in on the relative pros (hardcore rules) and cons (the movie sucks) of *American Hardcore*, the recently released, Sony-backed travesty of a documentary that feebly attempts to chronicle the story of early '80s US hardcore punk. I'm not going to go into too much detail about why I disliked the movie here; other columnists and writers do well enough in this issue and elsewhere. Instead, I want to write about two other recently released early '80s punk DVDs that I watched in the past month or so that each tell a part of the story of early '80s punk in a more convincing way.

I briefly mentioned in my last column that a group of us went to a screening of a Bad Brains live DVD at a bar in the Mission district of San Francisco. Filmed over a course of three days at the now defunct (though long dead) punk club CBGB's on New York City's Lower East Side in 1982, the footage reveals the Bad Brains to be all of the effusive adjectives that aging hardcore scenesters throw at them: explosive, unpredictable, incredibly tight, and genuinely moving. They blow through their classic material—and maybe this was deft editing on the part of the people who put the DVD together—without giving the viewer a moment to blink (well, except for during the reggae songs), and despite being separated by decades and the distancing effects of watching a three-dimensional performance on a two-dimensional screen, they left me with my heart pounding loudly and my jaw scraping the floor.

With no talking heads, this DVD nonetheless provided some telling glimpses into early '80s hardcore punk. First you notice the band, one chronicled frequently over the years and worth showing again. And then the audience—shaved for battle, pock-marked young NYC skins, a black mohawked tranny stagediver, ridiculous white boho rastas, cringe-inducing postcard punks, crusty fuck-ups, crazed trenchcoat wearing punkers, and my favorite, a plump, Molly Ringwald-look-alike superfan singing along to all of the words—all right off the streets of the Bowery, New York's famed and long-standing skid row. A total freak show on New York's most sacrilegious street—the only Avenue in Manhattan without a single church ever built on it—in New York's most profane neighborhood. Of course the Bad Brains' Biblical prosthelization fell on deaf ears here, though their musical sermons were welcome for years.

Back to the show. From the looks of it, CBGB was packed for that three-day stint. The DVD cuts seamlessly from show to show, showing off an impressive and wild performance from band and audience alike. Tens of people slamming into each other, tumbling over the stage, grabbing at HR—just fucking setting it off for The Greatest Band in the World, a title to which Bad Brains staked easy claim to those three nights. Even from the breezy confines of San Francisco, 2006, I was lost in that idea, which I shared with my friends. Could the Bad Brains be the Greatest Band Ever?

"I wish I had been there," I turned and said to Layla.

She shrugged it off, reminding me that

we had recently seen Peligro Social play as unpredictable and heart-stopping a set as I could've hoped from a live band only a few blocks away not long before. "Whatever, the kids in that DVD should wish that they were *here*."

Fast-forward a few days, to the arrival of a package from overseas for me at the house. The centerpiece of the package was a DVD I had been coveting and trying to track down for the past few months, which featured a series of live shows by my favorite old Spanish punk band RIP. Watching it was a priority, lack of European regional DVD player be damned—we all hunched around the computer in the hallway to watch the footage.

Now, a bit of background, since RIP hasn't been showered with the same kind of relentless attention or obsessive zealotry as the aforementioned New York-by-way-of-DC giants. I should mention that RIP is very well-known in Spanish punk circles, despite being a cult band at best here in the US. Were it not for their undeniable anthem "Anti-Militar" on MRR's *Welcome to 1984* comp, I assume that most Stateside readers of this fanzine would only be dimly aware of this band, if at all. Nonetheless, RIP has easily and deservedly achieved classic status in their home Basque region and throughout Spain. Their records are readily available on CD (though collector's items on vinyl), their patches and pins adorn the walls of countless punk shops and the jackets of even more punk kids, and as a testament to their lasting relevance to Basque and Spanish punks, a DVD/CD set (*Punkaren 25 Urteko Historia Bizia/Historia Viva Del Punk)* was released about a year ago with footage from a bunch of live shows. That DVD is the one I so eagerly tracked down. I needed it—and I mean *needed* it, not having it was driving me crazy—because both the DVDs and accompanying CD prominently featured a bunch of songs from RIP's early years that they never properly released on vinyl.[1] I have heard that a number of the unreleased songs RIP blows through on the DVD were circulated on DIY tapes throughout Spain in the '80s, including a demo in '83/'84 and some live cassettes, but I'm not sure about that one way or the other. Who knows, but the kids at the early shows had definitely heard those songs before—fists in air and sweating all over each other, the hundreds of kids watching RIP at their 1987 appearance sing every last word to every last song, properly released or not.

The first show, filmed in 1984, isn't much to look at, and showcases a band still very reverential to the UK82 school, down to the singer's awkwardly spiked hair and leather jacket. It's charming, kind of sort of, but hardly essential. The footage goes all the way through 2001, ending with the surviving members of RIP looking bloated as hell and kind of depressing; Martin made me turn this part off and I am too afraid to ever try to watch it again. Anyway, it's the stuff that happens in between—a couple of 1986 and 1987 shows, when punk is supposed to be dead, remember?—that RIP establishes themselves as a real force. Their dark, wild-eyed, and feverish singer is the key—he goes from generic spiky punk to filthy beardo and further and further into junkie hell, but whatever was happening in his life dude had it going on. At a show somewhere in Basque Country, with hundreds of fresh faced punkers bopping and chanting along to "Odio Mi Patria" ("I Hate My Country") and "Revolucion" (no translation necessary), our bearded hero stares intensely into the crowd and belts out song after spine-chilling song. At this point, the members of RIP—famous junkies in a famously junk-addled scene—weren't trying too hard to look punk because they were too busy looking like haggard, filthy, unshaven drug addict hobos. But despite everything, they sound absolutely incredible, and at those mid-'80s shows with their politically incendiary songs in the middle of a militarized zone, RIP made their own claim to The Best Band in the World, and convincingly.

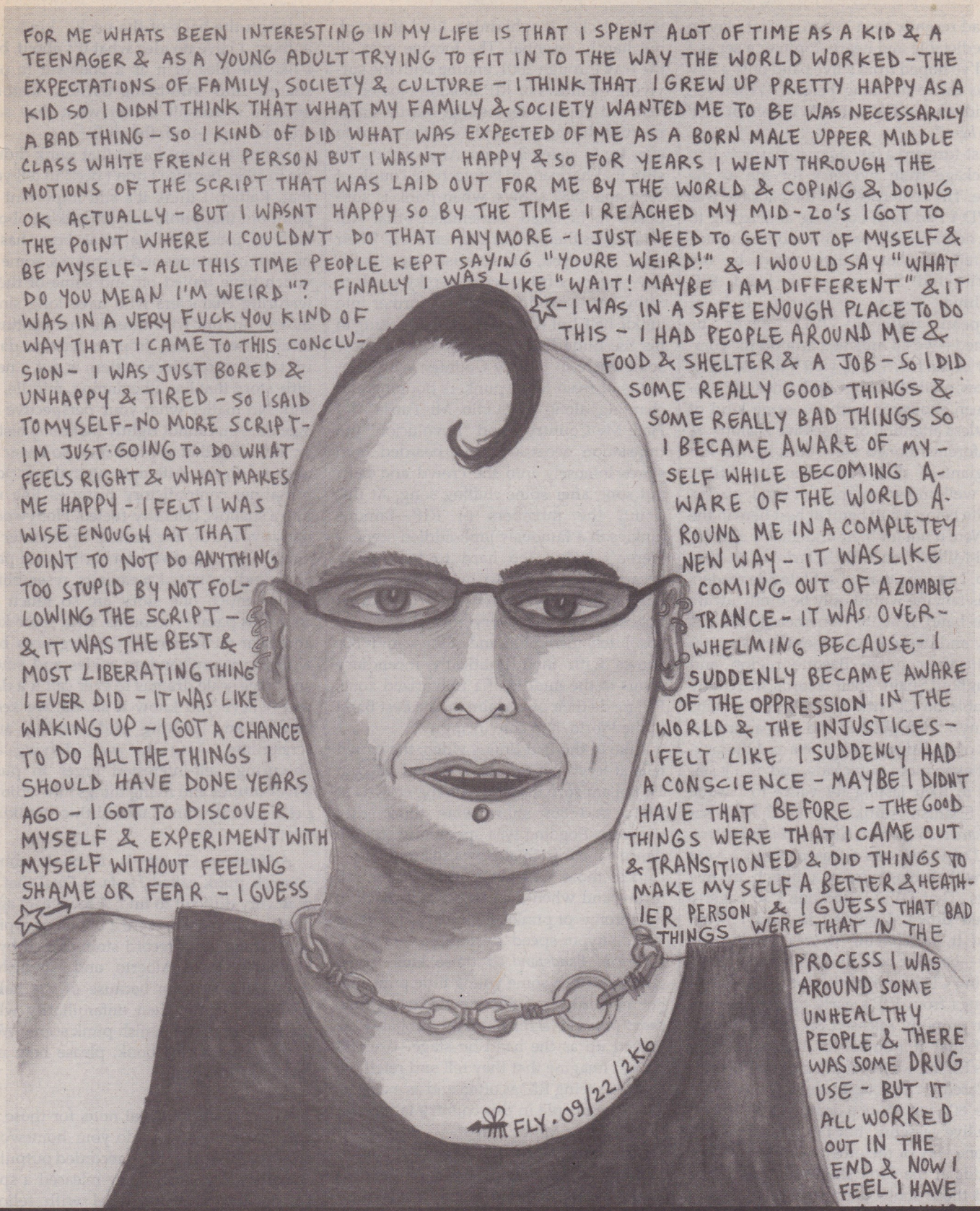
Like in the Bad Brains video, the crowd tells at least half the story. If punk died in 1986, I am sure that the teeming crowds at RIP's mid-'80s show were thoroughly unaware. Pogoing was apparently still the dance *du jour* in Spain circa the mid-'80s—I guess those kids never heard of the HB Strut—and when the camera pans back to the throngs of punks, it almost looks like a weird, hyper-speed dystopian version of *American Bandstand*. If those kids—some clad in leather, some young little pups that get me thinking, "awwwwww" every time they pop on screen, many probably as fucked up as the band on stage—are still alive, I imagine that they tell and retell the story of seeing RIP as often and as exaggeratedly as people in this country talk about Black Flag or Minor Threat.

This time, I didn't need anyone to remind me that being here is as good as having been there, and even better because here is happing *right now*, and I can be an part of the here and now instead of just having it reflected to me on a screen. There is an unreleased RIP song on the DVD, "Hasta el Final de Tus Dias" ("Until the End of Our Days"), which has become my favorite RIP song and my total jam of the moment. It is an amazing, standing-up-hairs-on-the-back-of-the-neck kind of anthem. I have no idea what it's about, but I like the idea of it as a bookend to our shared and still-being-written history, because it doesn't matter what they say, we'll be here—until the end.

My point is not (only) that punk didn't die in 1986, because I don't need to tell you that. Rather, I think it's still important to point out that punk, and I'm talking about both its music and its ideas here, has a number of histories and narratives, some of which have trailed off and some of them featuring characters who have long since moved on, but with threads that continue until present. Punk, from its nascent days up to its current incarnation, is not a neat little story that has a beginning, middle, or end. No matter what your perspective or agenda, you cannot rightly make *any* history, including that of punk rock, so linear or easy to digest. Attempts at making rich, pulsating, contradictory histories line up into a shallow, celebrity-fueled, Hollywood narrative is truly the mark of a pretender or a fool. Our collective past is ripe with paradox and contested meanings, resembling not so much one story arc so much as countless parallel accounts, with some key and near-revolutionary convergences but with too many random asides and small and large scale dramas to ever call it a day and believe you know it all. So, we keep cutting and pasting and writing and screaming, along the way defying all obscuring, self-interested urges to push alive cultures and living things into tedious predictability and monolithic walking death.

Addendum: There is a book about Spanish punk called *Hasta el Final* that is now very difficult to find. A few years ago, in New York, there were a bunch of copies at a garage punk record store owned by a Spaniard named Alberto, and I foolishly didn't pick one up because of the hefty pricetag and my then unfamiliarity with the amazing '80s Spanish punk scene. Woe is me—I need this book, please help me find it or hook it up!

[1] A brief discographical note, for those of you that are going to do your homework after you read this. RIP's recorded output is actually fairly small. They released a split LP on the Spansuls label with fellow Basque punkers Eskorbuto in 1984 called *Zona Especial Norte*—and let me get editorial on you for a second, we are talking two of the truly essential worldwide punk bands of the '80s on one LP—on which RIP turned in four songs, including "Anti-Militar," as well as a 1987 LP called *No Te Muevas* on the Basque label Basati Diskak.



Max aka Myriam - 09/22/2K6 - San Francisco CA

I met Max in San Francisco where we were both extras on the set shooting a film segment of an adaptation of Lynnee Breedlove's novel Godpseed (Lynnee was the lead singer of punk band Tribe 8) - the scene we were in was a punk show set at a fictitious version of Gilman in the early '90s - Max & her pal Turtle were really cool & sweet & talked to me between takes - I got to hang out with Max a few weeks later & learn a bit about the incredible story of her life - on her website - bidyke.com - Max says "I identify as a hormonally-enhanced, gender-fucking, post-op, trans, poly, punky, butchy, bottom with recurring gothy femmy, top moments. I've lived as a bi boy and as a dyke girl, but I'm really just your average boi-grrl-thing, except when I'm not." - please check the website for visuals! - you can email max - myriam@bidyke.com for a resume

to contact Fly email fly@bway.net (put MRR in the subject so I know its not spam) - PEOP(le)s zine #2 & #3 now available for $5 (pp USA) - send to Fly PO Box 1318 Cooper Stn. NYC NY 10276 USA - PEOPs Show limited edition DVD also now available at www.killerbanshee.com

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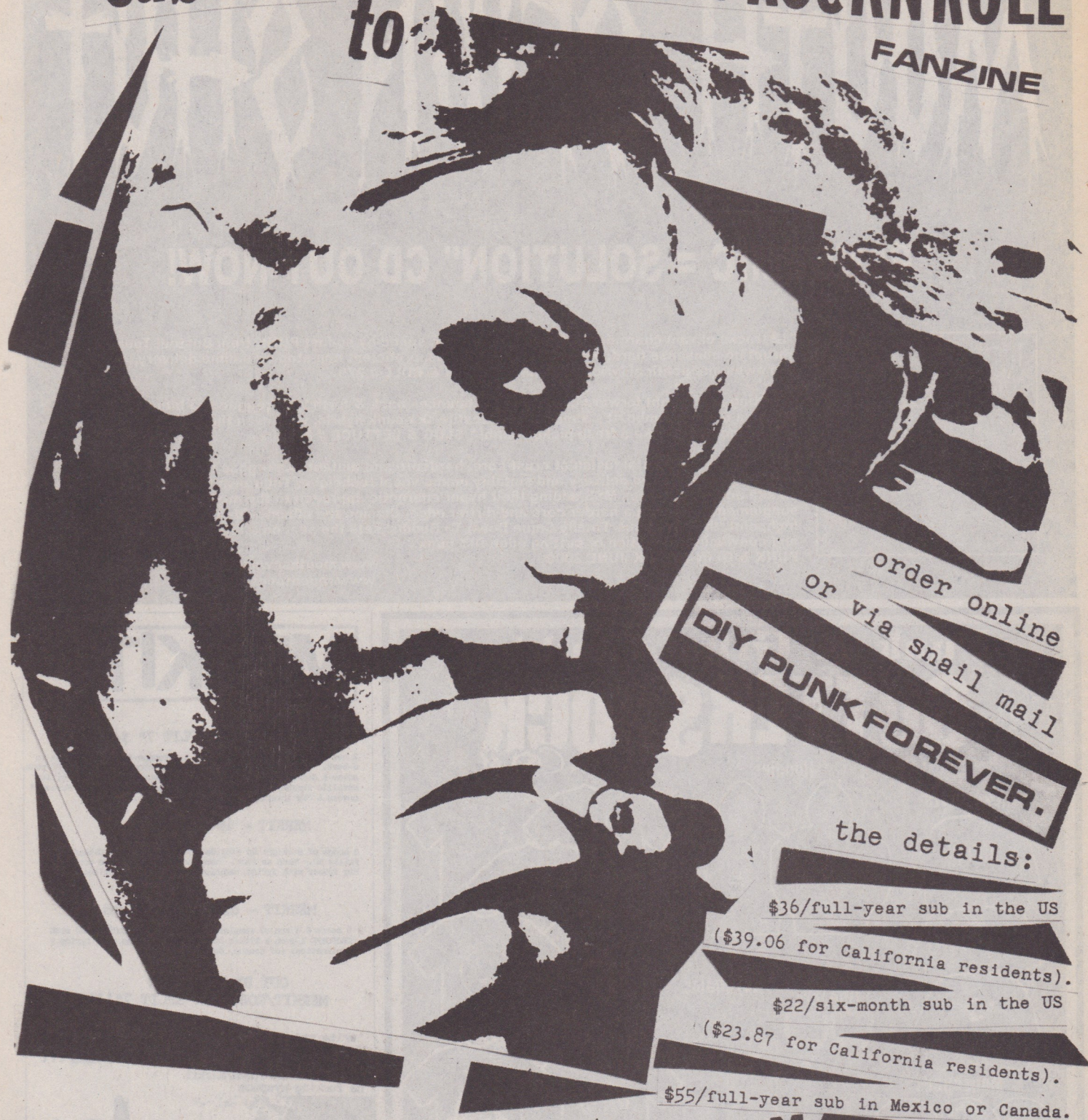

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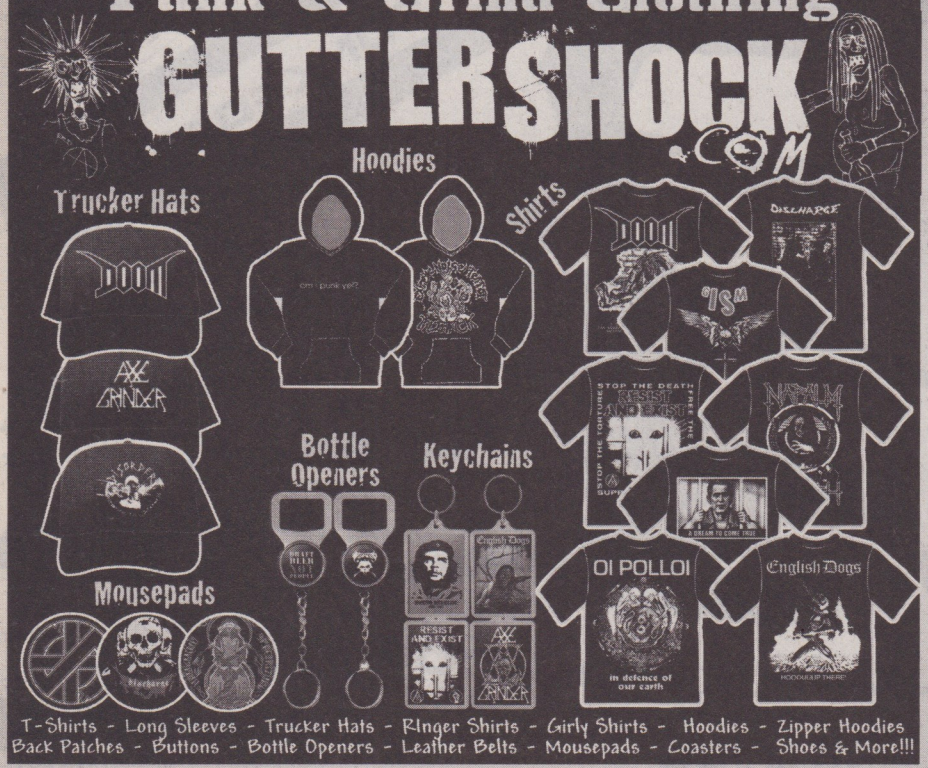

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MRR NEWS

MRR NEWS FOR ISSUE #283 COMPILED BY ARIEL CELESTE AND CHRIS HUBBARD

NICARAGUA VOTES TO BAN ABORTIONS

from an article on news.bbc.co.uk

Nicaragua has approved a sweeping new law banning abortions, even in cases where the mother's life is at risk. The national assembly approved the bill by 52 votes to none, and the bill is now likely to be signed into law. Abortion has become a central issue in the campaign for Nicaragua's presidential elections on November 5th. Left-wing Sandinistas in parliament supported the bill for fear of alienating Roman Catholic voters before the election, correspondents said. The former Sandinista leader Daniel Ortega was a defender of Nicaragua's limited abortion rights and a critic of the Catholic church when he led a left-wing Nicaraguan government in the 1980s. He has since been reconciled with the church and has become a strident opponent of abortion.

Draconian laws

Ortega is currently the lead candidate in the presidential election campaign, but is unlikely to gain enough votes to avoid a run-off vote after the first poll. Nicaragua already has strong anti-abortion laws, with women and doctors who take part in abortions facing prison sentences of up to six years. A section of the bill increasing those sentences to up to 30 years was not approved by the parliamentarians, and so will not be signed into law by the country's President, Enrique Bolanos. The timing of the vote was opposed by Nicaragua's medical association and UN representatives, who warned that the debate had become politicised ahead of the election.

Reuters news agency reports that hundreds of people protested outside the National Assembly in the capital Managua on Wednesday night, saying the law would be a death sentence for the some 400 women who suffer ectopic pregnancies in Nicaragua each year. "They are forcing women and girls to die. They are not pro-life, they are pro-death," protester Xiomara Luna told the agency.

Injunctions considered

BBC America's editor Will Grant said that public opinion in Nicaragua, which is estimated to be 85% Catholic, appeared to be behind the bill. Before the vote, Orlando Tardencilla, one of the members of the sub-committee which proposed the bill, said: "Unless abortion is made a crime, then people can simply come out and say: 'I have the right to an abortion, this is my body and I can decide.' That's like saying: 'I'm allowed to commit murder because these hands are mine, this gun is mine.'" But the Women's Autonomous Movement, a rights group, told the Associated Press it was prepared to file an injunction to stop the law.

MEXICO ANGERED OVER UNITED STATES BORDER FENCE PLAN

from an article on news.bbc.co.uk

Mexican officials have condemned US plans for a 700-mile fence along the two states' border, signed into law by President Bush on October 26th. Mexican President-elect Felipe Calderon said the fence was "a grave mistake" which would lead to more Mexican deaths on the border. George W Bush said the new barrier was needed to curtail illegal immigration. Correspondents say the Republican Party hopes the move will secure votes in next month's mid-term elections. About 10 million Mexicans are thought to live in the US, some four million of them illegally. An estimated 1.2 million illegal immigrants were arrested last year trying to cross into the US via the border states of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California.

Mr. Calderon said he deplored the move because "The fence doesn't resolve anything." "Humanity committed a grave mistake in building the Berlin Wall," he said. "I'm sure that the United States is committing a grave mistake in building this fence." Outgoing Mexican President Vicente Fox called the plans "shameful." Mexico has pledged to challenge the fence at the United Nations, having already appealed to the Organization of American States.

In signing the Secure Fence Act 2006 into law, President Bush said his government would tackle illegal immigration by means of increased funding and numbers of immigration officials. He said that remote cameras, satellites and unmanned aerial vehicles would also be used to create a "21st-century" border with Mexico. "Ours is a nation of immigrants—we're also a nation of law," Bush said. "Unfortunately the United States has not been in complete control of its borders for decades. Therefore illegal immigration has been on the rise." However, he promised to balance the border plans with a temporary guest-worker program and moves to grant citizenship to some of the illegal immigrants already in the US. Those moves are opposed by many within his own Republican party.

The BBC's Nick Miles in Washington says that many there query how effective the fence will be. TJ Bonner, president of the National Border Patrol Council, a union representing patrol agents, told The Associated Press that it would not be enough on its own: "A fence will slow people down by a minute or two, but if you don't have the agents to stop them it does no good. We're not talking about some impenetrable barrier." The BBC's Duncan Kennedy in Mexico City says opposition to the fence has united Mexican politicians. They accuse the US of hypocrisy for enjoying the benefits of cheap Mexican labor but not being prepared to offer Mexican people a chance to cross the border legally.

ARAB STATE MEDIA UNDER TIGHTER CONTROL

from an article on Aljazeera.net

Since the 9/11 attacks on Washington and New York, journalists employed by government-run media in Arab countries have come under increased censorship. Arab media, which is particularly state-sponsored, has traditionally enforced tight curbs on how Arab governments and their policies are portrayed. But now, many journalists in the region have reported increasing pressure not to comment on US foreign policy, further limiting their ability to report on events in the Middle East. Official Arab media is now required to be cautious when covering war zones where the US army is engaged. Reporting or writing in a way that is seen as taking the side of the enemies of the US army is a red line that many dare not cross.

Ali Kinana, a Qatar-based Iraqi columnist, says: "In the past, journalists knew they could not come near the government, so they poured their passion into covering peoples' struggles against colonialism and occupation. "Now, they have even lost that. Many Arab governments do not want to annoy the US embassy in their countries, since those embassies are rather intelligence arms whose duty is to ensure the implementation of US instructions. They interfere in the media on a daily basis. How is that all right?"

Official Arab media outlets have stopped referring to the US presence in Iraq and Afghanistan as an occupation, and replaced the word resistance fighters with insurgents to describe fighters opposed to the US presence in those two countries. Many in the Arab and Muslim world do not share that interpretation of US actions. A Jordanian journalist at one of Jordan's leading newspapers, who spoke on condition of anonymity, said: "We are banned from contacting those who oppose the US-sponsored political process in Iraq. Iraqi resistance is a red line in our editorial policy, just like any US paper, but that does not mean the journalists in Jordan are with the US. On the contrary, they felt outraged by the US presence in Iraq and would like to shout that it is an occupation not an invitation." Aljazeera.net contacted several journalists to speak about the topic but they declined fearing it would affect their jobs.

Ahmed Salim, a journalist from the United Arab Emirates and former deputy information minister for the UAE, said: "After the attacks on New York and Washington, the Americans have utilised their mainstream media to distort the difference between terrorism and resistance. "After the occupation of Iraq, media around the world have dedicated themselves to putting those who fight the US army in Iraq in the same bag as al-Qaeda, in order to label them as terrorists. He explained that in an ironic twist, Hezbollah, referred to as a terrorist organisation by the US, adopted the American approach to the media and labelled any Lebanese and/or Arab who opposed it as a traitor. "We can see that instead of spreading free speech, the US's short-sighted policies have consolidated controlled media." However, there has been more room for the Arab media to express the true feelings of Arab thinkers and authors in regard to the occupied Palestinian territories.

Usama Saraya, the chief editor of *al-Ahram* newspaper, the mouthpiece of the Egyptian government, said the difference in language used in covering the Palestinian territories, Iraq and Afghanistan has nothing to do with state censorship. "Everybody is agreed that Israel is occupying Palestinian land, but not everybody sees the same thing happening in Iraq. Due to the general sentiment and public opinion, it is not possible to satisfy everybody when it comes to Israel. "In my opinion, there is no resistance in Iraq. Some believe there is a resistance in Iraq but, honestly, I do not see that," Saraya says.

Kinana says the US pressure on Arab thinkers and writers has forced them into self-censorship. "The new rules are not about being a member or financer of a banned group or party, it has gone way beyond that. Just expressing feelings, showing sympathy, or expressing a view that does not go along with what the US embassy wants, might get you in trouble. The trouble we mean here is something like Guantanamo or a secret prison. In other words, free speech to them is to say what pleases them."

Although Iraq and Afghanistan are no less important than the Palestinian territories to an Arab and Muslims audience, many writers and journalists avoid writing about them in order to put food in their children's mouth.

CHINA ERECTS FENCE ALONG NORTH KOREAN BORDER

from the Associated Press

China has been building a massive barbed wire and concrete fence along parts of its border with North Korea in the most visible sign of Beijing's strained ties with its once-cozy communist neighbor. Scores of soldiers have descended on farmland near the border-marking Yalu River to erect concrete barriers 2.5 to 4 meters (8 to 15 feet) tall and string barbed wire between them, farmers and visitors to the area said. Last week, they reached Hushan, a collection of villages 20 kilometers (12 miles) inland from the border port of Dandong. "About 100 People's Liberation Army soldiers in camouflage started building the fence four days ago and finished it yesterday," said a farmer, who only gave his surname, Ai. "I assume it was built to prevent smuggling and illegal crossing."

Though the fence-building appears to have picked up in the days following North Korea's claimed nuclear test last week, experts said the project was approved in 2003. Experts and a local Hushan official, who requested anonymity because of the project's sensitivity, said the military was in charge of the building. A Defense Ministry spokesman, Ye Xing, declined comment, saying he was not authorized to release information on border security.

The fence marks a noticeable change in China's approach to its North Korean neighbor. In the decades following their shared fight against US-led UN forces in the Korean War, China left their border lightly guarded, deploying most of its forces in the northeast toward its enemy, the Soviet Union. But the border became a security concern for Beijing in the past decade, as North Korea's economy collapsed and social order crumbled in some places. Tens of thousands of refugees began trickling across the border into northeast China, fording the Yalu and Tumen rivers or walking across the ice in winter.

Professor Kim Woo-jun at the Institute of East and West Studies in Seoul said China built wire fences on major defection routes along the Tumen River in a project that began in 2003, and since September this year, China has been building wire fences along the Yalu River. "The move is mainly aimed at North Korean defectors," Kim said. "As the UN sanctions are enforced ... the number of defectors are likely to increase as the regime can't take care of its people ... I think the wire fence work will likely go on to control this." But he said he also believes that Beijing wants to firmly mark its border with the North along the two rivers. Kim said China and the North drew their border in a secret treaty. That treaty wasn't reported to the United Nations and therefore does not apply to a third country, like South Korea. China is concerned that South Korea may claim a different border after absorbing or unifying with the North.

Reporters who visited the border area in the past week saw about 500 meters (1,640 feet) of newly erected barbed wire fence north of Dandong, mainly along river banks and occasionally broken up by mountain areas or military guard posts. A duck farmer in Hushan, who would only give his surname Han, said that soldiers began putting up the fence near his farm last Monday afternoon—the same day that North Korea claims to have carried out an underground nuclear test.

BLOGGER IMPRISONED FOR DEFYING GRAND JURY

from an article on anarchistnews.org

Blogger and anarchist Josh Wolf, spending his 57th day in federal prison today for refusing to surrender video he shot of a violent San Francisco protest, is well on his way to becoming the longest-jailed journalist in U.S. history. To the government, the 24-year-old San Franciscan is hindering a federal grand jury investigation into serious crimes—an attack on a police officer who suffered a fractured skull during the July 2005 rally and the attempted burning of his patrol car. To Wolf and his supporters, including prominent press organizations, he is the latest victim of a Bush administration assault on journalists and is being punished because he won't help a law enforcement fishing expedition. Wolf says he didn't even film the crimes in question. But Wolf's case features its own thorny questions. Among them are where the line between journalist and activist is drawn, and which side of that line Wolf is on. Another is whether federal agents are using the investigation into the rally as part of a broader attack on the anarchist movement, as Wolf contends.

The standoff was brought into sharper focus last week when an attorney for Wolf described for *The Chronicle* the portions of the video that Wolf has withheld from the grand jury since being called to testify in February. Wolf had posted an edited version on the Internet, parts of which were shown in television news reports after the protest. The attorney, Martin Garbus, said the footage does not depict the crimes in question, but features interviews with about ten protesters who shed masks to speak into Wolf's camera lens. "They expected he would safeguard them, which is what he is doing," Garbus said. "When they take off the masks and talk to this guy, they're assuming it will not be shown in a hostile place," such as a grand jury room. FBI spokesman Joseph Schadler said Wolf's footage could help investigators even if it doesn't show a police officer being clubbed or someone trying to burn a squad car. If the government found potential witnesses, Schadler said, "that's a huge difference from a fishing expedition for anarchists."

In a telephone interview from the Federal Correctional Institution in Dublin, Wolf said he could not surrender the video because he would be acting as an arm of law enforcement, damaging relationships with sources. He also questioned the government's motives. If he screened the video for the grand jury, he said, "They would say, 'Do you know this person, or this person, or this person?' They would then take all those people and call them into the grand jury, the same way the House Un-American Activities Committee did to create a list of Communists." Asked if he would testify in front of a grand jury under any circumstance, Wolf said, "I feel that secret courts are antithetical to democracy," but declined to give a direct answer.

Wolf's saga began July 8, 2005, when anarchists led a rally in the Mission District against an economic summit taking place in Scotland. Protesters lit fireworks, pulled news racks into streets and confronted police. Two men and a woman were arrested. According to a police report, Officer Peter Shields and his partner encountered a group of masked rioters and, outnumbered, tried to drive off. But a protester placed a large Styrofoam sign under their car, disabling it, the report said. Then, while separated from his partner, Shields was struck on the head with a blunt object that fractured his skull, the report said. Protesters "ignited pyrotechnic devices" under the patrol car "in an attempt to ignite the entire vehicle," the report said. The car did not burn. The report says it suffered a damaged taillight but was "drivable."

The next day, Wolf posted footage on his video blog, www.joshwolf.net, where he described himself as an "artist, an activist, an anarchist and an archivist." The longest segment showed Shields' partner trying to hold down the protester who had allegedly shoved the Styrofoam under the car. Wolf wrote on his blog, "I think that this was a case of wrong place and wrong time for actions which may at some point be necessary but at this point were nothing but childish random acts of anarchy that serve no purpose but to further divide the community. I feel that the issue of the cop that was injured was one of collective self-defense or mutual aid. I neither condemn nor condone the action of whoever struck the blow."

Wolf and his lawyers say Shields was assaulted while Wolf was busy filming his partner—an assertion that appears to be consistent with the police report. The partner reported that he was arresting the protester when he heard a call of an officer down. In an interview, Wolf said he had seen a smoldering piece of Styrofoam near the patrol car when he walked up to it, but had not pointed his camera at it. "It was a non-event," he said. Wolf also posted his video at indybay.org, a media collective that has in the past been monitored by police. And he sold a "selected portion" to KRON-TV, he wrote, "in an attempt to steer KRON's story toward a more balanced outlook of the event."

Within days, records show, San Francisco police asked the FBI-led Joint Terrorism Task Force for help in finding out who assaulted Shields. According to Wolf, a police inspector and two FBI agents visited him at his home and asked him to hand over his tape, but he refused. Later, he was subpoenaed. Wolf said his visitors asked broad questions about anarchists and whether he routinely filmed them. Wolf's subsequent incarceration—he spent August behind bars at the order of U.S. District Judge William Alsup, was freed during his initial appeal, then returned to prison Sept. 22—comes at a time of alarm for freedom-of-the-press advocates. Federal prosecutors also are trying to imprison Chronicle reporters Lance Williams and Mark Fainaru-Wada for refusing to reveal who provided confidential grand jury testimony in the steroid probe involving the Bay Area Laboratory Co-Operative.

Wolf wound up behind bars because U.S. Attorney Kevin Ryan's office, rather than local prosecutors, pursued the case. Normally, assaults and arsons are state crimes, and in California a journalist would be protected by the state's shield law from testifying about his sources. Federal prosecutors got around that, however, by saying the arson of a police car would be a federal crime because the Police Department gets funding from Washington. There is no law protecting journalists from cooperating with federal grand juries. Ryan spokesman Luke Macaulay said the case was not taken over by federal prosecutors to gain Wolf's video. He said the grand jury is focused only on events at the rally but is "not restricted to the charge of attempted arson of a police vehicle."

To Wolf's defenders, the case reinforces the need for a federal shield law. "This is yet another sign that the government doesn't understand what journalists do," said Gregg Leslie, legal defense director of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press. He said Wolf risks being "seen as an agent of the police and the state," which would destroy his credibility and could put him in danger. Leslie said Wolf's sympathy for the protesters did not make him less of a journalist, as long as he did not have a hand in organizing the rally.

A three-judge panel of the Ninth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, however, dismissed Wolf's credentials. In a footnote to its decision last month noting that reporters have no special immunity from federal grand jury subpoenas, the judges said Wolf wouldn't qualify for protection under California's shield law because he wasn't employed by a newspaper, magazine or wire service—a point that Wolf says ignores the changing media landscape. "The notion that I needed to be under contract by a major media outlet is preposterous," Wolf said. "What is a journalist? There's no journalist license. The easiest way I can see of judging a journalist is whether his peers judge him to be a journalist."

But not all journalists believe Wolf is doing the right thing. Reporters have parted with unaired video footage before, and in Wolf's case, "martyrdom might be avoided with a little common sense," said Mark Feldstein, a longtime television reporter who is, now an associate professor of media and public affairs at George Washington University in Washington, D.C. Without a strong reason to defy the grand jury, such as the protection of confidential sources, Wolf should find a way to compromise and release the video, Feldstein said—perhaps by posting it in full on his video blog.

Wolf said he has no plans to release the video. Unless there is a major shift in the case, he faces the possibility of becoming the longest-jailed journalist ever in the United States, surpassing Vanessa Leggett, a Texas true-crime author jailed for 168 days in 2001 for refusing to identify her sources to a federal grand jury investigating a homicide. Wolf could be jailed until July, when the term of the grand jury ends. "It's not all that bad," he said. "The worst part is not being able to go outside when I want a breath of fresh air, and not being able to listen to the kind of music I like to listen to. Being a slave to AM/FM radio is not the same as having my iPod." Wolf said work on his next project isn't hindered by his surroundings. He wants to create a blog for prisoners.

IMPENDING VIOLENCE IN CHIAPAS

from an article by Saskia Fischer on infoshop.org

Tension is mounting in this community under siege, harassed by the constant sight and sound of low flying government planes and helicopters, and news of troops and paramilitaries gathering at the outskirts of town. The word is that the Mexican Army will invade any day now to forcibly remove the entire community. While much attention has been focused on the struggle between poor communities and the state authorities in Oaxaca, the Mexican government continues to wage a low-intensity war against indigenous communities in the very fertile and resource-rich state of Chiapas. This particular battle is taking place in the village of Chol de Tumbala , an indigenous community in Northern Chiapas. The village is part of the network of autonomous Zapatista municipalities in the state, this one named El Trabajo. The Chols are about to face eviction, for the second time, from the ancestral lands to which they have struggled over the past decade to get a legal claim. The lands, which once were covered with dense jungle and inhabited by the Chols, have over the past decades been deforested by vast cattle ranches, and their valuable timber sold on world markets.

The San Cristobal based human rights organization, the Centro de Derechos Humanos Fray Bartolome de las Casas (CDHFBLC), which monitors and promotes the human rights of poor people in the region, made a public appeal to the state government not to use force against the Zapatistas camped in Chol de Tumbala. They also revealed that when they voiced their concerns to officials over a week ago, they were told that the government was facing pressure from the president of the ranchers, Pedro Fons, to reclaim the land. They were assured that the police wanted to avoid a violent confrontation. However, given the recent history of violence against the villagers, the Center said that these assurances could not be taken for granted.

The Chols' battle to (re)establish a community on their ancestral lands in Palenque municipality began in 1988, when they submitted a formal petition to the federal secretary of Agrarian Reform. Between the time the request was published in 1990 and 1995, the federal and local authorities issued numerous contradictory decisions, finally ruling against the Chols in January of 1995. The land in question consists of 532 hectares. Once it became clear that legal avenues were closed to them, that the government would not act to protect their right to land and a living, the community decided to take a bold stand and in their words liberate the land. In September 1999, 30 families, members of different communities in the area, and supporters of the EZLN, reoccupied these ancestral lands and set to work building a future for their families and future generations.

On August 3, 2006, life in Chol de Tumbala was violently disrupted. At 10:30 a.m., villagers were presented with an eviction notice from the Federal Judge of Playas de Catanza, who told them they had ten minutes to vacate the land. At 11:30 a.m., vans carrying more than 260 people—among them municipal police, public security forces, and people dressed as civilians, invaded the village and set about destroying it. They burned and bulldozed the houses and destroyed clothes, kitchen utensils, dishes and fruit trees, before taking all the villagers' property, including the husked maize which is the staple of their diet. Three villagers were imprisoned, forced to sign documents saying they had left the land voluntarily, and then later released. At this stage the government produced a list of prior owners of the land.

At the behest of the Zapatista Junta de Buen Gobierno (Good Government), on October 1st about 300 Zapatistas—among them men, women, and children—returned to the village to reoccupy the land. On the 3rd, the police began flying helicopters over the area. However, a day later, after the CDHFBLC had made public its concerns, the police withdrew—without any apparent change in the situation. Also on the 3rd, a number of social justice and civil rights organizations decided to travel to the village and set up a peace camp there to ward off violence from the state and/or the ranchers. They remain there at the time of writing.

Since 1994, when the Zapatista Army of National Liberation (EZLN) launched its campaign to fight for the rights of the indigenous peoples of Chiapas, the Mexican government has deployed an array of tactics against the Zapatistas and their supporters—from attempts to discredit the movement in the press, to torture, rape, imprisonment and outright murder. Although the people of Chiapas are poor, the state is a rich one, with valuable sources of water, timber and cattle ranching. These lucrative industries however are dominated by large landholders, *latifundas*. Together with the state and federal governments and their private armies of paramilitaries, these landowners have waged war against the indigenous peoples of the state. One of the most horrific examples was the massacre of 45 people attending a church service in Acteal in 1997. However the Acteal massacre was only one in a long history of forced displacement, assassination and rape, in which hundreds have died and hundreds more have been made landless.

While the world's attention is focused on Oaxaca, the Chols face the imminent threat of another, potentially more violent, eviction from their homes and lands.

SOCIAL UNREST IN THAILAND

from an article on news.bbc.co.uk

At least six people have been killed in a spate of violence in south Thailand. Two government workers were among the latest victims to be killed in drive-by shootings across the region. Thailand's new premier, Surayud Chulanont, is travelling to Kuala Lumpur on Wednesday for talks with his Malaysian counterpart Abdullah Badawi. The continuing insurgency in southern Thailand—which has claimed more than 1,500 lives since January 2004—is expected to dominate the discussions.

.Officials blame Muslim rebels for much of the unrest, although criminal gangs are also thought to be behind some of the attacks. Thailand's new military rulers, who took over the country in a coup last month, said they wanted to hold talks with the insurgents—a policy change from the previous regime, which repeatedly refused negotiations.

The spate of killings began on Monday morning, when two rubber tappers in Yala were shot by the roadside. Police told local media that two gunmen riding a motorbike opened fire on the couple. Later the same day, two government workers were reportedly shot dead in the same area, and several other people have also been killed in Narathiwat province. A policeman was also reported to be among the dead. The southern provinces are predominantly Muslim, with a separate language and culture from much of the rest of Thailand. Despite a heavy Thai security presence, attacks such as drive-by shootings or small bombings take place almost daily.

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US POPULATION REACHES 300 MILLON

from an article on news.bbc.co.uk

The US population has hit 300 million people, just 39 years after it reached 200 million, according to US Census Bureau estimates. The population reached the milestone at 7:46 a.m. on October 17th—a timing based on calculations that factor in birth and death rates and migration. The bureau's math suggests that the US gains one person every eleven seconds. But it is not possible to say if the 300-millionth American was a newborn or crossed one of the US borders.

Correspondents say that there is not expected to be the same hullabaloo as when the figure of 100 million was reached in 1915, or the double century in 1967 when President Johnson gave a speech and newborn Robert Ken Woo Jr was hailed the 200-millionth American by *Life* magazine. Today, the population figure is mired in the divisive politics of immigration—a hot-button issue ahead of the November 7th mid-term elections, they say. The population in the US is the third largest in the world, behind China and India. According to the Census Bureau, 14% of the current US population is Hispanic, compared to 4% in 1966, and it is projected that a quarter of the population will be Hispanic in 2050. It is also expected that in the next 50 years there will be more Hispanic births in the US than immigrants.

Environmental groups have also cautioned on America's growing consumer consumption, and what they say are damaging "patterns" of population expansion. Michael Replogle, of Environmental Defense, told the Associated Press news agency: "If the population grows in thriving existing communities, restoring the historic density of older communities, we can easily sustain that growth and create a more efficient economy without sacrificing the environment." Vicky Markham, director of the Center for Environment and Population, said "sprawl has become the most predominant form of land use", with the US becoming a "suburban nation". "Sprawl is, by definition, more spread out. That of course requires more vehicles and more vehicle miles travelled," she told AP.

Other figures released by the Census Bureau, show how America has been changing since previous population milestones:

- In 1915, immigrant citizens came mostly from Germany; in 1967 from Italy; and in 2006 mostly from Mexico
- The average US family had 4.5 people in 1915, 3.3 in 1967 and 2.6 in 2006
- Some 45.9% of Americans were property owners in 1915. That grew to 63.6% in 1967 and reached 68.9% in 2006
- There were 4.5 million people aged 65 and older in 1915, or 4.5%; 19.1 million in 1967 (9.5%) and 36.8 million in 2006 (12.4%)
- Life expectancy was 54.5 years in 1915, 70.5 years in 1967 and 77.8 years in 2006
- About 23% of women were in the work force in 1915, compared to 41% in 1967 and 58% in 2006
- There were 2.5 million cars in 1915, 98.9 million in 1967 and 237.2 million in 2006
- John and Mary topped the list of most popular names in 1915; Michael and Lisa were favourites in 1967; and Jacob and Emily were preferred in 2006.

ANTI-STATE FILM NOMINATED FOR FOREIGN FILM OSCAR

from an article on anarchistnews.org by Sharmistha Gooptu

Rang de Basanti, a film that generated controversy at the time of its release for being anti-state and anti-democracy, has been nominated as India's official entry to the Oscars in the foreign film category. The nation was omnipresent in *Rang de*, yet there was an anarchism attached to the nationalist vision that made many uneasy about its implications for a democracy. A bunch of angry youngsters shooting the defence minister, capturing a radio station and forcibly going on air as part of their agenda to expose high-level corruption, and the film's projection of this enterprise as a modern form of the anti-colonial struggle, is not an altogether new theme in popular cinema. A disillusion with politics, politicians and violent reprisal created angry young men of the post-Bachchan years. Yet, most films made such reprisal a matter of personal vendetta; the state stepped in as the ultimate arbiter and one hardly ever questioned its legitimacy.

Rang de is disturbing for many, because the Indian state itself becomes suspect, in the same way that the colonial state was. Living in corruption-ridden India becomes comparable to living as a subject population. The framework of constitutional civil rights and duties comes apart. Yet, this is the same film that gets nominated to the Oscars by the Film Federation of India. Is it because in today's India, the nation is under scrutiny?

Rang de Basanti is post-colonialism writ large. It does away with the self-other paradigm that has typically conditioned the portrayal of the white person in popular Hindi cinema. Indianness is a sense of being that transcends nationalities and cultures, and reveals the inadequacies of the present. In the film, it is Sue, the white girl, who is inspired by the freedom struggle. Her enthusiasm transforms the lives of a laidback bunch of friends, representative of a generation of Indians who have lost all serious interest in the nation. At the end of the day, she is constructed as very much more "Indian" than the radical traditionalists in the film with their rants against western culture. Does all of this take away from the romantic ideal of the nation?

Rang de won out over others in the race for the Oscar nomination, because its contesting of a democracy gone wrong made its romanticism all the more evocative. It successfully manages to make the nationalist ideal a part of youth culture, without any of the jingoism associated with low-brow, anti-Pakistan films. Hasn't the statist vision always been to inspire the youth in ideals of nationhood, through school textbooks, Republic Day parades and the like? An immensely popular film does the same thing when it links the ideal of the nation with the world-view of a cross-cultured Indian youth.

Many would have imagined that *Omkara* would have outrun other contenders for the nomination. It is a film quite in the vein of Guru Dutt's later films, which speak of disillusion and ultimate defeat of the nationalist vision. Unobtrusively, *Omkara* speaks for the nation. The small town setting and its intricacies notwithstanding, the larger nation is the backdrop. The entire sexual politics of *Omkara* with its bahubalis and their godfather, the local MP, is linked to the larger domain of electoral politics. The small town presents a pessimistic view of the nation. There is no sense of the romance with the nation in *Omkara*, or even *Kabhi Alvida Naa Kehna*. Both films have a pessimism quite contrary to heroic and forward-looking character of *Rang de*.

According to a poll conducted by *Indiatimes*, the only other film that came close to *Rang de* was *Lage Raho Munnabhai*. Here again, we have the nationalist ideal writ large. Like *Rang de*, it becomes a part of youth culture.

The upbeat nationalism of *Rang de Basanti* is in tune with India's new stature as an emerging player in international politics, the rise of a new middle class and rise in living standards. *Rang de*'s nomination shows how the nationalist imagination still reigns when it comes to facing the world and how we are more interested in showcasing the nation rather than national cinema.

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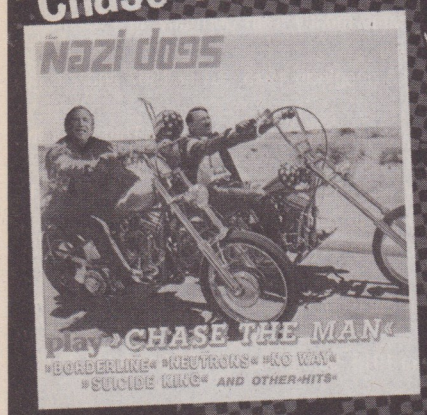

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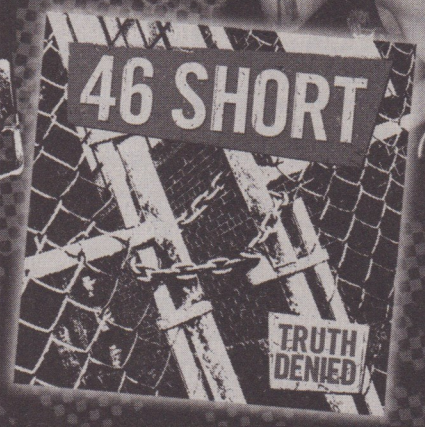

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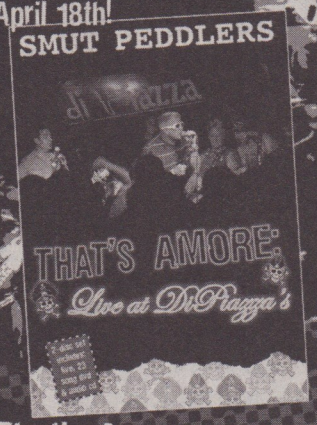

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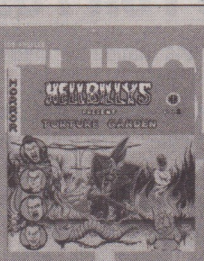

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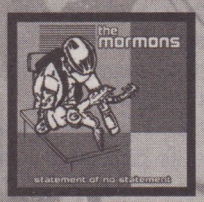

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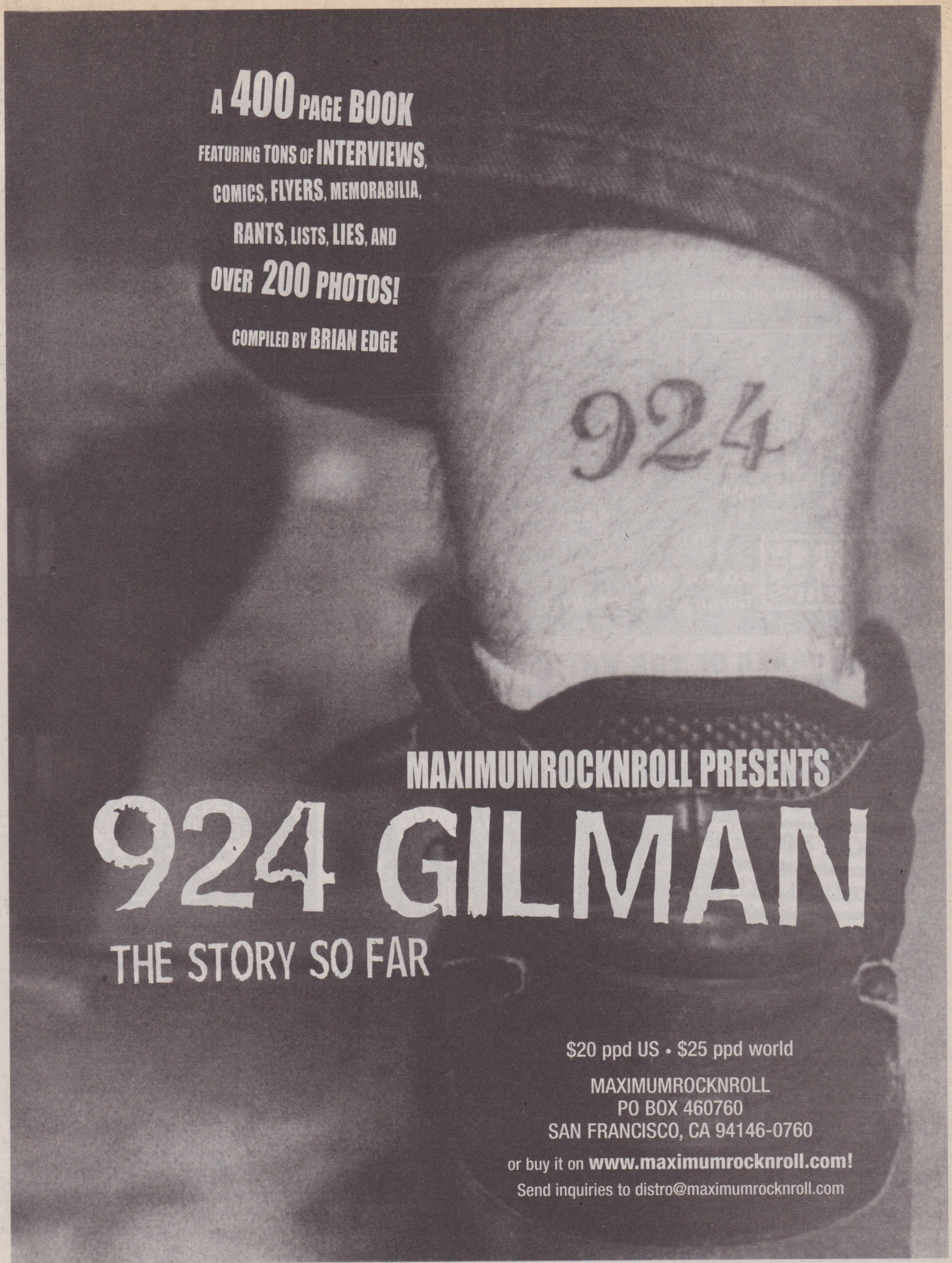
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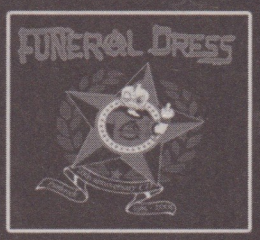
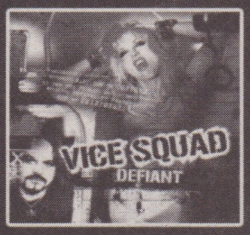


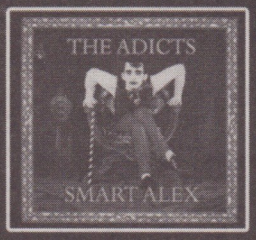
Funeral Dress
"20 Years of Punk Rock"

Last Resort
"Resurrected"

Final Conflict
"No Peace on Earth, No Rest in Hell"



Vice Squad
"Defiant"



The Adicts
"Smart Alex"

Drongos for Europe
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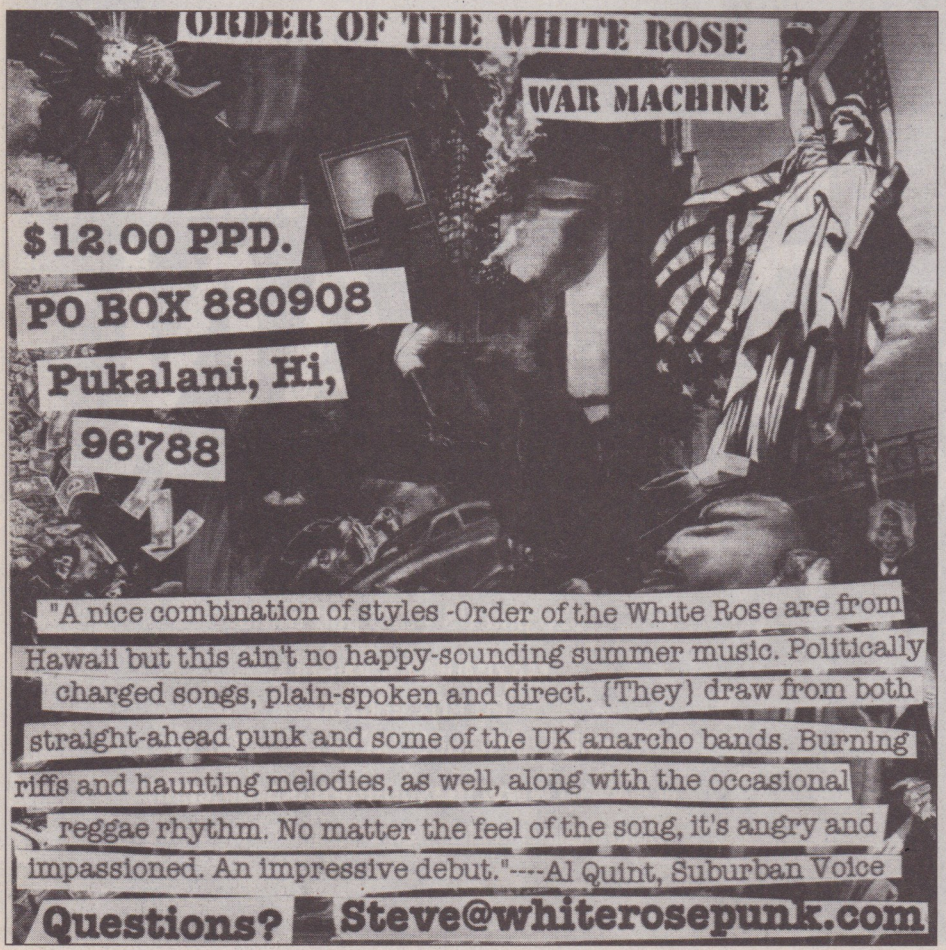

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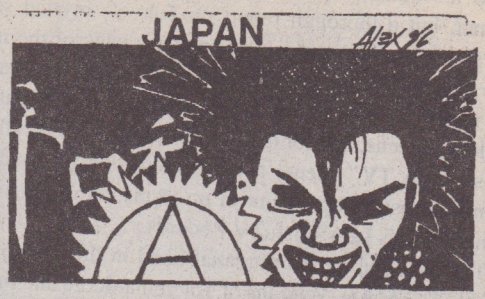
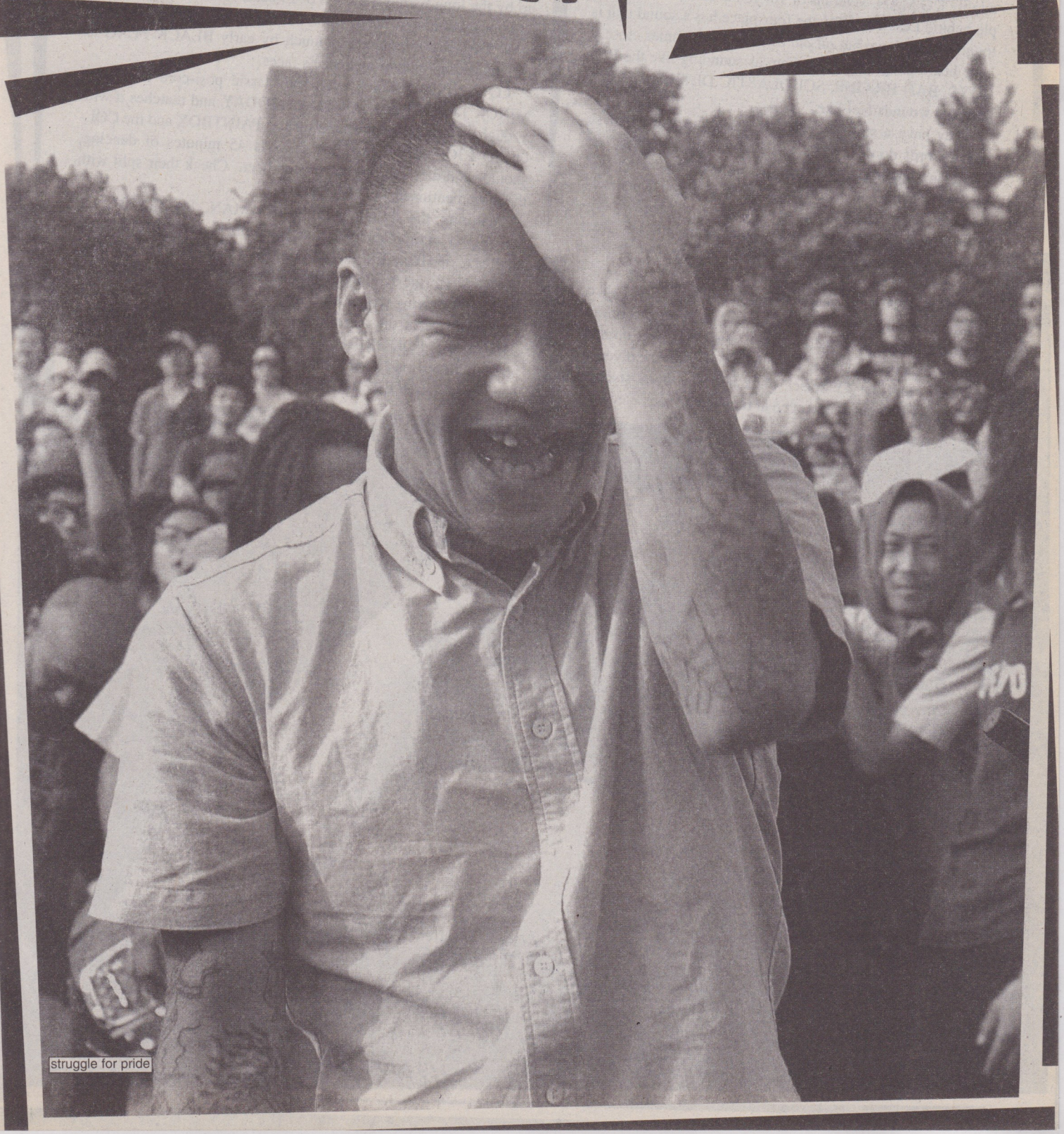




struggle for pride

So it's bullshit to start off a scene report with a disclaimer, but a thorough report on Tokyo's myriad scenes and styles would mean taking up every page of the magazine you're holding. But here it is, the bullshit disclaimer: this report focuses on a small portion of Tokyo's massive punk rock scene, and for lack of a better title we'll call it the "Less Than TV" scene, a loose collective of bands and friends whose common but in no terms complete form of communion is Less Than TV Records

The first and most influential band in this group is the mighty UG MAN. Veterans of Tokyo hardcore and the people behind Less Than TV, the four-piece has a sound that is tough to nail down but *all out awesomeness* comes close. I have heard people describe them as sounding like the BIG BOYS, BAD BRAINS, SCHOLASTIC DETH, and "what shrapnel wounds feel like."

They have a strong recorded catalog but to be honest, their records don't hold up to their live shows, which are events unto themselves: bodies flying, people dancing, and the band having the most fun of all. Bass player Tanaguchi San has the best array of facial expressions this side of anywhere. Anyone who saw them on their recent US West Coast tour with CHARM will attest to the power of their live show.

IDEA OF A JOKE features Tanaguchi from UG MAN on bass and the front man Morikawa, whose onstage-antics are best described as something like Guy Picciotto doing a gymnastics floor routine. The band showcases the diversity of the Less Than TV roster, punk and post-punk styles, a strong garage sound, and even at times indie rock elements. They released their second single earlier this year on CH records.

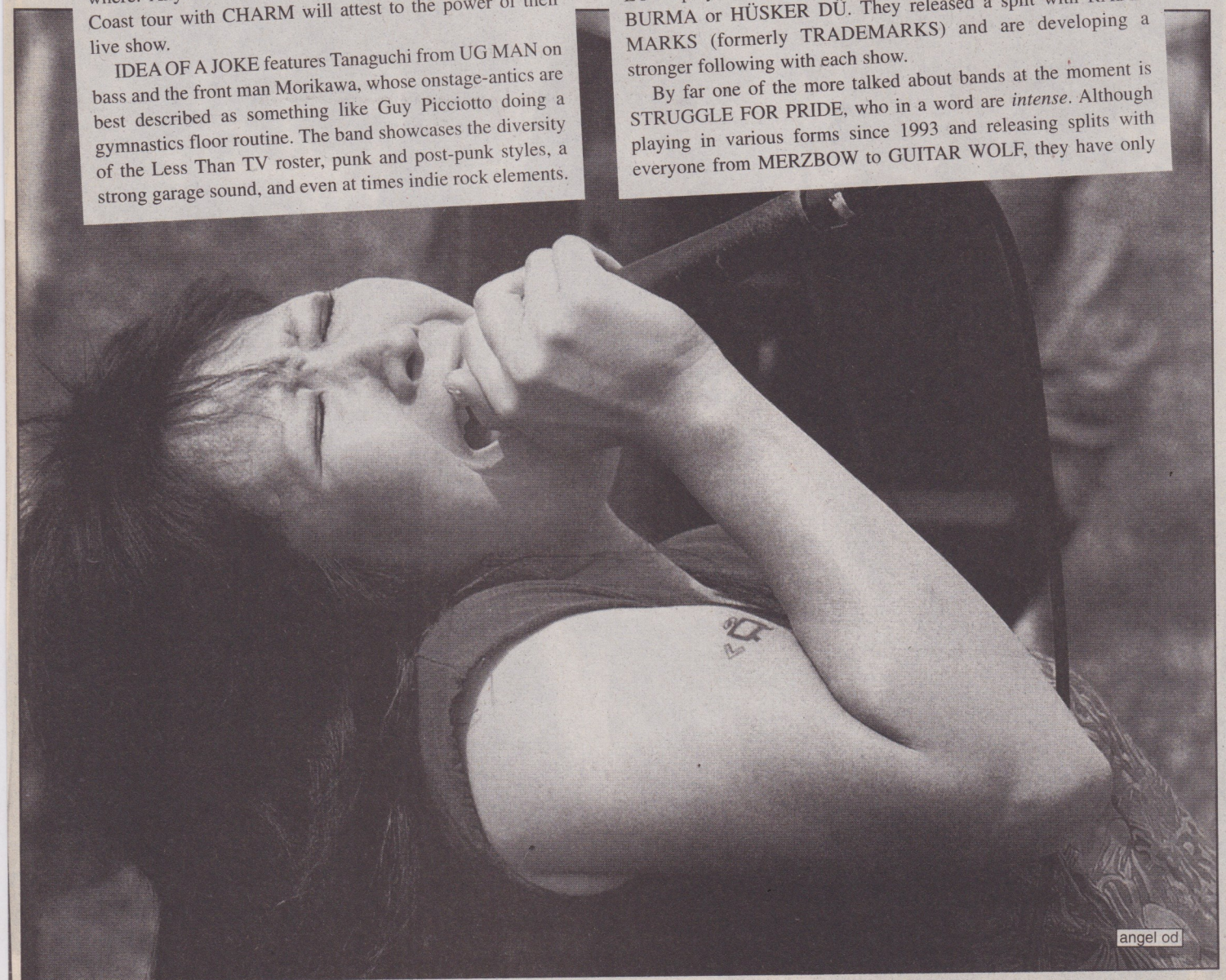
DREAD EYE has a smoking demo out that is well worth tracking down (you can order it from record shop Allman). In true Japanese fashion they take elements of all your favorite power violence acts and add their own unique twist to create...*power-power violence?*

ANGEL OD is one of the newer bands playing around. They released a split with LOW VISION on Less Than TV as well as a live VHS recording. The recording is good but live is where they destroy it. Led by the energetic and crazed Riry (imagine THE PLASMATIC's singer Wendy punching you in the face), backed up by the long-haired freak 4WD on bass, and the frantic guitars and vocals of King Chang. Good old fashioned, confronting punk rock. They are influenced as much by early BLACK FLAG as well as getting in their audience's faces.

LOW VISION builds upon the classic posi-core sounds of MINOR THREAT and YOUTH OF TODAY, and matches it with a rougher Japanese punk sound such as PAINTBOX and the COLORED RICE MEN. The live show is 45 minutes of dancing, shoulder hurdles, and lots of wasted beer. Check their split with the aforementioned ANGEL OD.

Featuring the drummer from UG MAN, SATELLITE OF LOVE plays a more melodic rock along the lines of MISSION OF BURMA or HÜSKER DÜ. They released a split with RADEMARKS (formerly TRADEMARKS) and are developing a stronger following with each show.

By far one of the more talked about bands at the moment is STRUGGLE FOR PRIDE, who in a word are *intense*. Although playing in various forms since 1993 and releasing splits with everyone from MERZBOW to GUITAR WOLF, they have only



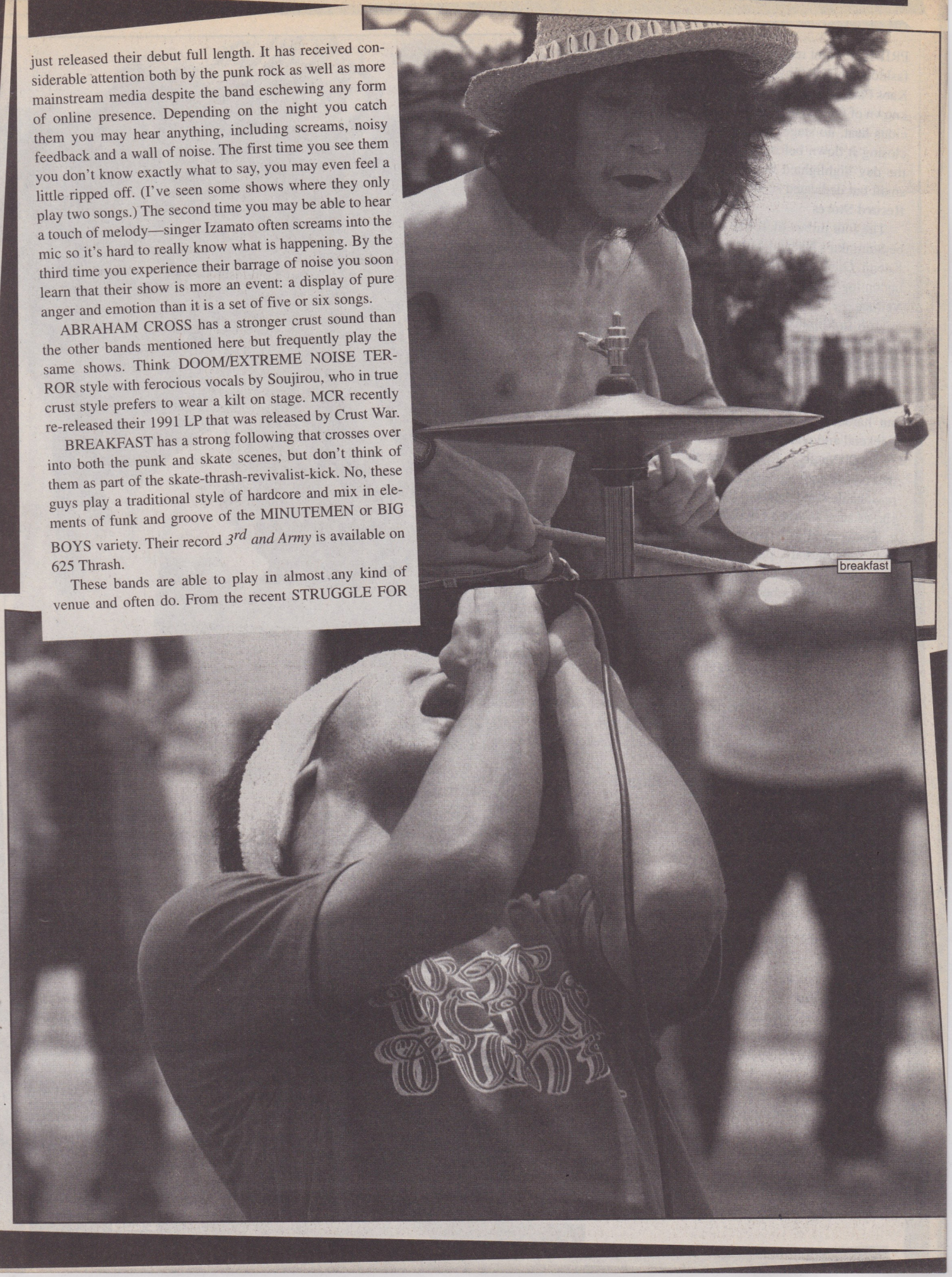
angel od

just released their debut full length. It has received considerable attention both by the punk rock as well as more mainstream media despite the band eschewing any form of online presence. Depending on the night you catch them you may hear anything, including screams, noisy feedback and a wall of noise. The first time you see them you don't know exactly what to say, you may even feel a little ripped off. (I've seen some shows where they only play two songs.) The second time you may be able to hear a touch of melody—singer Izamato often screams into the mic so it's hard to really know what is happening. By the third time you experience their barrage of noise you soon learn that their show is more an event: a display of pure anger and emotion than it is a set of five or six songs.

ABRAHAM CROSS has a stronger crust sound than the other bands mentioned here but frequently play the same shows. Think DOOM/EXTREME NOISE TERROR style with ferocious vocals by Soujirou, who in true crust style prefers to wear a kilt on stage. MCR recently re-released their 1991 LP that was released by Crust War.

BREAKFAST has a strong following that crosses over into both the punk and skate scenes, but don't think of them as part of the skate-thrash-revivalist-kick. No, these guys play a traditional style of hardcore and mix in elements of funk and groove of the MINUTEMEN or BIG BOYS variety. Their record *3rd and Army* is available on 625 Thrash.

These bands are able to play in almost any kind of venue and often do. From the recent STRUGGLE FOR


breakfast

PRIDE all night release party at Unit—a large club in the fashionable Daikianyama area—to small studio shows, to Kaos Park, a recent outdoor event on the man-made island known of Oidaba that sits in Tokyo Bay. Despite the ferocious heat, no stage, some sound problems and the cops closing it down before ABRAHAM CROSS could play, the day highlighted the diversity and friendship of this small but dedicated scene

Record Stores

The four pillars of Tokyo punk rock stores continue to be Shinjuku's Nat and Allman, as well as Base and Boy in Koenji. Good places to pick up vinyl and to find out about upcoming gigs.

Venues

Loft in Shinjuku is used for bigger gigs. CORRUPTED and ENVY recently played a sold out show. DOM in Shinjuku closed down last year but has remerged as Earthdom in Shinokubo or Koreatown located one station north of Shinjuku. This is by far the best place to check out hardcore and punk gigs with quality shows every weekend and really cool staff.

20000 Vaults in Koenji is another great hardcore venue that consistently puts on great shows. Antiknock another reasonable sized venue in Shinjuku is used for good-sized shows such as when GAUZE play.

Game and Lush, two smaller venues in Shibuya, put on the occasional punk shows while Shelter in Shimokitazawa is more known for rock or garage rock shows, sometimes booking punk and hc shows.

As it is expensive for bands to book and play shows in Tokyo, recording studios or rehearsal spaces are often used. There are hundreds of these around the city and although the shows are always cheap they can sometimes be difficult to find out about.

As I said this report touches on only a fraction of what is going on in this crazy city. I have lived here for three years and go to shows regularly but every weekend I'm blown away by a new amazing band.

Thanks, Tim Scott, dettolforever@hotmail.com:

Contacts:

Label

Less Than TV: http://lessthan.tv

Bands

Low Vision:
http://happycokebag.hp.infoseek.co.jp/i/memberboshuu.html

Breakfast:
www.geocities.jp/breakfast_oneweek

Angel OD:
http://ip.tosp.co.jp/i.asp?i=angel_o_d0462

Record Stores:

Nat Records: www.natrecords.com

Base: www.recordshopbase.com

Allman: http://allman.agz.jp/index.html

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Earthdom:
www1.odn.ne.jp/shinjuku-dom/index.html/dom.html

Antiknock:
http://www.music.ne.jp/~antiknock

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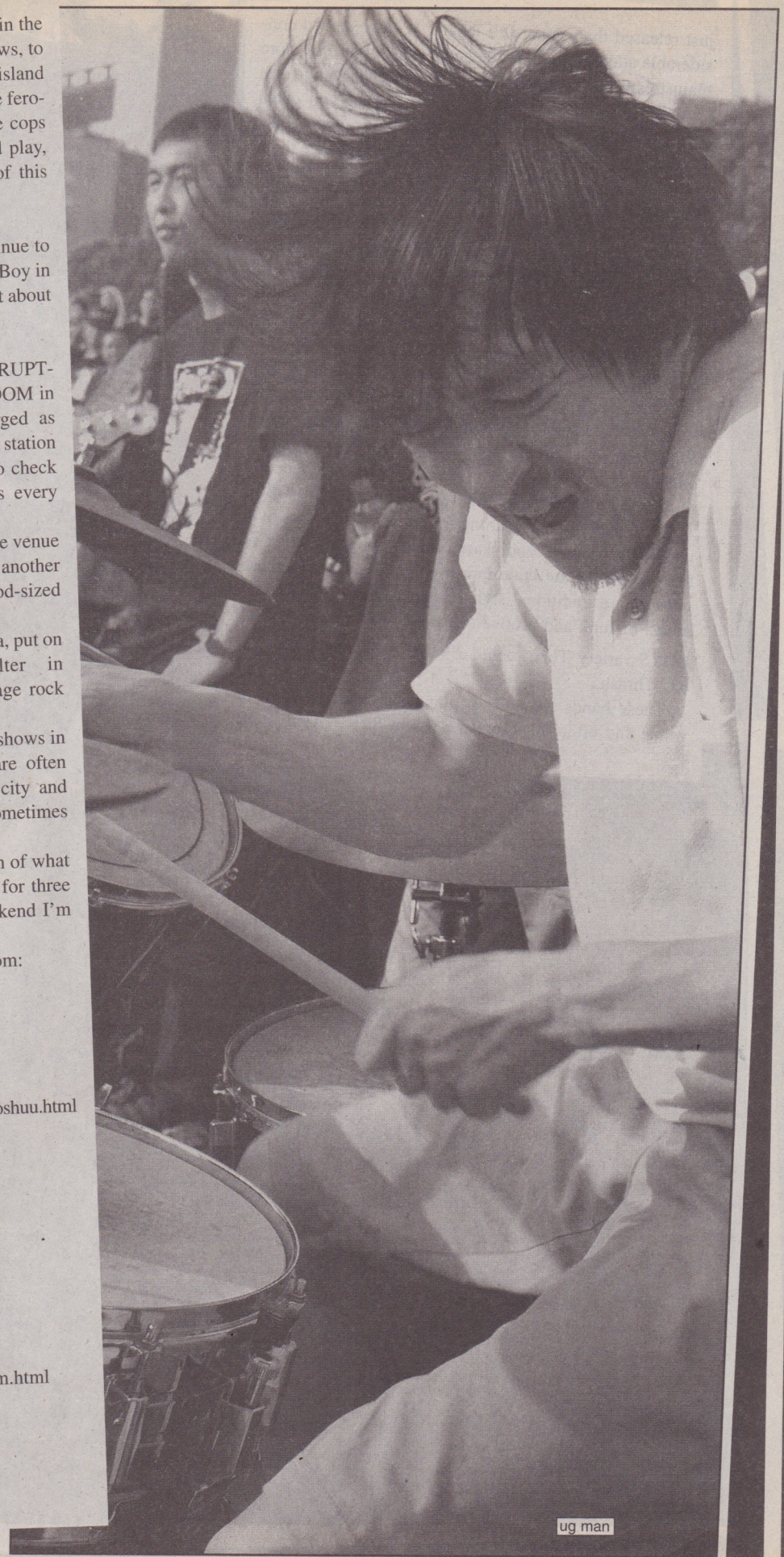

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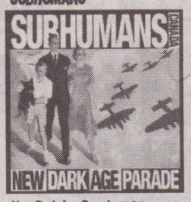

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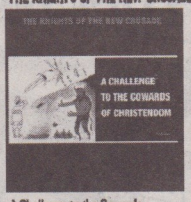

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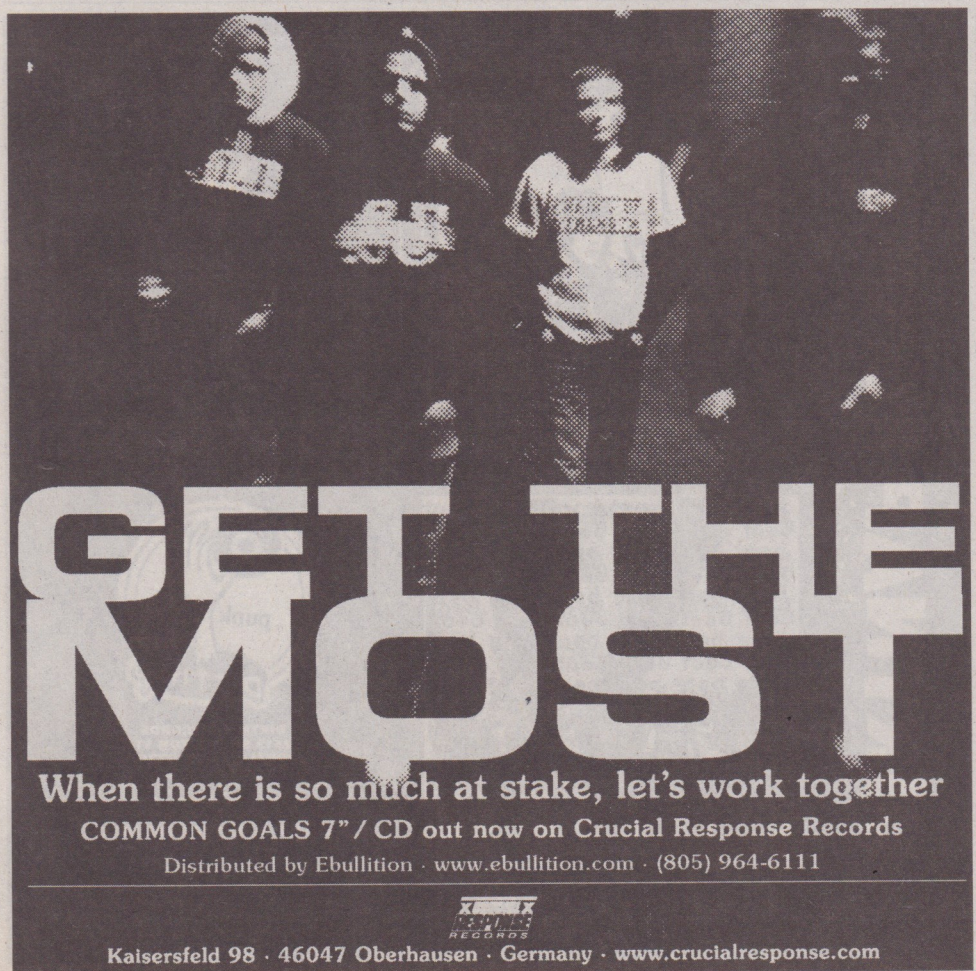

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All right. The Fix. It's about time somebody put this back out. The Effigies, Fix, and Toxic Reasons were the first rumblings of a true punk/HC underground explosion between the coasts. The Fix were a darker hardcore invention than the DC or OC sound or even Discharge. We played with them three times - twice in San Francisco and once at an oversize movie theater in Fresno. Live they came off like a sonic jet engine or a blender. The harder core than thou crowd just stood there confused. Craig called me and asked if Alternative Tentacles could put out a 7-song 12" of what became the "Jan's Rooms" EP. Unfortunately we had to decline because things were in disarray and we didn't have the money. Big regret. I miss 'em to this day

-Jello Biafra, DKs/Alternative Tentacles, etc.
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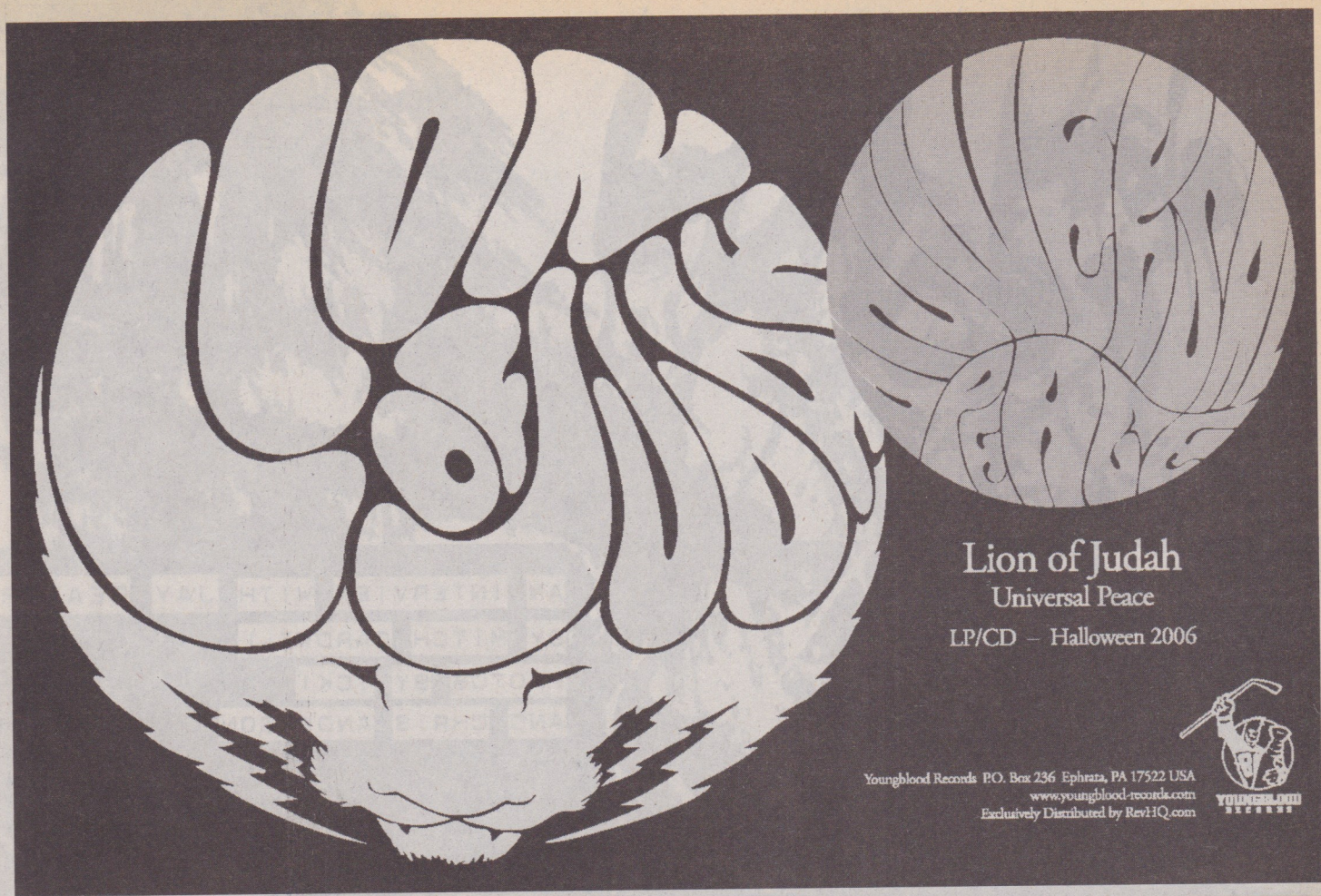
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REATARD

AN INTERVIEW WITH JAY REATARD
BY MITCH CARDWELL
PHOTOS BY ICKI
AND CHRIS ANDERSON

In the past ten or so years of buying punk records, I can't think of a single artist I've paid more attention to than Jay Reatard. When he burst upon the scene as a desperate teenage hell-child with The Reatards, it was immediately apparent that Jay was a guy who had a knack for viciousness, both in the desperate, lyrical frustrations he spewed and in the flat-out killer songs he produced. After growing up / fucking up, Jay continued to wreck havoc in a whole slew of other combos (Lost Sounds, most notably), bent on taking the nearly-lifeless genre of synth-punk for a creepy, rejuvenating whirlwind ride on the patented "Black-Wave". As if that wasn't enough, we've also been treated to the Killed By Death-inspired mastery of Final Solutions and the break-neck, guitar-driven attack of Angry Angles. What's truly inspiring though is that everything mentioned above might prove to be a footnote in the shadow of Blood Visions, *Jay's first full length as a (gasp!) solo artist. Fear not no-goods,* Blood Visions *is every bit the neo-classic that* Teenage Hate *or* Black-Wave *are, perhaps even more so. Jay busts out all the old tricks on this one, but what's most impressive are the new ones. Jay goes pop? Not quite… but then again, not far off either. Read on for all things Reatard…*

—Mitch Cardwell

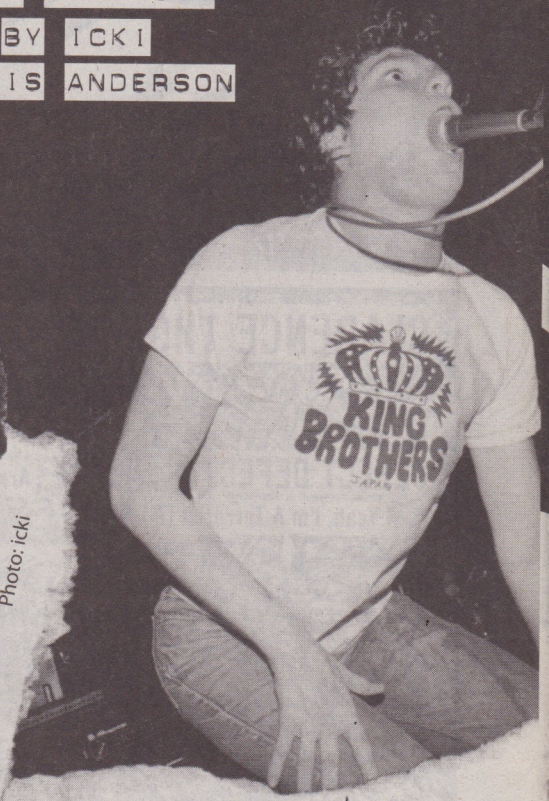

Photo: icki

MRR: Starting off as normal as possible, how did you get into rock 'n' roll, specifically punk?

Jay: Well, I'm not gonna start off with some big story about how hip of a kid I was or how my uncle was a train-hopping punk that gave me a Crass album for my 8th birthday or anything like that. Probably like a lot of folks my age, I fucking saw it on MTV or in *Rolling Stone*, then branched out to better shit from there. Eric and Greg from

Oblivians probably played the biggest roll in turning me on to the more obscure shit. Hell, I had already recorded the first Reatards single before I even heard the first Ramones album.

MRR: So you were actually playing and recording prior to being a fan?

Jay: Yeah. I had a 4-track before I even had a record or CD player.

MRR: Would it be fitting to say that the early Reatards stuff was informed or influenced more by your frustrations rather than whatever punk you had heard at the time?

Jay: Early on, I think I was recording stuff that wasn't really influenced by much at all. Digging deeper into music really killed something that was in my early bedroom recordings. It really felt like all these ideas were just flying out of nowhere and that I was just channeling them on to tape. I would definitely attribute the early Reatards stuff to flat-out boredom, rage, and angst rather than knowing jack-shit about punk.

MRR: How much did living in Memphis motivate you to start doing this stuff?

Jay: I lived in the suburbs until I was fifteen. The first Reatards single was recorded in a nice, safe environment, far away from the dangers of Memphis proper. Right after that record came out, I was kicked out of my little cracker shell and had to move into a 1 bedroom duplex with my mother, baby sister, and stepfather. Some of my most life-altering moments happened when I lived there. I was in my room one night and I heard some muffled screams coming through the walls from the woman next door. She was screaming, "They are raping me!!! They are raping me!!!" at the top of her lungs. A couple of minutes later, some neighborhood Crips busted the windows out and pulled this bloody woman out from the building. The cops showed up and beat the guys to a bloody pulp, throwing them into our driveway. Their eyes were swollen with puss. These kids from across the street came over and started throwing stones at these guys while the cops just stood around and laughed. It was the best thing that ever happened to me. Being that scared, feeling that hopeless and just not knowing what was happening around me made me feel alive. It motivated me to find a way to escape the hell I was living in. So yeah, in a way "Memphis" had a lot to do with me wanting to play music.

MRR: It's interesting to me in that you seemed to start doing bands and making records right before access to that stuff got blown wide open by the internet and downloading and all that stuff. Do you feel like anything is lost now that you don't have to work as hard to find out about shit? Does it hurt quality control? I've always sorta viewed *Teenage Hate* as one of the last pre-internet punk albums.

Jay: Well, of course it's gonna cheapen things and effect the quality control of independent records. But in saying that, the internet has also opened a lot of doors that never even existed for me when I first started doing this stuff. Things change, so I change with them.

MRR: Are you at all embarrassed or uncomfortable with the persona you created during the initial run of The Reatards?

Jay: Sometimes, yeah. But hey, that was me. Sometimes I *still* act that way...Ya just gotta give me enough booze. You can only hold back so long...

MRR: Hearing those records when they were released and seeing you play live during that era, I definitely got the sense that it was genuine and that you really *were* a nasty motherfucker. Do you think people still expect you to bash your face in or have they been able to move on?

Jay: Hell, who knows? People's expectations about how I should act were a mixed bag on the last European tour, which I'm sure will continue. As far as how I acted then, as a teenager in The Reatards, it seemed that most people really were out for blood, violence, and broken glass. Seems like that was what they wanted.

MRR: For whatever reason, crowds seem to be far more critical of you when you aren't screaming in their face and destroying yourself on stage. Although those sorts of antics no doubt raised interest in your post-Reatards projects, it has to have had some negative impact too, right?

Jay: Yeah. If I want to play in a band that plays pop music or be a bit more restrained on stage, people think I'm getting to old or mellowing out. I'm only 26 for Christ's sake! I've only got one body, you know? If people wan me to scream in their faces, they can come see me after the show!!!

MRR: It seems that the whole point of Bad Times was to do this whirlwind one-off record, but for many, it stands out as one of your best. Was it nerve-wracking to do things that quickly or was it simply an excuse to have the best weekend ever? Would you do that or something similar again?

Jay: It was exactly what you said was: an excuse for a great weekend. It was me, a couple of my best friends (Eric Oblivian and King Louie) some beers and a 4-track, trying to do this quick, "shootin' from the hip with your zipper down" kind of punk, ya know? We've talked about doing another record (a single) together, but it's only an idea it this point. I think we had something good though. We fucking blew The Pagans off of the stage at the Chicago Blackout, if I do say so myself. And we only practiced once in four years! Ha!!

MRR: What made The Reatards take a backseat?

Jay: A girlfriend...

MRR: Haha, OK. Then was the formation of Lost Sounds a move to get away from that Reatards vibe or out of wanting to do something new?

Jay: Lost Sounds formed by accident. It started just as some friends playing some songs, but as the band got more serious, we just stopped doing The 'Tards and focused on that. Lost Sounds had our fair share of blood, whiskey and chaos though. Our first ten shows were more fucked than any Reatards shows up to that point.

MRR: It's around this time, the beginning of Lost Sounds, where you become fairly prolific and have a whole slew of releases come out. You had Lost Sounds, Nervous Patterns, Destruction Unit...lots of bands/projects all going at once. What triggered all that?

Jay: Having someone around who cared enough about making me hold on to all the 4-track tapes, helping me record, and mailing stuff off. Sometimes, it really takes another artist/musician kicking you in the ass to make you work harder.

MRR: More efficient and easier ways to record?

Sure. Digital recorders made it a lot easier and cheaper to record music that had literally no budget.

MRR: Not being fucked up all the time with The Reatards?

Jay: Yeah, not being loaded all the time helped as well...

MRR: With that many outlets and options, where does quality control enter into the mix? Did you write the tunes for specific bands?

Jay: It's really hard to decide what goes in the trash when you're recording five songs a week. With that much shit happening, you can really

photo: Chris Anderson

lose track of what's good or what's worthy of being released.

MRR: So did *everything* come out? That was a lot of records released in a pretty short time...

Jay: Believe it or not, less 25% of what I was doing during that time will ever see the light of day.

MRR: Are there releases of yours that you are particularly happy *or* unhappy with?

Jay: I have never really been satisfied with anything I've done. I think that if you even feel like you've made the perfect record, you should stop making records immediately. Always striving to be better is what keeps me going. Almost 50 records later, I'm still trying to make one I am happy with!

MRR: What brought Lost Sounds to an end? Do you think you'll end up revisiting that band like you have with The Reatards?

Jay: I really loved Lost Sounds, but I didn't love being in Lost Sounds. I needed more control over the sound and I just wasn't going to get it. Over time, that caused a lot of tension. I think we all felt that six years was all any off us had to give to that band. And don't hold your breath for any kind of Lost Sounds reunion. It ain't gonna happen...

MRR: One of your least-known bands was CC Riders, which was you, Alicja Trout (Lost Sounds, Fitts), James Arthur (Fireworks, Necessary Evils) and Jeffrey Evans (Gibson Bros.,'68 Comeback). Can you offer any details of how this band came about? Are there any plans or interest on your end of having that stuff see wider release?

Jay: I had asked Jeffrey Evans to play solo for a show that I had booked in Memphis. He showed up and decided that, rather than play solo, why not form a band on the spot with people in the audience? So me, Alicja, and James Arthur jumped on stage with him and banged out a really sloppy set on the other bands' gear. It was so fun that we got together every week for a year after that to play together. We recorded an album's worth of stuff, but I don't think Jeff was too happy with how it turned out. As for that stuff coming out on anything other than CD-R, that's Jeff's call. He's the man in charge.

MRR: What's up with your involvement in The Oscars?

Jay: They were my roommates for six years. I filled in on bass or guitar whenever they needed it and I played on a 7" they did. Memphis' best kept punk rock secret, if ya ask me.

MRR: You've mentioned before that Final Solutions came about essentially out of the basic desire to start a band with your friends. But the idea and aesthetic behind that band, *Killed By Death*-influenced punk, is very much at the forefront. Was that a goal at the outset?

Jay: Well, that's what Zac and I were going for at first, but I think at some point, it kind of morphed into its own thing. Sure, we dress like idiots. Sure, we record our albums poorly. *But*, I think we write better songs than most "bands" and that's what's most important to me. Well, that and figuring out what I'm gonna wear while rockin' the shit outta the drums!!!

MRR: Are you more removed from songwriting and decision making of that band since you don't appear to be the clear focal point in it?

Jay: Me and Tommy Trouble (Bass Player/High School Teacher) wrote most of the music on the first two 7"s and the LP, with Zac doing 99% of the lyrical duty. These days, I don't really write too much for the band. I would like to, but I really just don't have time. I tend to put my stamp on it with the recording/production aspect these days.

MRR: What made you want to go back to doing The Reatards again?

Jay: I really have no idea. Dr. Reatard and Mr. Jay?

MRR: Well, are you having fun with it?

Jay: It's not fun. It's...scary. I really lose control when I do it and the older I get, the harder it is to get control back, especially when it goes too far. But yeah, when the show is over and I look around at all the broken shit and listen to all the people bitchin', it makes me feel three years old, which is fun in a sick sort of way.

MRR: Do you feel like you'll always be coming back to The Reatards? Or is it an "only when the mood strikes" kind of thing?

Jay: Yeah, haha. Reatards when I'm 65!! Hell no! I doubt we will ever do it again.

MRR: What made you decide to start your label, Shattered Records?

Jay: I always wanted to put out my own records and put out records for a few of the bands I like. And I finally meet the right person to do it with me. The timing just seemed right.

MRR: Are you a record collector? A lot of your releases (as well as a lot of the Shattered stuff) have become very collectable.

Jay: Nope. I collect nothing but scars and unlabeled piles of CD-Rs. I just can't take care of records.

MRR: Is the label more of a hobby? You've been pretty busy with it since it started.

Jay: It's almost a full-time job now. We don't really get a break with the one-record-a-month release schedule that we tray to maintain.

MRR: Has having a label effected how you view other labels? Do you view the recording and record making process any differently now that you done the *entire* thing from beginning to end?

Jay: Well, I have always been pretty conscious of the behind-the-scenes shit even before I started doing my own label. It has made me way less likely to just put out a record with someone just because they are a fan. Now it's more like "What can you do for me that I can't already do for myself?"

MRR: Your latest band, Angry Angles, seems to be a big departure from Lost Sounds. It's much more straight and guitar-driven and not quite as serious or ominous. Was the synth-punk "Black Wave" of Lost Sounds something you wanted to get away from?

Jay: My idea for Angry Angles idea was simple. I just wanted to do a pop/wave/punk with absolutely no synths. In Lost Sounds, I just got so burned out having to set up a rack of synths every time we played. I can't imagine ever being in a band with that much stuff going on ever again. Plugging in one guitar and one bass and just going at it feels so fucking great right now.

MRR: Angry Angles have an album coming up on In The Red Records. Will it be just you and Alix on the recording or is there a new recording/playing line-up?

Jay: Yeah, Alix and I will do the bulk of it. Ryan Wong (Tokyo Electron, Destruction Unit) will be playing some of the drums.

MRR: Outside of Angry Angles, you've recently released a few solo records: a single on Goner Records and *Blood Visions*, a new album on In The Red. What made you decide to do stuff solo? Are you at all uncomfortable having these tunes presented as just you and not as a band? It's just you on every instrument, right?

Jay: At first, I wanted to make up a fake band name and hide the fact that it was a solo record, but that just started to seem like a stupid idea. The more I thought about it, I realized that, with the exception of Lost Sounds, the majority of the records I have put out are mostly me playing all the instruments. I just didn't know if the whole punk rock alias "Jay Reatard" fit the music. It really is a big departure from anything else I have ever done. It's different from my previous stuff, but it also seems to encompass everything I've done before. Maybe it's just realized better.

MRR: I can see that, but you still manage to do some things that you hadn't done before, at least not to this level. For one, there's a fair amount of pop on *Blood Visions*, much more than any of your previous records. Did you set out trying to do things you hadn't done before?

Jay: I have always liked writing simple pop songs and I've always liked the darker, post-punk stuff. And yeah, crazy punk rock too. I guess I really wanted to try to find a way to mix them all together and not have it come out like one punk song, then a pop song, then a Goth song, then whatever. I just really wanted to make a record that sounded like everything I couldn't pull off with my other bands.

MRR: Are there any plans to tour behind the album? Got a band picked out yet?

Jay: I think if I do a tour for the record, the band will be Jared from The Ponys, Alix, Ryan Wong, and me. Or I might just stay at home and keep writing songs. Who knows?

Blood Visions *is out now on In The Red Records. As is always the case with Jay, many more records are on the way. Destruction Unit has a new album,* Death To The New Flesh, *scheduled for release on Empty Records USA as this issue hits stands. Angry Angles is scheduled to record for an In The Red LP very soon. Final Solutions is currently working on their second album, to be released by Goner Records. Terror Visions, another new Jay Reatard band, will see their first vinyl release courtesy of Zaxxon Records before 2006's end. Lastly, another solo single is scheduled to appear soon on Jay's own Shattered label. For those of you wisely keeping track, here is a complete Jay Reatard discography. Enjoy!*

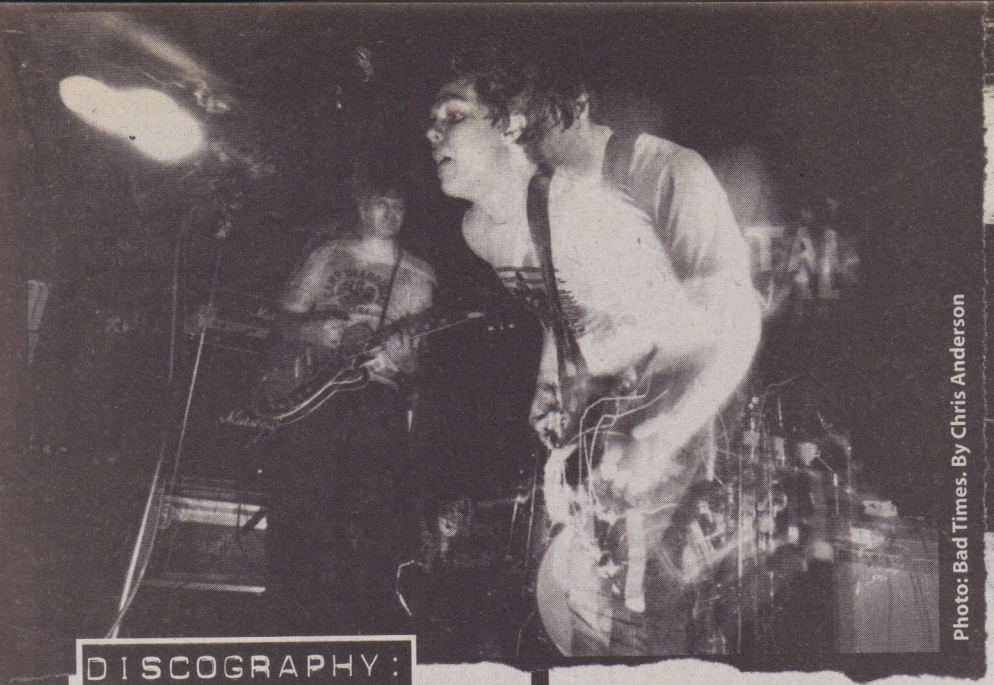

Photo: Bad Times. By Chris Anderson

DISCOGRAPHY:

REATARDS:

Singles:
Get Real Stupid 7" EP (Goner Records, 1997, 8Gone)
Get Out Of Our Way 7" EP (Blahll! Records!!, 1999, blahl-4, repress on Contaminated)
Your So Lewd 7" EP (Empty USA, 1999, MTR-378)
Untitled 7" EP (Solid Sex Lovie Doll Records, 2002, SSLD 003)
Monster Child 7" EP (Zaxxon Virile Action, 2004, ZVA 13)
Plastic Surgery 7" EP (Shattered Records, 2005, SR-003)
I Lie Too 7" EP (Zaxxon Records, 2006, ZR 003)

Albums:
Teenage Hate LP/CD (Goner Records, 1998, 10Gone)
Grown Up Fucked Up LP/CD (Empty USA, 1999, MTR381)
Live LP (Goner Records, 2004, 13Gone)
Bedroom Disasters LP/CD (Empty Records US, 2004, MTR 405)
Not Fucked Enough CD-R (Shattered Records, 2005, SR-005)
Not Fucked Enough LP/CD (Empty Records US, 2005, MTR 409)

Compilations:
Totally Shattered Euro Tour 7" EP (KenRock, 2005, KEN45)

EUNUCHS:

Singles:
split 7"EP with NOT DEAD ONLY FROZEN (Blahll! Records!!, 1997, blahl-?)

Albums:
Revved-Up Youth On A Thrill-Rampage LP (Sack O' Shit Records, 1998, SOS-009)

NEW MEMPHIS LEGS:

Compilations:
Hot Pinball Rock Vol. 1 CD (Extra Ball Records, 2000, XTR 006)

LOST SOUNDS:

Singles:
Lost Sounds 7" EP (Solid Sex Lovie Doll Records, 2000, SSLD 001)
1 + 1 = Nothing 7" EP (Empty Records U.S., 2001, MTR-387)
No One Killer 7" EP picture disc (The Holy Cobra Society, 2004, THCS 004)
Demos & Outtakes Vol. 2 3x7" (Rockin' Bones, 2004, RON 052)
split 7" EP with THE VANISHING (Cochon Records, 2003, Coch 012)

Albums:
Memphis Is Dead LP/CD (Big Neck Records, 2001, BN-014)
Black-Wave 2xLP/CD (Empty Records US, 2001, MTR-392)
Outtakes & Demos Vol. 1 CD-R (Contaminated Records, 2001, no cat.no.)
Outtakes & Demos Vol. 1 LP (Hate Records, 2002, hate 24)
Recent Transmissions CD-R (Contaminated Records, 2002, no cat.no.)
Rats Brains & Microchips LP/CD (Empty Records U.S., 2002, MTR-397)
Demos II CD (On/On Switch, 2003, OOS/004)
Future Touch 12"EP/CDEP (In The Red, 2004, ITR 115)
Lost Sounds LP/CD (In The Red, 2004, ITR 117)

Compilations:
Fields And Streams 2xCD (Kill Rock Stars, 2002, KRS-341)
Pain In The Big Neck CD (Big Neck Records!, 2004, BN-035)
Static Disaster: The U.K. In The Red Records Sampler CD (In The Red, 2005, ITR 1313)

BAD TIMES:

Albums:
Bad Times LP (Goner Records/Therapeutic Records, 2001, 11Gone/TIC-005)
Bad Times CD (Sympathy For The Record Industry, 2002, SFTRI 699)
Live And Shatterd CD-R (self-released)

CC RIDERS:

Albums:
CC Riders CD-R (Contaminated Records, 2001, no cat no)

FINAL SOLUTIONS:

Singles:
Eat Shit 7"EP (Therapeutic Records, 2002, TIC-006)
Eye Don't Like You 7"EP (Shit Sandwich Records, 2005, SS-07)
My Love Is Disappointing 7"EP (Shattered Records, 2005, SR-004)
Return To the Motherland 7"EP (Frick'N'Frack Records, 2006, FF-001)

Albums:
Disco Eraser LP/CD (Misprint Records, 2003, msp 0140)

DESTRUCTION UNIT:

Albums:
Self Destruction Of A Man LP/CD (Empty Records U.S., 2004, MTR-401)
Death To The New Flesh LP/CD (Empty Records U.S., 2006)

THE OSCARS:

Singles:
Death To America 7"EP (Bootleg Records, 2005)

NERVOUS PATTERNS:

Singles:
You Can't Change 7" (Zaxxon Virile Action, 2005, ZVA 12)

Albums:
Nervous Patterns CD-R (Contaminated Records, 2003, no cat.no.)
Nervous Patterns LP/CD (Cochon Records, 2004, Coch 015)

ANGRY ANGLES:

Singles:
Things Are Moving 7" EP (Shattered Records, 2005, SR-006)
Crowds 7" EP (P.Trash Records, 2005, P.TRASH 20)
Apparent/Transparent 7" EP (Plastic Idol Records 2006)
split 7" with Digital Leather (Shattered Records, 2006 SR016)

Compilations:
Totally Shattered Euro Tour 7"EP (KenRock, 2005, KEN45)

TERROR VISIONS:

Singles:
Terror Visions 2x7" EP (Zaxxon Records 2006)

Albums:
Terror Visions CD-R (Shattered Records, 2005, SR-007)

BLACK SUNDAY:

Albums:
Tronic Blanc LP/CD (on 2 songs) (Dirtnap Records, 2005, ZZZ 57)

JAY REATARD (SOLO):

Singles:
Hammer I Miss You 7" EP (Goner Records, 2006)

Albums:
Blood Visions LP/CD (In The Red Records, 2006)

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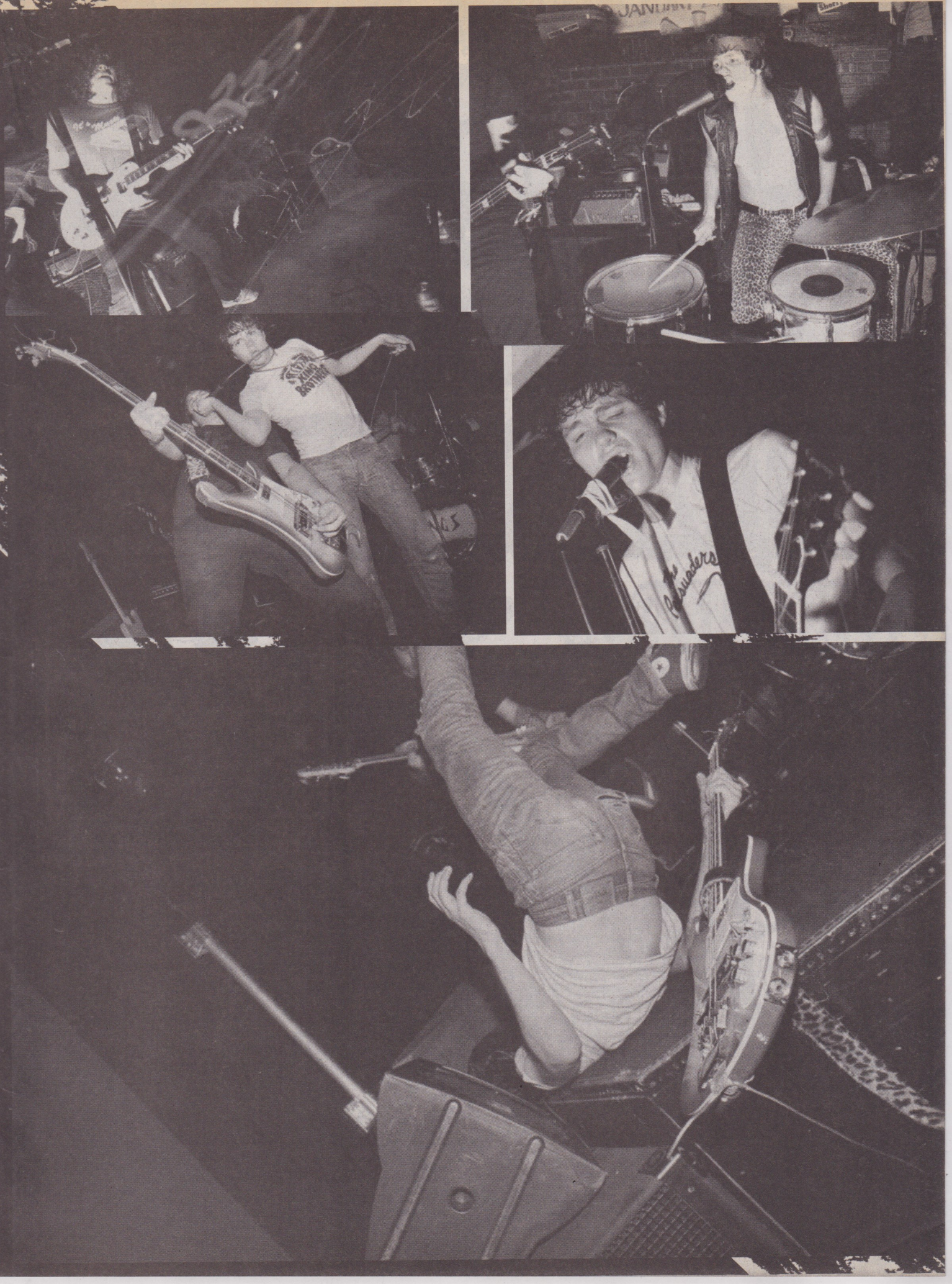
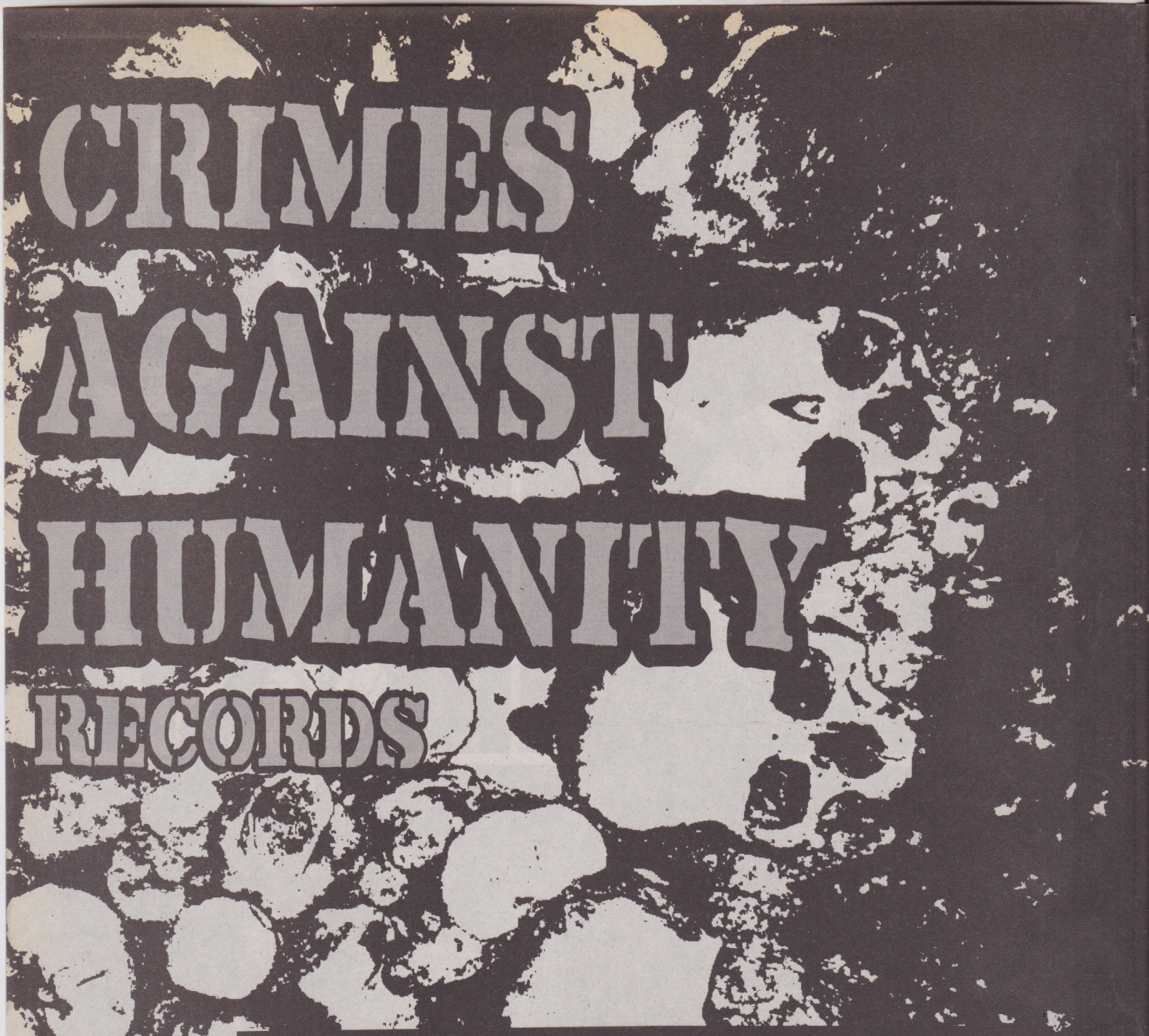
Above: Jay with the Reatards (icki), Below: Angry Angles, Jay with the Reatards in '97 (both Chris Anderson)
Opposite page, clockwise from top left: Lost Sounds (C. Anderson), Final Solutions (C.A.), early Reatards (C.A.), two more of The Reatards (icki)





The pickings in the "free bin" here at the magazine are usually pretty slim, in terms of quality. But a few months, back I found a copy of the Crimes Against Humanity sampler CD, took it home, and heard some seriously rad shit - Illdad and Skrupel in particular fucking killed. I looked at the website, and besides being totally pro looking, the huge distro there had lower prices than did other reputable vendors. There was a coupon for 15% off my order in the sampler, and I was sufficiently motivated to score a money order and pick out some titles. I paid the cheap shipping rate but still I got my stuff less than ten days after I'd put my money in the mail. Asking around, the word I got was that people who'd dealt with CAH had nothing but good things to say about their reliability. At this point I figured I should send out some questions for my and your edification. This interview with CAH's Nick Carroll was done through the Internet in the late spring/early summer of 2006.

Introduction and interview by Jeff Mason.

MRR: How old is Crimes Against Humanity, the label and the distro? Who started it, and how many people work there now? Why did you start it, and what keeps you working on it these days?

Nick: Well, the distro started in about 1998, when my friend's label released a split 7" between my old band, Legion of Doom, and Antisocial Behavior. We got our royalty copies and from there I started trading and buying items wholesale. At that point I started with $50 on my first wholesale order. The label started officially in the summer of 2000 when I released my first release, which was a full length 7" with Legion of Doom. Right now I have two part-time employees and myself, but that tends to change as I get busier or slower.

To be honest, I'm not quite sure why I started it. I guess a combination of being so heavily involved with music that it seemed like the next logical step. I'm not sure what keeps me going. I guess my love for the music would have to be the main reason.

MRR: Are you a lifelong Wisconsin resident? What's Eau Claire like? I envision you running the operation out of a giant house you rent for $400/month; is this accurate? Can you afford to do Crimes Against Humanity full-time because the cost of living in central Wisconsin is low?

Nick: Yeah, minus two years when I lived in Minneapolis, I've lived in Wisconsin all my life. For me, Eau Claire is great. I like it here a lot and have no intentions of leaving anytime soon. For most punks, they wouldn't really like it here. There's very few shows and not many punks or metalheads, but the ones that are here are way more genuine in my experience than in a lot of other places and that makes it worth it. Plus Minneapolis is only 90 minutes away, so I go there once in a while.

Rent is super cheap here compared to places like New York and California. You can rent an average house for about $500-$600 a month. I personally couldn't afford to do Crimes Against Humanity full time if I didn't also run Superior Screen Printing on the side, printing shirts for local businesses and also punk bands.

MRR: CAH seems to work with a lot of smaller punk labels, in addition to bigger metal labels (Relapse, etc.). The music you release covers both genres. The metal scene is known for, among other things, having more money in it (save for a handful of commercial "punk" bands.) Are CAH metal CDs moving more units than the more punk-influenced ones? Have you found the metal shit to be more commercially viable? Is identifying as "punk" part of your personal philosophy, and/or an important part of CAH?

Nick: Yeah, I've always been involved with both scenes and wanted to mix both into my label and distro. I do work with the smallest labels and also the largest labels and I enjoy it.

As far as sales go I'd say that both are about even. Some punk CDs sell more than others, but some metal ones also sell well.

Identifying as punk is part of my life, but I don't really care about a lot of aspects of it. Most punks would walk right past me on most days and never even know I listen to punk rock. I don't dress up to impress anyone and I don't live by a self-imposed rule book that punks seem to have created. I live my life in the way the makes me comfortable and the way I enjoy it, which I guess would go along with the metal scene.

MRR: With regards to the label, what made you less interested in releasing vinyl, as opposed to compact disc? The kids I know who prefer vinyl (myself included) like it because it sounds better for punk - a "rawer" sound, more noise bleeding together, while CDs are crisper and the individual sounds tend to stand out more. Is this a concern of yours? Do you personally prefer one medium to the other?

Nick: Well there are a lot of factors. Most of them (including all label decisions) have to do with me and my opinion on certain subjects. Vinyl, for me, just sucks. I personally no longer listen to vinyl with the exception of maybe a few times a year. I hate flipping the record, it's heavy, takes up a ton of space and they are hard to keep in good condition. Corners bend, records warp, etc. So my stance on this has also followed me with the label.

Pressing a record is more expensive, plus my customers just don't seem to buy a whole lot of vinyl. If I get a new record in stock from a huge band, for example the new Skitsystem "Stigmata" album (which I fully think is awesome), I carry both formats and I probably sell five CDs for every one LP I sell. It just doesn't make sense for me to spend extra money and sell tons less copies. I have pressed three LPs so far and they just don't sell very well at all. Plus a large portion of my customers are outside the USA, and no one wants to pay $12 to ship one LP. That's crazy. As far as the sound goes, I have heard LPs that sound way better, but I've also heard CDs that sound better. The funniest thing I have heard in a long time is punks complaining about how CDs sound and they say LPs sound so much better. The funny thing is when I ask them what kind of record player they have it's always some half assed piece of shit that hardly works. So if sound quality is so important why don't they spend their money on a high quality turntable? Another thing that is big is MP3 players. I have one and couldn't live without it. A lot of kids are into MP3s, so people are going digital. People will always buy records, but I won't be pressing many of them in the future.

MRR: When I checked out the website I was amazed that it looks so professional. (I don't know shit about computing, so maybe I'm easily impressed.) When I placed an order, a third party sent me confirmation that my package had been shipped! Are you self-taught at running the web and business aspects of the label/distro?

Nick: Yeah, I taught myself html in high school, and for years and years I wrote the entire site by hand. I now use Dreamweaver to help speed up the web design portion of my day. Everything else is just self-taught. I try to run my label as professional as possible and I'm always looking for ways to make my life easier, and also to make the customers have an easier time with ordering.

MRR: It looked to me like a lot of labor went in to the website, and that you carry a lot of different titles. How busy does it keep you? Are you a workaholic or a perfectionist?

Nick: Yeah, I have literally thousands of hours invested into my website. I have over 6,000 images scanned alone. It keeps me extremely busy-usually a couple hours a day. Yeah, to do what I do, you have to be both. If I was lazy I would never have lasted this long, and the perfectionist side of me makes sure things are always done right. Well, that's what I hope for, at least.

MRR: Can your band tour or can you travel with CAH still functioning? Do the label and distro ever become a burden to you?

Nick: Not really. That's been a big problem lately. My girlfriend wants me to go on vacation for once, and I told her all I could do is three days. There's just too much work to do. Also Desolatevoid has been talking about touring and it's a big problem, but I don't know what to do. It's just too hard to find someone I can trust and train to do everything. Everyone that works for me is either in the band or my girlfriend. It would take months or years to train someone. So yeah, the label and distro are a very big burden to be honest. I love it, but I sometimes wonder why the hell I've done this to myself.

MRR: I really liked the CAH CD sampler you released, especially in light of all the totally worthless similar projects every fucking label does. The coupon for 15% off my order motivated me to check out what kinds of stuff you were selling, and I was pretty stoked on the shit I got. Did every sampler come with such a coupon? What kind of response have you received from this release? Is it still available?

Nick: The sampler is in my opinion the best way of advertising and getting exposure for the bands on my label. It seems like advertising in zines is almost becoming less and less important, as I don't see a very big benefit from it. When I press a sampler and give them away for free that actually puts some music in people's hands and they can hear the song rather than guess what it sounds like from a description or review. I have gotten a pretty good response from it. A lot of new customers have contacted me so that's always good. We did 5,500 of them and they are pretty much gone. Next time, when I can afford it, I'll probably do 10,000 CDs to give away. I sporadically put coupons in the samplers. A lot had them, but it took a lot of work to insert everything so not all had them.

MRR: The photo on the front of the sampler CD seems to fit the theme of Crimes Against Humanity. Why did you pick this particular photo? Who are the dead people? As you must be aware, this kind of war/death imagery is very common in the punk, especially crust, scene. Does it serve some kind of greater purpose, or is it just a cool picture?

Nick: To be honest, I picked the photo because I thought it looked cool. I always have trouble finding covers and I had that picture in a folder for about eight years, so I decided to use it finally. I'm also fascinated with war (like most punks) and I thought the imagery would fit nicely along with the concept of my label.

MRR: The website has a section called "Rip-offs." (Either it hasn't been updated in a while, or hopefully you haven't been ripped off recently.) At the top it says "hit these people in the face with a brick for me." We had a similar problem here at MRR, when a fucking scumbag stole thousands of dollars from the magazine. I'm wary of introducing violence into a dispute with somebody who stole from punks, but didn't use violence themselves. (I'm talking about a smaller-scale theft, not some government or big business power-grab. Plus, I totally suck at fighting.) Is a smashed-in face too much of a price to pay for an economic crime? Have you had success beating the ass of some motherfucker who ripped you off?

Nick: Yeah, I haven't added anyone to that list in probably a few years now. That page I credit as being the reason for that. I get emails all the time from punks and even non-punks thanking me for posting that info. The credit card fraud page has saved a lot of mom-and-pop style dot-com addresses from being ripped off from those exact same people that have tried to defraud me. I think all sites should do that. The bust a brick over their head thing has been there for probably four years and at that point I was constantly getting ripped off and my anger for these fuckheads was pretty intense. I personally am not a violent person at all, but there are a few people I'd like to knock out. That's not the "punk" thing to do, but fuck it - no one is perfect. I have never personally beat anyone up because of being ripped off, although I've heard I have caused problems with people that have ripped me and other labels off with members of their scene.

MRR: What about using T-shirts produced in a poor country under sweatshop conditions to spread the message of political punk bands? It seems like talking one way, then voting a different way with your cash. On the website, you emphasize the quality of the shirts, and of course price is a major component of deciding what kind of merchandise you're going to sell. Is it totally fucked to screen Amebix or Crass's logo on a shirt produced by the kinds of companies punks talk shit on?

Nick: Wow, isn't that a loaded question? Is there any way I can answer this without sounding like a dick? I have no problem selling American Apparel shirts, but I've only had one request for them since I started.

I totally see your point.

Is MRR made of paper? People complain about T-shirts that are $9.00, Yeah, I see what you are saying totally. The problem is the only shirts that I know of that are made under ideal conditions are American Apparel and the cost of those shirts is significantly higher than others. From my experience, and talking to customers, most cannot afford the extra couple dollars per shirt. Price is a major factor. I wouldn't say it's totally fucked to sell Amebix or Crass on a Fruit of the Loom shirt when both bands have sold thousands and thousands of vinyl records, which also supports the large oil companies even more than selling a shirt. The same with punk bands using gas to tour that also supports major oil companies. I think as long as we make an effort the best we can, that's good enough for me. People might not agree with my stance on this, but in all the years I've been doing this I've had only one person request American Apparel shirts.

MRR: In the distro, you get in a fair amount of cassettes, largely from Eastern Europe. I like tapes more than CDs, and the tapes you carry are cost-effective for cheap-asses such as myself, e.g., three Severed Head of State 7"s plus a live set with some astute between-song commentary ("Punks do not use the word 'mosh' …or 'hoodie,'" etc.) for four bucks. From reading the site, I know that you don't listen to cassettes, and I imagine that you got to sell a lot of tapes to earn yourself some groceries or a pitcher. Is there a demand for tapes, or is it more the result of trading the label's releases?

Nick: Well initially, carrying tapes was a total experiment. I refused to carry them for years and years. But I started carrying them, and yeah, people actually do buy them. Of course I sell more CDs and LPs, but I sell enough to make it worth my while to sell tapes. Customers also do like it because they are cheap as well. I personally hate tapes with a passion, but a lot of people love them and I'm not about to deny people buying tapes just because I don't like them.

MRR: You trashed some CDs that were briefly listed in your distro after you found out that the band were Nazis. While not as direct a crime as fund-raising for violent racists, I've seen a "gore metal" CD or two on the site that I thought was bullshit - the cover illustration of dudes slicing up nearly-naked ladies in lingerie in particular seemed like a reaffirming of stupid shit already prevalent in our culture. Have you rejected releases for any other reason besides Nazism?

Nick: Yeah, any CD I carry that is of a Nazi band I take off as fast as possible. This happens very rarely but it's just impossible to look at every release and look to see if they are Nazis. I have a large base of customers who know a ton about music so it usually takes only a few hours to hear from customers about a shady band.

I haven't really stopped carrying other stuff besides Nazi stuff. Customers can make that decision on whether they support that stuff themselves. I have a very large fan base of metal fans and to stop carrying gore metal would be a bad decision on my part. But to be honest, I think that art is usually really dumb. Those bands just don't have anything to say so I guess gore is all they know. They should stop copying Carcass and do something original.

MRR: I heard people from Illinois are hated in Wisconsin, because they crowd it in the summer, leave their beer cans on the lakeshore for someone else to clean up, and just basically act like asshole tourists. Have you found any truth to this stereotype?

Nick: Yeah, I guess you could say there's that stigma but I'd be willing to guess that situation occurs in most states. But it is true to a point. For the most part people are respectful though.

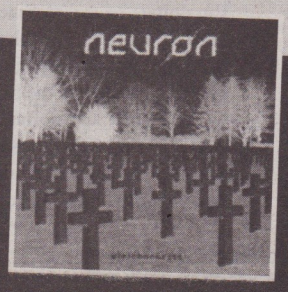
MRR: Could you please tell us what is great about Wisconsin punks, and Wisconsin in general? Who are the crucial up-and-coming Upper Midwest bands? Any other comments, shout outs, etc., you want to throw in?

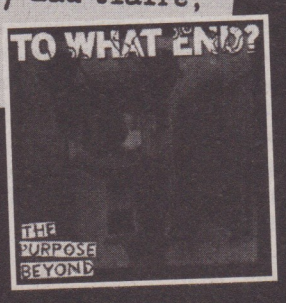
Nick: In my opinion, Wisconsin punks, and for that matter the punks in the states surrounding here, are pretty damn cool. People here are laid back, honest, and just like to hang out. Wisconsin is great in my opinion because people here are cool, the weather isn't too bad and there's a lot of scenic things to do.

I'm not sure about Midwest bands, but some bands from Wisconsin that are up-and-coming are Desolatevoid, Wartorn, Pale Grey Sky, Discider, Choose Your Poison, Words That Burn, Lost Issues, High on Crime, and a lot of others.

Thanks for the interview. I appreciate it. Check out www.cahrecords.com. Nick

Send all packages and letters to: Nick Carroll / PO Box 1421 / Eau Claire, WI 54702 / USA





CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY

CINDY CRABB & doris

Cindy Crabb is a triumph among zine makers, demonstrating the aesthetic beauty of her art in a medium that his highly relatable and accessible. Each year, she continues to pepper us with more of her thoughts and experiences that apply so well to our own. I set out to obtain some further information about her creative process and worldview. The first 18 issues of her zine, Doris, *are now collected in a paperback book. The new issue, #23, is also now available. Interview and introduction by Joe Biel.*

MRR: I've always appreciated the articles in *Doris* about history and it seems that over time *Doris* has evolved more into stories of your own past and present. What determines the content of an issue?

I don't think I wrote about history at all until around issue #6 and so I don't see it as evolving towards more personal writing. It's more cyclical and it will cycle back around. I never really know if people like those parts, but I just think history is so important. I think our society is deeply dependent on our ignorance. They want us to believe that we are isolated and we don't have the power to make fundamental changes in our world, but when you study history, especially revolutionary history and the history of movements for social change, you see that we really do have power, and that change is happening, despite all the nightmarish-ness of the world we live in. History has definitely helped keep me sane. But, basically, I usually try and have at least a tiny bit of history or historical perspective in each issue. The girl gang article in issue #21 was history, and the same with that bit about cultural appropriation in the last issue. I want *Doris* to evoke a whole range of emotion and thinking: some laughter, some critical thinking and figuring things out, some opening of secrets and silences. There have been issues where that formula isn't as strong, but that's basically how I figure out what, out of all the things I've been writing about, to work on and include in the zine. Also, with the vague encyclopedia set thing, there were some topics that were slated for different letters from the beginning.

MRR: Are you ever shocked by the amount of personal stuff your pen pals or strangers disclose to you?

I'm really honored that people open up to me, and that I can be a confidant or resource for people. Also, despite the zine, I am still really isolated and the letters make me feel less alone, and help me feel like my work is valid and needed.

We live in a culture that is so very silencing, and one of the main reasons I write *Doris* is to help people break cultural silences and help people break their own personal silences. I don't think I've ever been shocked by a letter.

MRR: Can you talk about your family's relationship with your writing?

My zine wasn't a big part of my life until I was in my mid-20s, and by then I was pretty separated from most of my family. I was never very close to my extended family. Also, my family is pretty reserved and polite. There was definitely some awkward years where I wanted my dad and mom and grandparents to know that I was doing something with my life, and I tried to explain about my zine, and even made a couple edited copies to give them. I wanted them to understand and be proud, but since I could never talk openly about it or really show them what I was doing, I just had to accept that they thought I wasn't doing anything with my life.

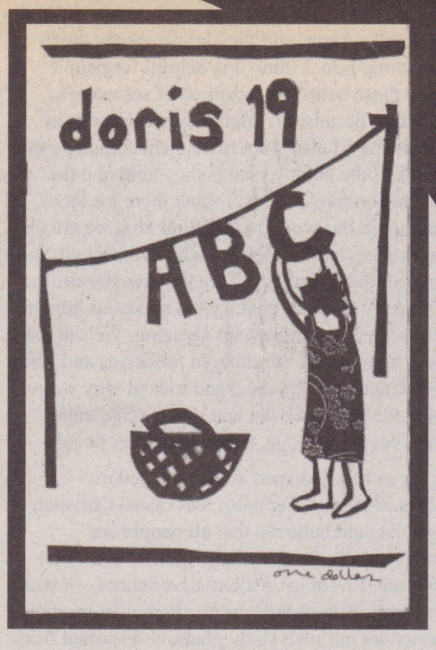
Eventually my relationship with my dad got a lot better, and I sent him some issues, and I guess he must just block out the hard parts, but he's always really happy and supportive about what I'm doing. Since my mom died, I've been trying to forage relationships with some of my aunts and with my grandparents. I told my grandparents about the book and told them it wasn't family appropriate. They're sort of hurt, but they're also 90 years old and I think they understand how much times have changed and that they probably wouldn't really want to read it. I just laugh about it and tell them they can read the next one. One of my aunts read it, and when I sent it to her I thought she would never talk to me again, but she called me after she read it and she was just going on and on about how great it was and how sorry she was that I had to go through all that alone. It was really surprising, and it brought us a lot closer.

MRR: Was the aesthetic of typewriter and illustration intentional or circumstantial? Can you talk about what led you there?

I started doing the drawings because I thought it would be really funny to try and learn to draw. I stopped drawing when I was like eight or something because my older sister was so much better. I used a typewriter because I couldn't afford a computer, plus they were huge and bulky and they broke all the time, and I didn't always have electricity. I really love manual typewriters. You can bring them around in your bike basket. I like the way typing on a manual typewriter slows my thoughts down. It makes me more aware of language. Plus I think typewriters are beautiful. I like beauty.

MRR: What prompted such a heavy discussion of assault and rape? Was it the lives of the people around you or your environment or something that you wanted to bring to a higher level of discussion and public consciousness?

When I first started reading zines, there was a lot of writing about assault and rape. There was a lot of really valid and really powerful anger and I just don't find writing like that anymore, which is sad because there is still so much work that needs to be done. People are still getting raped and not even knowing to call it rape. People are still assaulting their friends and not being able to own up to what they've done. So I did want to



remind people that this is a very real issue that hasn't gone away.

I had always planned to write about girl gangs when I got to the letter G. It just happened that when I got there I was dealing pretty heavily with my own abuse history stuff, especially about how no one I'd been in a serious relationship with had ever been able to be actively supportive. I didn't think that the sexual issues I had that stemmed from abuse were unusual or that they should have been particularly hard for my partners to see or deal with. It made me really depressed that I couldn't get the support I needed. I hoped that by putting the call out for contributions to a zine about supporting survivors, that I could help start to open up a place for people to learn from each other about abuse, the effects of abuse, and how to be supportive. I was sick of how survivors had to carry all the burden of healing ourselves and educating our partners. When I put the call out for the support zine I was exhausted and desperate and trying to pass the work on. I didn't realize what I was getting myself into.

MRR: As a musician, artist, and writer, do you feel that these components feed into each other creatively, or just as far as people being familiar with the many facets of what you do and your work?

Am I an artist and musician? That is so sweet of you to say! Seriously! I don't really think of myself as either of those things. I am having my first art show in July, which I think is hysterical. It's at this coffee shop by my house that always has really mediocre art, so I figured I might as well.

I've never thought about this question. I pretty much have to write. I don't think I have to draw and play music, but I do need some kind of release. The drawings help me step back from the more complicated writing. They help me use a more forgiving part of my brain. I get to laugh and it helps me go on. Also, they help me remember to get to the heart of things, so I suppose the writing and drawing do feed each other. They're also sort of a crutch. When I need to make a transition in one of the stories, I can just put a drawing in and it helps get your brain ready for something else and I don't have to work so hard on figuring out a good way to make the transition literarily.

As far as music goes, I mostly do it because there still aren't enough girls in bands. There still aren't enough girls screaming. Also, it's fun and I still have a hard time remembering that fun and release are important. I do love singing. I usually wish I didn't have to play the bass so I could flail around more and help people remember to dance.

MRR: With so much of the new issue being about menstrual extraction, is that a response to the events in South Dakota or just coincidence and something you are interested in sharing with your audience?

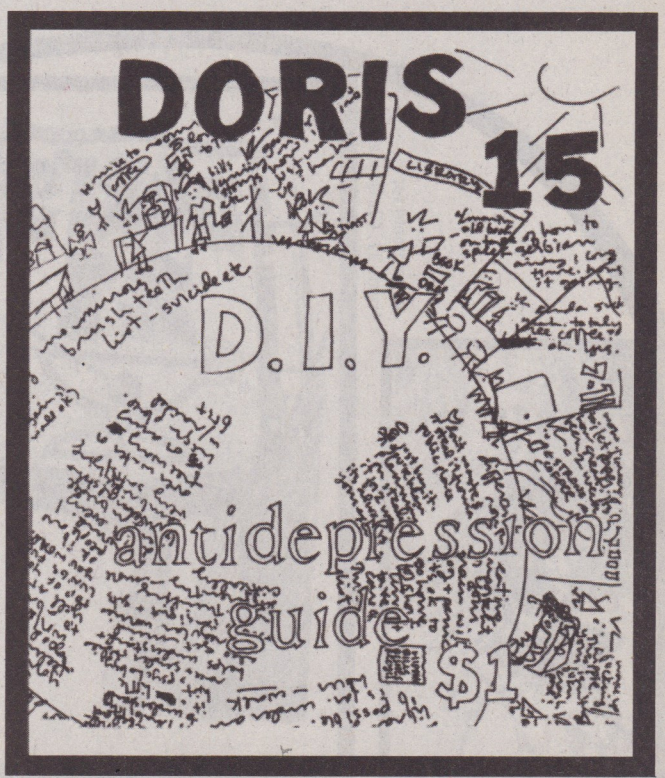
I was always going to write about menstrual extraction, but the new Supreme Court and the South Dakota law definitely made me focus on it more. Our access to abortion is really threatened. I think there is a chance that Roe vs. Wade will be overturned, and even if it isn't, the Right is having real success in defining the way we think and feel about the issues around reproductive freedom. In the early '90s a lot of people were politicized around abortion rights and clinic access, and now the focus of young activists has moved on to other things, and I want to encourage people, especially women, to remember that our bodies are political. I really want women to form heath groups and to start to take back some of the knowledge that has been taken from us. I think health groups can be so empowering. I really believe that if you feel empowered and present in your body, you will be more effective in your struggle for social change, and it'll help you stay alive.

MRR: We get a large amount of feedback about the content of your book, especially from young teenagers who are really influenced by your voice and approach to life—working in collectives, making your voice heard (sometimes illegally), and being strong. Do you think about this influence much or how more impressionable people will respond to your writing and ideas?

When I read that question, my first thought was, "Oh, god! Am I a bad influence?" I wouldn't wish my life on anyone. I don't really think about my influence. I have a strong kind of splitting in my brain about the zine. I don't think anyone reads it and a lot of times I don't even think I wrote it. It's a weird defense mechanism, but it's pretty strong. I am a really closed in and private person, and I have a really hard time letting people close to me or telling them things that are important to me, so I guess if I really thought people read my zine I don't know if I could write it the way I do.

On the other hand, of course I know people read it, and that I have influence. There are a few things in it I wrote because I wanted to educate younger people—like the collective comics. I started them when the Seattle WTO protest was being planned, because I was worried that this whole new protest movement was starting and maybe we hadn't passed down our knowledge of our experiences—like maybe no one would know about affinity groups. Quickly it became apparent that the knowledge was getting passed down in ways that were more effective than my comics.

The way I look at a lot of my writing is that I'm trying to normalize things rather than influence. Like, we all know that TV rots us, that beauty



standards are really destructive, that feeling is important, that being challenged to think deeply is actually really great, and that there's a whole other kind of world we could be living, a world based on being nice to each other and trying to understand each other and sharing and celebrating and working and seeing usefulness in our work, and all that kind of stuff. I really believe most people know this world is what they would want, even if it is just a vision they think of as childish that they have buried deep within themselves and it's surrounded by scar tissue and cynicism, and so I want to counter the messages that say there is only one way to live and that way is to numb yourself and go along with whatever unthinking kind of place you can fit yourself into. I want to help people see more options.

When I write, I often think about how much I tried to numb myself when I was younger, and how much I hated myself, and I think of the voices that helped me to see that I wasn't crazy and it was actually heroic and important to hold on to pureness and hope. There is still a lot of stuff I deal with that goes back to teenage times—stuff about abuse and fitting in, about what am I going to do with my life, about whether or not to give up, would I ever find my soul mate, how could a humanity exist that would go to war, why were people so cruel, why did I love my family so much, why didn't my friends love me enough. That stuff is still with me. Not as controlling as it was then, but still deeply in me, and I write to that part of me a lot. I want to help that girl. I want to prove that we can embrace our broken selves and become beautiful and real and vulnerable and strong.

MRR: Zines often have a reputation for being selective windows into people's lives; only revealing what they want or feel is appropriate. In contrast, your zines feel extraordinarily honest. Do you feel your run of zines as a whole as truly reflective of yourself? Do you hold back to not expose things about yourself?

Doris is mostly about what goes on deeper inside my head and heart. It is not at all truly reflective of my whole self. I'm human. I spend a lot of time being irritated and confused. I don't know how to say what I think most of the time. I almost always feel about a hundred things at once, and it takes me a long time to sort out what's really going on. I'm pretty inarticulate.

I am honest in my writing, but not all the stories are completely true stories. Most of them are, but a few of them are fictionalized to protect people, or to protect myself, or because it just works nicely literarily. Like we didn't really use our shoelaces to try and tie the rain tarp on to the tent, but it felt like that's what we did. I don't usually write much about the people who are closest to me, because I want to protect them. In my writing, I'm not trying to tell people who I am. In fact, it is pretty hard to meet people who have read my zines for a long time, because they feel like they know me, and it makes sense that they do, but really, they don't. *Doris* is not me.

MRR: You tend to drop numerous references to anarchism and feminism in your writing through value choices and anecdotes so casually that it doesn't even seem intentional. Is it? Can you talk about how you shaped and developed these values over time?

I drop references to anarchism and feminism because they are at the core of my belief system, and they inform pretty much everything I do. I think it is helpful for people to see these beliefs in a context of someone's daily life, because so often they're just seen as abstractions. I also want to help encourage people to look at the belief systems they hold and the reasons for their actions. I think there's a lot of pressure in our world to just think that we are the way we are, and we believe what we believe, and that's all there is to it, but we do have the ability to be self-reflective, that's what makes us human. That's what makes humans amazing. We can look at our actions and our thought processes and how we relate to other people, and look at why we're doing the things we do, and we can challenge ourselves and change, becoming better people.

As far as how I shaped and developed my values over time, my mom was raised Christian Scientist, and believed that all people are fundamentally good, and she really passed that on to me. I went to an alternative school—it was in a public school but was an alternative program, and we set our own study plans, and learned from each other not just from the teachers. We went on a lot of field trips, did projects where we had to learn group process. I mean, the teachers talked about how difficult it can be to work in groups, and what were common problems that arose, and then we'd work on something—like some kind of art project or logic problem, and half the goal was to get the art done or problem solved, but the other half was

cover photo for issue 21: Chris Boarts

to learn group process and how to work together.

I guess I would have to tell my whole life story if I was to really explain how my ideas developed over time, but I guess, briefly, I read a lot. I hung around smart people who were trying to change the world in concrete ways, and I tried to learn to think deeply and to think for myself. I read a lot and sorted through the differing ideas and came to a place that felt right inside of me.

Then there was trying to put ideas into practice, and learning from the ways they worked and failed. In the beginning there were a lot of quick developments—like squatting was going to bring about the revolution, or music was going to, or we better learn to be self-sustaining and stop being part of consumer society. Quickly though, I could see that there was no one thing, no one way of thinking that was perfect and right, so I opened up to deeper and long range thinking.

I spent a lot of time trying to value women and get rid of the sexist parts of me that looked to men for approval and answers.

Mostly, I tried to live a life worth living; live a life that constantly calls into question my own complacency. I mean, life just happened. I was lonely and scared and curious and I wanted to experience everything, and I think people are so interesting and complicated, so I live as fully as I can and my ideals develop. I always try to be really self-reflective and not dismissive. I don't know if I answered your question.

I still have to same core belief I came to early on, which is that humans have the capability to organize themselves and live without coercion and domination, and that we'd be a hell of a lot happier if we did, and that capitalism has to constantly grow or it will collapse, and there's only so much the earth can take of this insane growth, and any work we do now to help people to become more human will help in the long run. Even if there is no revolution, even if we don't create an anarchist world, anything we can do is better than nothing, and since it has been proven over and over in history that power corrupts and the ends do not justify the means, we better do our organizing and our living within the moral system of some sort of collectivist-anarchist-democracy, or whatever you want to call it.

MRR: In my experience, many people, punks included, have quick rebuttals to anarchism and feminism—they essentially write it off as useless theory, impractical, or idealistic. Do you have a response to this?

I never saw punk as being essentially political. I see it coming from a place that is a big fuck you to all convention, and that embraces anger and says we're going to make our outsides look like our insides and our insides feel like shit, because this world is shit and here we are. Deal with it.

I think there are a million ways to argue for anarchism, you can argue it economically (capitalism is just not sustainable, and communism has obvious failings), or you can argue it morally. I personally hate arguing, and think a lot of times it's semantics. Plus a lot of people just want to argue and push your buttons, and I don't really see the point of it. If I have to debate, I try to do it from a loving place, and if that's not where the persons coming from, then I give them a book or I just don't engage.

There are people who are recruiters for the revolution, and I'm not one of them. Plus, I think lots of people who hate anarchism are way more anarchistic than the anarchists. But, I guess I would say I think theory is useful, and who cares if it's impractical or idealistic, as a society, all the gains we have made have been fought for, and we have made real, concrete gains toward freedom, so it just seems ridiculous not to fight.

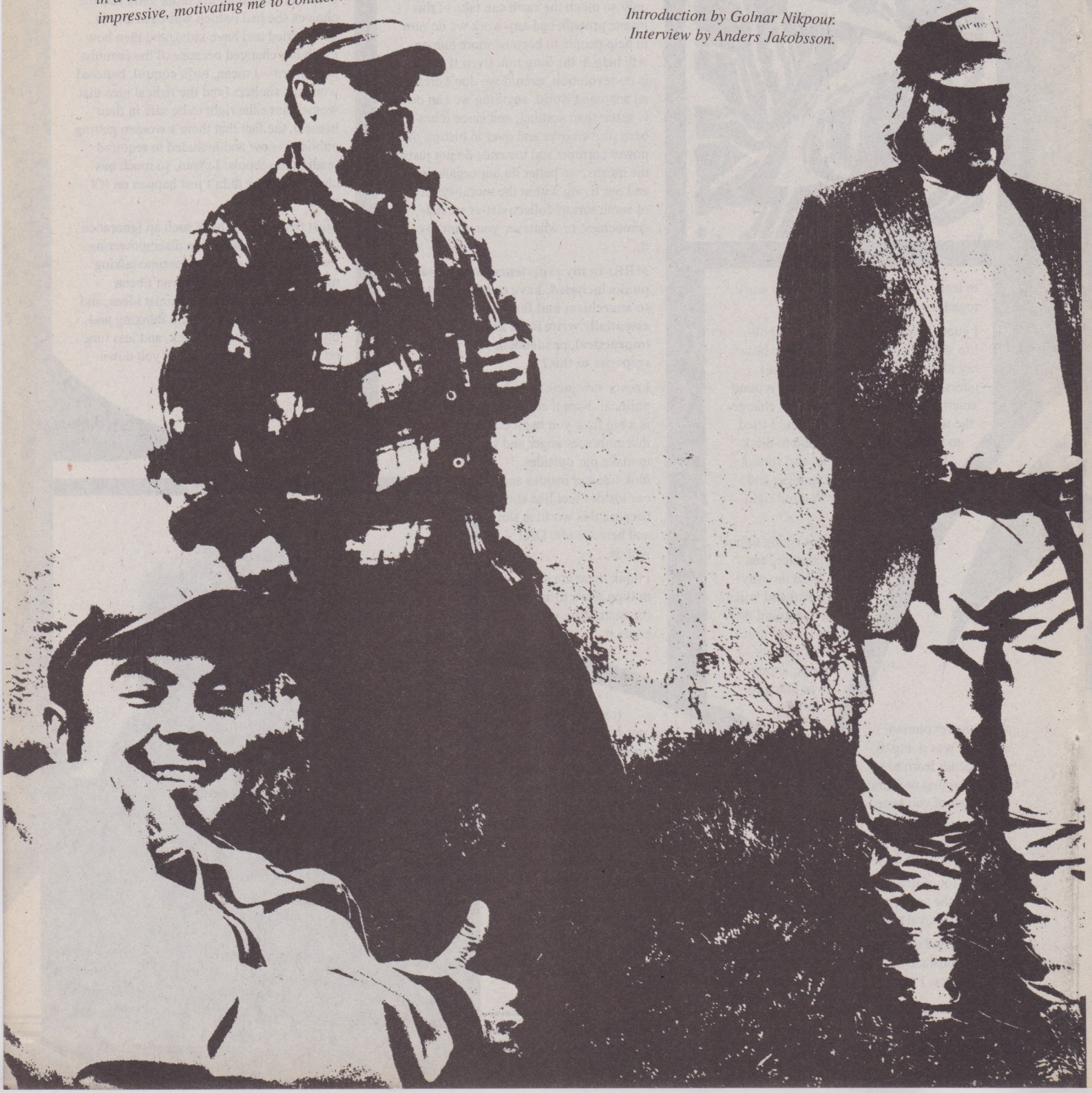
If I have to argue about this, I would probably talk about my mom's life and the choices she had (which was basically to get married and have kids), and then how much has changed because of the feminist movement—I mean, birth control, battered women's shelters (and the radical idea that women have the right to be safe in their homes), the fact that there's women getting published now and included in required reading in schools. I mean, so much has changed, and it didn't just happen on it's own.

I just think people have such an ignorance of history; it's sad and so disempowering. I would try and spend more time talking nicely with people who haven't been exposed to anarchist or feminist ideas, and who are open to talking and thinking and figuring out what they think, and less time on people who want to shoot you down. That's my advice.

KVOTERINGEN

In mid 2005, an EP came into MRR HQ that stood out in the sea of half-assed hardcore releases the flood in every month. The band was called Kvoteringen, and that record featured some of fiercest, noisiest Scandi-punk of the year; that first EP was raw as hell. I pulled sleeve out of plastic and examined it further. Of course! Kvoteringen features Jallo, one of the foundations of the Swedish hardcore scene, a man who has made time in such incredible bands as Totalitär, No Security, Meanwhile, Ääritila, and more. I found a copy of my own in a local distro, and eagerly awaited the band's next move. Earlier this year, the band released their second EP, which was similarly impressive, motivating me to contact the band in hopes of scoring an interview for MRR.

Introduction by Golnar Nikpour.
Interview by Anders Jakobsson.



MRR: Tell us about the origin of Kvoteringen.
Jallo: The whole idea of Kvoteringen started around 2003, but nothing really happened until 2004 when we recorded our first 7". Larre and I had a project with Johan (Nine) and Björn (Disfear) called I.R.D. (I Ren Desperation). We released a 7" on Combat Rock Industry, but after the release it was kind of hard to get people together for a new recording so we decided to do this instead.
Larre: Since we share the interest in this type of music and the same thoughts/ideas on lyrics we just decided to start this band and made it clear to keep it as spontaneous as possible. It's me on drums. Jallo plays guitar, Raggar Olle plays bass, and Råttan does the vocals. We've released two 7"s on Brazilian label Terrötten Records. The first one was called *Roffarens Marknad* and the second one was called *Vidrig Maskinell Framfart*. Terrötten made a re-press of the first one but both of them are pretty much sold out now I think. We have a split 7" with Australian band Pisschrist coming out very soon on Endless Blockades.

MRR: The back history of Raggar Olle and Råttan is very vague. What can be said about these mysterious members?
Jallo: These guys are not really into the music scene at all, of course they like punk music but they don't really care about concerts, etc. The reason they are in the band is their interest in nature, the struggle for nature. Raggar Olle is really talented in handcrafting knives and tying flies. Råttan used to travel up north each summer with his dog, staying in a tent for a couple of weeks, living on what nature has to offer. These trips are good for him, incredible views and total silence. I use to join him every now and then. They both live on the Örebro countryside.
Larre: We'll see what happens with these two weirdos and how long they want to be in this band. Raggar Olle is not the average crust punker, you know. He lived in a cabin out in the woods for a while, doing whatever he's doing with his handcrafting, but now he's back in Örebro, or just outside. Råttan is more of a hermit I guess, who just likes to spend time with his dog and get wasted. Anyway, they're two great guys, that's for sure.

MRR: The sound of Kvoteringen is very, very old school. You have to return to the early '80s to find bands to compare it too. On your MySpace page you have listed the British true punk pioneers Discharge, Varukers and GBH, old Swedish classics such as SOD, Anti-Cimex and Skitslickers, obscure Finnish bands like Poikkeustila och Takuu, but also modern Norwegian black metal acts like Nattefrost and Dark Throne. How to they fit into the picture?
Jallo: I like the simple production when it comes to the new Darkthrone. Interesting songs also, good shit.
Larre: It's just in your face old school metal/hard rock, I guess, not too different from old school punk sometimes. I don't know too much about that kind of stuff but it's got the same vibe.

MRR: Jallo, You are/were also a member of Totalitär, Meanwhile, Krigshot and Ääritila. How would you say the Kvoteringen is different compared with the other bands that are also in the old school punk genre?
Jallo: The music is pretty much the same for all the bands, only the speed might vary a bit. It is the lyrics. "Don't fuck around with our unique nature we got up here"-that is pretty much the message Kvoteringen has.
Larre: Yeah, you know how to do this shit, Jallo. The production might be slightly rawer.

MRR: Your EPs are recorded by the band. Describe a typical Kvoteringen recording session.
Jallo: I usually come up with some music at home. Larre and I meet at the rehearsal room, we practice the songs a couple of times, then we just press "REC" on the four-tracker. The four- tracker is always rigged and ready to record. Very simple and comfortable. Then we do a rough mastering at Erebus Studios. That's it.
Larre: Yes, it's very spontaneous, which I guess gives it the raw primitive touch to it and that's what we're aiming at. As Jallo said, he and I go there first and rehearse the tunes and put down our stuff on tape and then Raggar Olle and Råttan will get there and do their thing. It's nice to get together, have some drinks and stuff and record a bunch of songs just like that. The punker who puts it out, Renan at Terrötten Records is great too, no hassle there. Top notch.

MRR: Why are there fish bones in your logo?
Jallo: The bones symbolize the destruction of our last untouched rivers up north. Power plants, greedy people, and pollution. And all the fuckers who don't bring their garbage back home after their stay in the mountains.
Larre: I have no idea but I like it a lot!

MRR: You have already mentioned your great concern for nature earlier in this interview, how we must keep nature clean and complete in many ways. But I know you are big fans of

going fishing and Jallo is well known for his enormous hunger for meat. What about that? Shouldn't you be vegetarians or vegans to back up your views on nature?

Larre: Yeah, I like to fish but have also been vegetarian for thirteen years. Since I took up fishing a couple of years ago I started eating fish. Anyway, lots of people who fish nowadays are thinking more ecologically. People seem to be more concerned and willing to put in some effort in these days. When we're fishing we might take up a fish for dinner once in a while but mostly we practice "catch and release." This might all sound weird but that's how we do it. Let's not forget that we struggle for a good cause here. We don't need to back anything up. We have this band because we like the music a lot and our lyrics are a big part of what we're about, both as a band and as people.

Jallo: First of all, me being an extreme meat-eater is just bullshit. In fact it's the opposite, not that I am vegan or anything but I eat more fish than meat these days. And the fish I eat is mostly caught by myself. But who cares, really? Our fishing trips up north are like meditation, an almost occult experience sometimes. I don't have to back up my views on nature. I treat our nature with respect.

MRR: You have an LP recording coming up, what can you say about it? When will it be done?

Larre: We will record a bunch of songs in September/October here in Örebro, Sweden. The plan is to record eight to ten new songs and put those songs, plus all the songs from both the 7" and splits and stuff on an LP. Terrötten Records will release it of course.

Jallo: To start with, I have to bring home my guitar, which I forgot in the Meanwhile rehearsing room. Then there are five songs more to make before the recording. I'm looking forward a lot to all this. Like Larre says, it's probably going to happen in October. I think the album will be out early 2007 if everything goes well.

MRR: What about shows? You have yet not, although being a band for two years, done your first show. Don't you want to play live?

Larre: We felt we should have more stuff out before doing shows. We might do some shows later on, and we've gotten a bunch of offers already so we'll see what happens.

Jallo: I agree with Larre. Actually, we did rehearse for a planned show, but just some days before the gig I got a message on my cell phone saying, "Hey guys, I'm in the middle of nowhere, 1200 kilometers from Örebro, it's raining and it's damn hard to raise the tent." It was Raggar Olle. He had forgotten about the show and hit up north, visiting a friend of his. He stayed there for almost two weeks, tying flies. It can be hard to plan things with these people. However, it is totally OK.

MRR: Jallo, give us the low-down on what's happening with your other bands (Meanwhile, Totalitär, and Krigshot) at the moment.

Jallo: We decided to do a last album with Totalitär. The two shows in Philadelphia were supposed to be our last ones as a band. But back home, Lanchy said he got some new tracks, and asked us if there was any idea to do something with these. We all said yes, lets do a final album and then call it quits. No more shows. Prank will release it (thanks Ken). By the way, I want to thank all the people who made it possible to come over for the Philly shows.

When it comes to Meanwhile, we are rehearsing for a new album, hopefully out early 2007. Yannick/Feral Ward will release this one. We have some great gigs coming up with Mob 47 and Asta Kask. No plans, really, with Krigshot. Maybe there will be a 7" or something. There is an Ääritila CD coming on 1000db Records. It contains the first 7" EP plus nine unreleased tracks, and will be out October 2006.

Larre: There you go. Maybe we'll have time to do some Kvoteringen shows.

MRR: Final words?

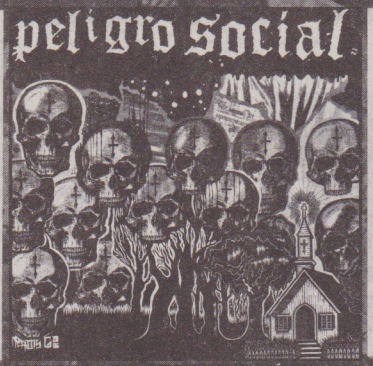
Larre: Cheers for this interview, keep your eyes and ears open for the LP and stuff. Thanks also to Renan/Terrötten Records and all of you who picked up the two 7"s.

Jallo: Thanks a lot for the interview.

the end.

YOU WANT IT YOU GOT IT

ANNIHILATION TIME
COSMIC UNCONSCIOUSNESS 7"



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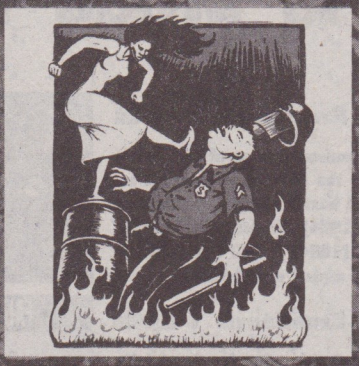

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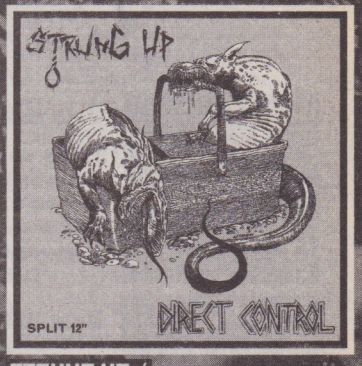

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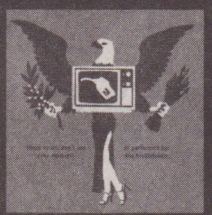

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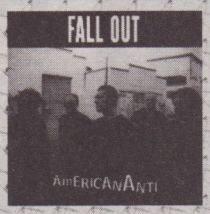

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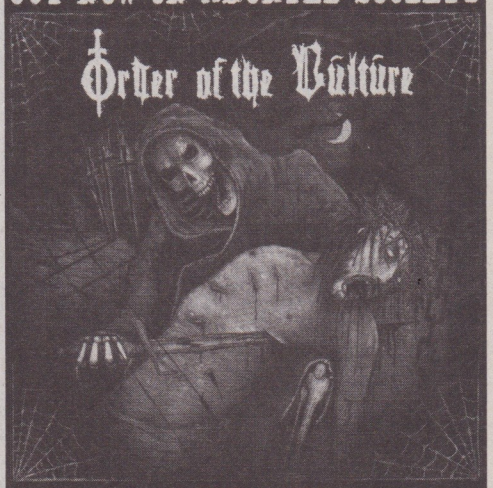

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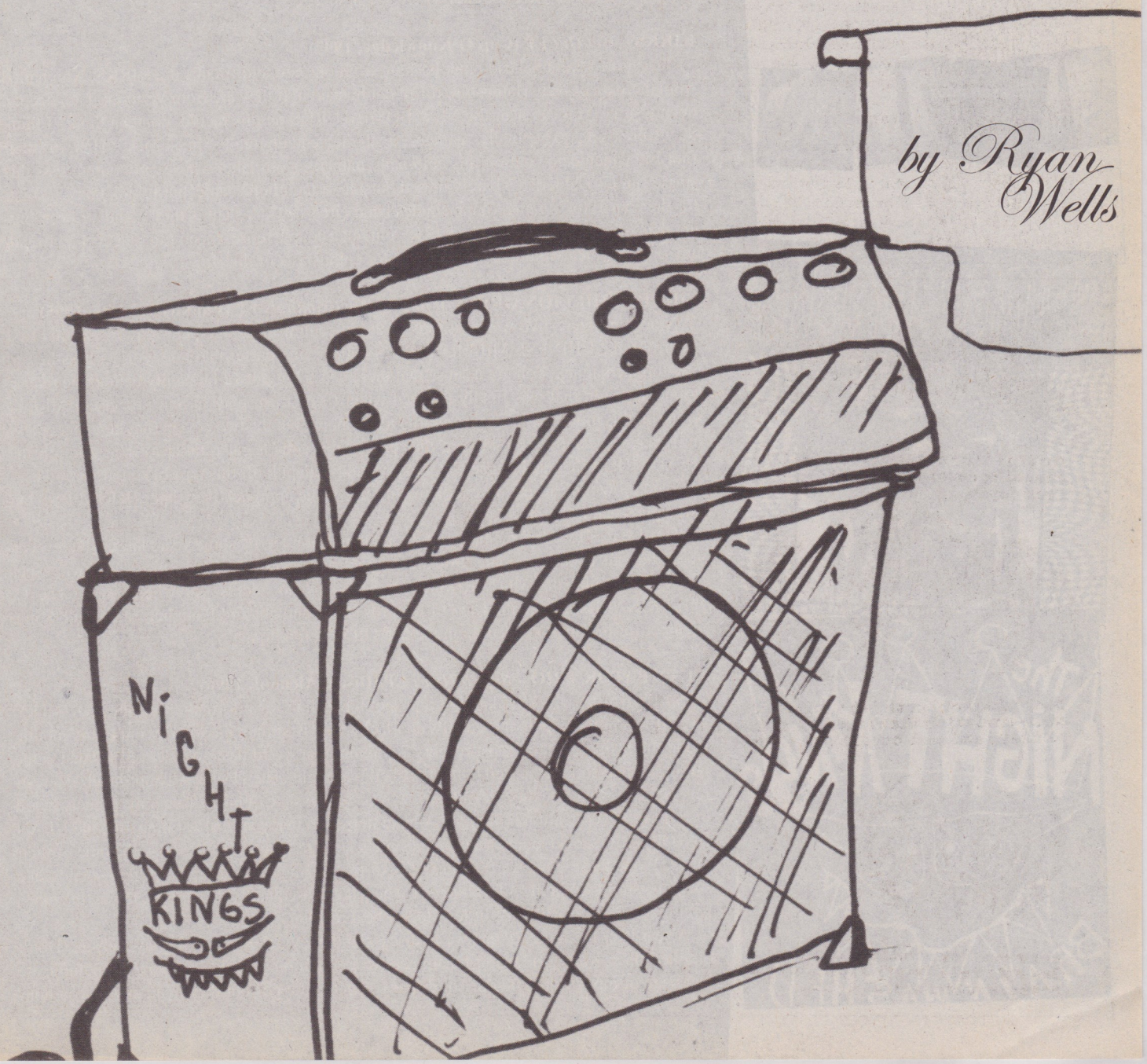
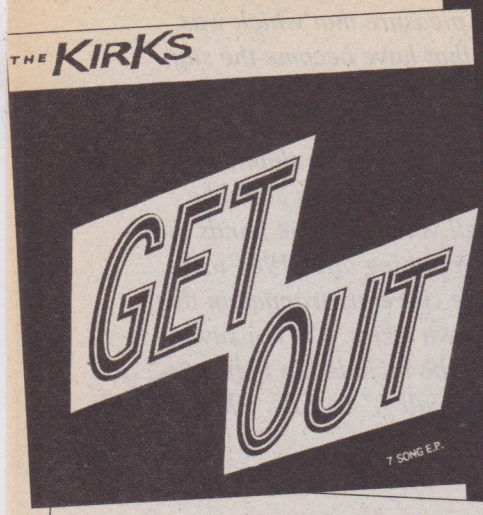
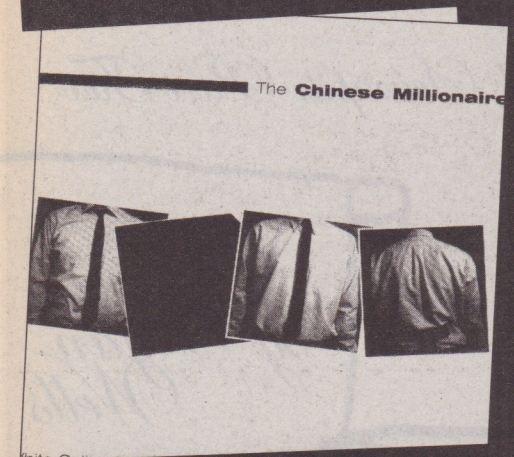
Whenever people chisel the time out of their workaday lives to ponder the guilty pleasure that which was "punk rock during the 1990s" a number of bands are going to leap to most minds that have become the standard bearers for that decade's musical achievements: your ME FIRST AND THE GIMME GIMMES, your ASSUCKs, your FYPs, your DILLINGER FOURs, your HEROINs, and so on. All worthy tribes I'm sure, but punk bands like TEENGENERATE or the MOTARDS or the TV KILLERS were and are usually shunted off into a ghetto called "garage" or "garage rock." I suppose this is because most of these bands could be accused of failing to be "progressive," whatever the fuck that means, since I can tell you that these bands did not trade in pudding bowl haircuts, or worship at the altar of Voxx, or consider everything after 1966 to be "crap." But in any case this column is just going to run down some records that are currently trapped in this aesthetic ghetto that deserve to be considered merely good old punk rock on their own terms. I'm not saying that these records are the only punk rock worthies, no way, merely that they should be included in the same hushed tones as the giants mentioned above. You know, like PLAINFIELD. These are all 7" or EPs, which is thee bestest format for High Achievement in Punk Rock.

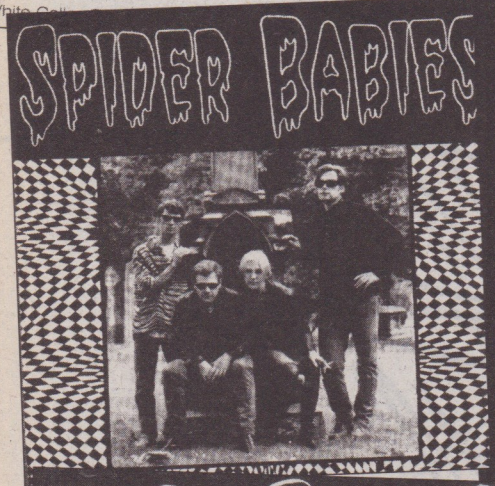
A '90s Punk Scumpit: Part Two

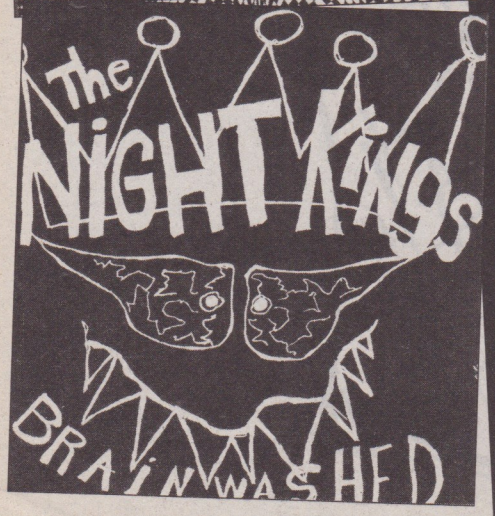
by Ryan Wells











COCKSCRATCH – s/t 7" (Needle Records, 1996)

With records like these you can really start to pick up the quite apparent REGISTRATORS influence going through the Japanese scene by the mid-'90s, as opposed to TEENGENERATE. All three tracks by this here COCKSCRATCH are purely in the vein of that band's pre-*Terminal Boredom* singles; fast (but not a blur), scratchy and completely illegible. Their "Janglish" is best understood on the last track, a spot-on cover of the mightily underrated MODELS (UK) "Man of the Year" 45 from 1978, probably because they are trying to annunciate in a *propah* English accent, 'roight?

This was a 300 press that sold out very quickly and was veddy tuff to track down at the time. I had to depend on a UK-via-Japan source to get this copy into my trembling mitts. No sleeve issued, but it came with a big fold-out insert to tape up on the wall in your rabbit-hutch Tokyo apartment, but you'll have to take something else down first, hmm. This band also has tracks on the superlative *Chloroform* compilation, which is probably the single best representation of '90s garage-kbd-styled punk from the Japanese scene. Every home, etc.

COCKSCRATCH also was the first record put out on the not-quite-notorious-yet Needle Records, apparently a side project hobby label for a member of fast power poppers PRIVATEWAYS. This label seemed to take several years off before exploding with a rush of great new records around 2003-2004, which is quite remarkable as labels almost never come back from a fallow period, that's usually the end of the line. Here's hoping they don't sink back into that bear cave for another five-year snooze.

KIRKS – *Get Out* EP (Cup O'Knowledge, 1997)

Just some straight ahead punk bashing from our new-old friends the KIRKS, who hailed from the state of New Hampshire if I'm not mistaken. If they are from Vermont, I am deeply, deeply sorry. You can hear the NEW BOMB TURKS on this record, dontcha think? I think they were trying to be totally "garage," well, they end up totally "punk rock." This was their first EP, which came out on this emo-ishly named record label whose only output was this single single. The KIRKS barely toured outside of their home state, but I think that's just par for the course for a garage-punk singles band circa 1997. A shame, they could've been bigger than...the GIMMICKS? The KIRKS put out a couple more 45s on Euro labels like Royal, any one of which would be suitable fare for enthusiasts of this 45.

CHINESE MILLIONAIRES – *White Collar Criminals* EP (Punkity Rockity, 1995)

Nineteen ninety-five was still mostly treble-central in garage-punk circles, so this first record by the CHINESE MILLIONARIES really came out of the blue with its bass-heavy, raw-throated attack. You got a sense that there was a big pile of humanity behind the microphone, a vision that was finally realized when I saw them play in San Francisco. All four songs on this thing are damn fine aggro Detroit punk, but the two covers (not here, get cracking) were especially well chosen: that bass really adds a gut rumble to their take on the REAL KIDS' "Reggae Reggae." Not many bands can pull off this type of sound, as you usually end up with head-nodding tedium with this sonic approach (see: later HOOKERS), but these guys had it down.

This EP was reissued by the fine folk at Demolition Derby some years later, which was a good thing as even in the late '90s the original press was pretty hard to track down, especially since (like the MOTARDS first) there was no address anywhere on it. The C. MILLIONARIES joined the Rip Off Records stable and got an LP out before the end. Some member (or members) ended up in the METROS before long.

ULAN BATOR TRIO – *Stereo Hi-Fi* EP (Discos Alehop!, 1996)

So I'm sitting at a desk late at night looking online for information on the COUNTRY TEASERS, hmm, which of their EPs do I lack? Slowly sliding the Mauser out of my mouth, I find the listing for their most recent 7" waxing, that weird paste-on-sleeved EP that came out on a Spanish label in 2004 and vanished overnight. The Discos Alehop! label, interesting, let's see what else they've put out...wow, a whole slate of bands I've only vaguely heard of or have never heard tell of at all. A band pops out, that's an interesting name, the ULAN BATOR TRIO, so a Google search gives me a strange Spanish webpage with some of their mp3s. Wow, these guys were fantastic! A dirty, buzzing wall of feedback that sounds like someone shrinkwrapping a furniture set. The page subsequently disappears, taking the mp3s with them. Rats. My life is a little colder. I beat the dog.

A year later I win the EP that we're discussing here via the very evil eBay website (Don't Smoke Either, Kids! And help Muhammad Ali Fight Tooth Decay!) and now I can duplicate that page of mp3s from 2004 or so. For any American types out there, can any of you hon-

estly say you had heard of these guys, I mean, really? I am fully aware that the '90s were not exactly a great era for continental garage-punk type bands; for every CRASH NORMAL or CAVE DOGS there were a dozen Italian surf-psych records or a dozen muscle car droolers (badly) aping the NEW BOMB TURKS, and I used to regularly bait the Euro inadequacy in *MRR* reviews, so skipping the whole area's output could have been excused as an exercise in musical and collecting self-preservation. Because of that terrible bias, I had to wait until I was nearly 70 years old to hear the ULAN BATOR TRIO.

These guys have another EP and an LP as well, as it turns out. And they made their own guitars out of junk, and I think their drummer played with animal bones, it looks like. And the internet (and *MRR*) continues its relentless assault on parochialism, shining some light on a cult scene band from Spain.

SPIDER BABIES – s/t 7" (Rat City, 1994)

This is a band that is far from obscure amongst garage punker types; I think these cats must've put out as many records as almost any other '90s band you could mention, other than the NEW BOMB TURKS. Their sound slightly changed over time from bad-assed roller-rink punk to a more 1979/80 referenced punk take padded with graphic sexual references galore ala a less coprophiliac GG Allin, which is what the band is best known for. I think all that laid-on-thick sex stuff, which was eye-rollingly *DOA* at the time, will age just fine like most punker stuff does once potential audiences are a few scene generations removed from it. I mean, lots of scenesters back in the day thought the DEAD BOYS sucked ass, were like a WWF version of punk, panderers, etc. — it all worked out in back catalogue land. This 'BABIES disc is a fine example of how bands were updating the more directly '60s-obsessed garage stuff of the very early '90s with a dash of modern punk energy, especially in the guitars.

Membership in the SPIDER BABIES mutated over time, some of the EXPLODING HEARTS serving honorably at one point or another. As mentioned previously, the SPIDER BABIES have lots of records floating around, some more rare than others. I would assemble the complete collection now, as there probably ain't ever gonna be a reunion phase for this Portland, OR institution.

NIGHT KINGS – *Brainwashed* EP (Dope/Bad Trip, 1993)

We were gonna get around to these guys sooner or later; it's Rob Vazquez's '90s garage rock titans the NIGHT KINGS. The earlier incarnation of this NW band went by the name NIGHTS & DAYS throwugh the mid-late-'80s, and every last one of *that* band's 45s are fantastic high-energy garage punk whose only contemporary competition came from the GORIES. With the name change came not a whit of difference in the quality, the NIGHT KINGS still rooled while others drooled. Well, they probably spent some time in a stupor all their own... These cuts on here are quite representative of the best that early '90s garage has to offer you, the listener. It was a split release between Rob's Dope label and Bad Trip, which was supposed to release another NIGHT KINGS record but never did.

If you like this, you need to track down what must be the most underrated garage rock full length of the '90s, the NIGHT KINGS *Increasing Our High* LP (vinyl only) on (MUDHONEY'S Steve Turner's) Super Electro label. It's pretty much the unconscious template for a lot of the bluesy-punk stuff that's been pouring out of Europe for the last five years, with only isolated instances of them matching its power (LIGHTNING BEAT-MAN for one). A tape of that LP has made the trip to LA and back several times for this correspondent and still sounds great blasting loud in the darkness with the windows down at 80 mph. The NIGHT KINGS have a few other 45s (their In the Red label 7" is especially keeno and not hard to findo) and some comp appearances, while Rob continues to put out good records in newer bands on a mostly one-off basis. The most recent of these was the *Right On* 7" on France's Royal Records (them again), def worth a ducat or two.

KNOTTS – s/t EP (Star Time, 1998)

Now here's a great little mystery band, the KNOTTS from Arizona. I don't remember these guys ever touring, and I would need to dig through a pile of yellowing back issues of *MRR* to see if they ever got the review treatment, because we would be the only mag that would have covered this gang. The sound is pure mid-'90s Rip Off Records style all the way, or as if a tunnel were opened from Tucson to Madison, WI to allow for a morning band commute. It's a four-track EP and all the songs are in the same vein, snot caked with snot. The production leaves something to be desired but snot über alles.

These KNOTTS did another 45, I think both were in editions of 200 (how 2006 of them) on the equally mysterious but quality-conscious Star Time Records label. Since both 45s have mix-n-match covers it's hard to tell. The label also produced the *magnifique* CHEAPSHOTS 7" (and their cassette-only mini-LP) around the same time, although they are probably best "remembered" for releasing the RESONARS records. The label has a website thusly: http://www.startimerecordsaz.com/. I can't get it to work, though, the teases.

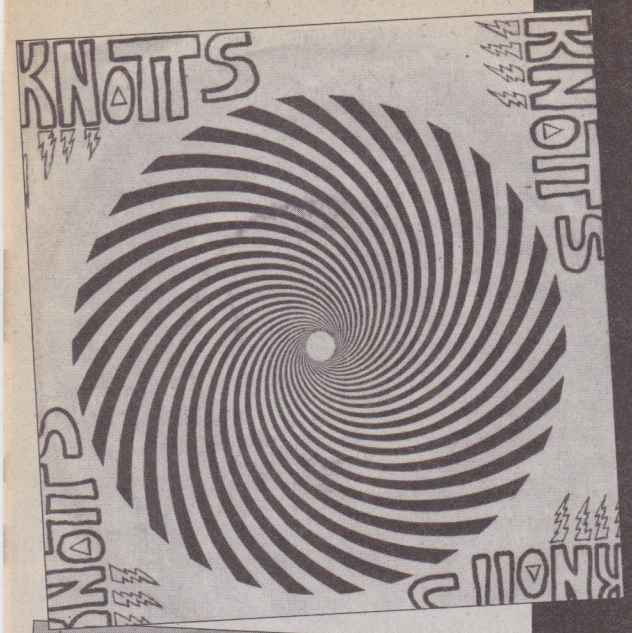
BLUE – *Cock Roach* EP (Bovine, 1993)

Man, you have to look at the cover of this thing. The band name, the cheap paper, the indie-bland cover art. Pretty much sums up a bargain bin '90s indie rock EP these days, on first take alone this could snuggle up in there with all the BUZZMUSCLE and HULA BOY and BUCK 09 7"s that are all destined to get melted down to generate vinyl for the 16th pressing of a Shattered Records release. But BLUE was not hoping to be just another '90s indie rock "calling card" 45, this is a surprise punker bolt from beyond. These guys were operating in a vein similar to bands like UNHOLY SWILL or DESIGNER (see the Static party blog for more on them), being a sort of post-grunge return to punk charged with the early '80s sensibilities of bands like the NIG-HEIST. Now, I slagged on the poor 'ol SPIDER BABIES earlier for their knuckle-dragging attempts at porn-punk, and some of the lyrical exercises from our friends BLUE here are similarly tired, but there is something genuinely creepier about their take so I'll give 'em a pass. They could just be operating at max capacity here.

BLUE has a couple of other 7" floating around on labels as diverse as ERL and Datapanik, but don't worry, their covers are as off-putting as this one (in different ways) so you should have no real competition in fishing them out of the gettin-yer-knees-dirty understock boxes at the next swap. They have an LP I've never heard that is apparently more of the same, will report, over.

HEADACHE / TV KILLERS – *Teenage Sapiens* split EP (Total Heaven, 1995)

This record sort of functioned as my introduction to the modern French rocking punk scene, hidden in yet another split 7" rolling into *MRR* amidst the torrent of mid-'90s 7"ers. You would not believe the sheer number of black 'n' white sleeved two-band 45s coming in from Europe in those days, *eeeeeh*. My fellow reviewer Jeff Random got it for review, and I pulled it out of the stack as well and threw it on to give the French one more



chance, more of a chance than they had been giving themselves for what seemed forever. The HEADACHE side I remember as having one good song but it was the flipside band that ruled. The TV KILLERS have a sort of floppy production take on this that robs the song of a lot of its muscle-bound propulsive power, but it's that evisceration that enables you to hear the damn guitar, which is properly itchy and scratchy. Ah, mid-'90s bands sure loved their wall-of-RAMONES guitar wash, especially the NEW BOMB TURKS (boy, they are getting a lot of run here…), who perfected the sonic pummel that reduced a lot of potentially good 45s into a soupy grey mush. In fact it ruins the other two songs on the HEADACHE side of this record. Here the TV KILLERS break the mold.

The TV KILLERS put out lots more records through the '90s and early '00s, most of which were cursed with terrible cover art that kept away possible converts, *c'est la vie*. Their records, other than this debut EP and their first (really, *really* good) LP on their Total Heaven label, are pretty easy to find.

CAPTAIN 9'S & THE KNICKERBOCKER TRIO / FUCKBOYZ – *Most Small Fires* split EP (Heartpunch/Truth About Fonzie, 1992)

People speak of the cult of HICKEY, but what about the cult of the FUCKBOYZ? This band had/has a madly frothing fanbase whose devotion extends far beyond their mere records and shows, veering into some nigh-Church of the Sub-Genius level of "life organization." At some point in the mid-'90s I only half expected door-to-door acolytes to start knocking on doors in the Mission asking if, "we had heard the Good News? The FUCKBOYZ are playing tomorrow night!" Their records used to be everywhere, then by around 2000 they were *no*where, as if the devoted had sent out fat-pursed purchasing agents to gather up all known Relics and return them to the mothership.

Anyhow, this is an early split 7" with Stocktonians (CA) the CAPTAIN NINES & THE KNICKERBOCKER TRIO, who are surely one of those bands whose undeserved obscurity pretty much defines "underrated." On this record they play the role of Barabas, tacked up next to the Rock Stars but sharing the same fate. Both of these tracks are good, bouncy garage-level punk without any '60s affectations whatsoever. The 'BOYZ have EPs dating all the way back to the late '80s, and they were a great singles band, even spawning a tribute (!) double 7". CAP. NINES & THE KNICKERBOCKER TRIO have a bunch of good-to-great stand alone 7", especially the *Hot Rails to Hell* EP, and their out of print LP on Rip Off would be one of the surprise finds of the mid-decade for many, sort of akin to a lost FELLS LP. Seek, my children!

SICK DOGS – *Domenica* EP (Ace of Spades, 2000)

A more un-promising-looking record you could never hope to find, right up there with the BLUE 7"ers in cringe-worthy land. It's all, like, a naked skull and some cut-n-paste lettering in a black 'n' white "scary" sleeve, *and* the damn thing is from late '90s Italy, not exactly the hometown/era of rock 'n' roll (outside of a handful of bands in scenes more isolated than France's even). Yet these guys pull off a very loud and useful channeling of their MOTÖRHEAD obsessions on this EP; full-bore straight-ahead classic punk rock riff action that nails it pretty good on two of the three tracks on this, mostly avoiding in the process the twin pitfalls of flash-frozen glam posturing (*ala* HELLACOPTERS) or the lumpen pulverizing attack of similarly-inclined Germans (bands whose names have been deleted from my brain to make room for *Venture Bros.* punch lines). The band shot on the reverse shows a singer who knows his 1978-vintage COCKSPARRER wardrobe, and a bass player who apparently dropped out of HAWKWIND University. I have no idea about this band's pre-or-post history, none at all, and the internet ain't talking neither. Good luck.

That's all we have time for now. If you would like to check out more of these types of sounds, along with bands like the SPIN AGE BLASTERS, ARCH VILLAINS, PONCHERELLOS or APE LOST (and others), check out: http://static-party.blogspot.com/. There you will find even more writhing by my co-host Scott Soriano on the painful joys of '90s punk/garage/whatever discoveries. There are mp3s up there for every record, but they don't last long, getting taken down to make space for more of the same.

A TOUCH OF HYSTERIA

THE STORY OF A TOUCH OF HYSTERIA BY LANCE HAHN

The cover art to the one and only demo release from A Touch Of Hysteria recalls the eerie corner drawing of a fetus from Edvard Munch's "The Madonna." But that cover is a bit misleading and probably partly why the group is thought of as being somewhat dark, like the more gothic moments from Cumbrian neighbors The Mob. In fact, listening to that demo there is more of a feeling of elation with chiming guitars over the brooding rhythms. Especially with the boisterous choruses, A Touch Of Hysteria is more reminiscent of early New Model Army or Theater of Hate than Southern Death Cult.

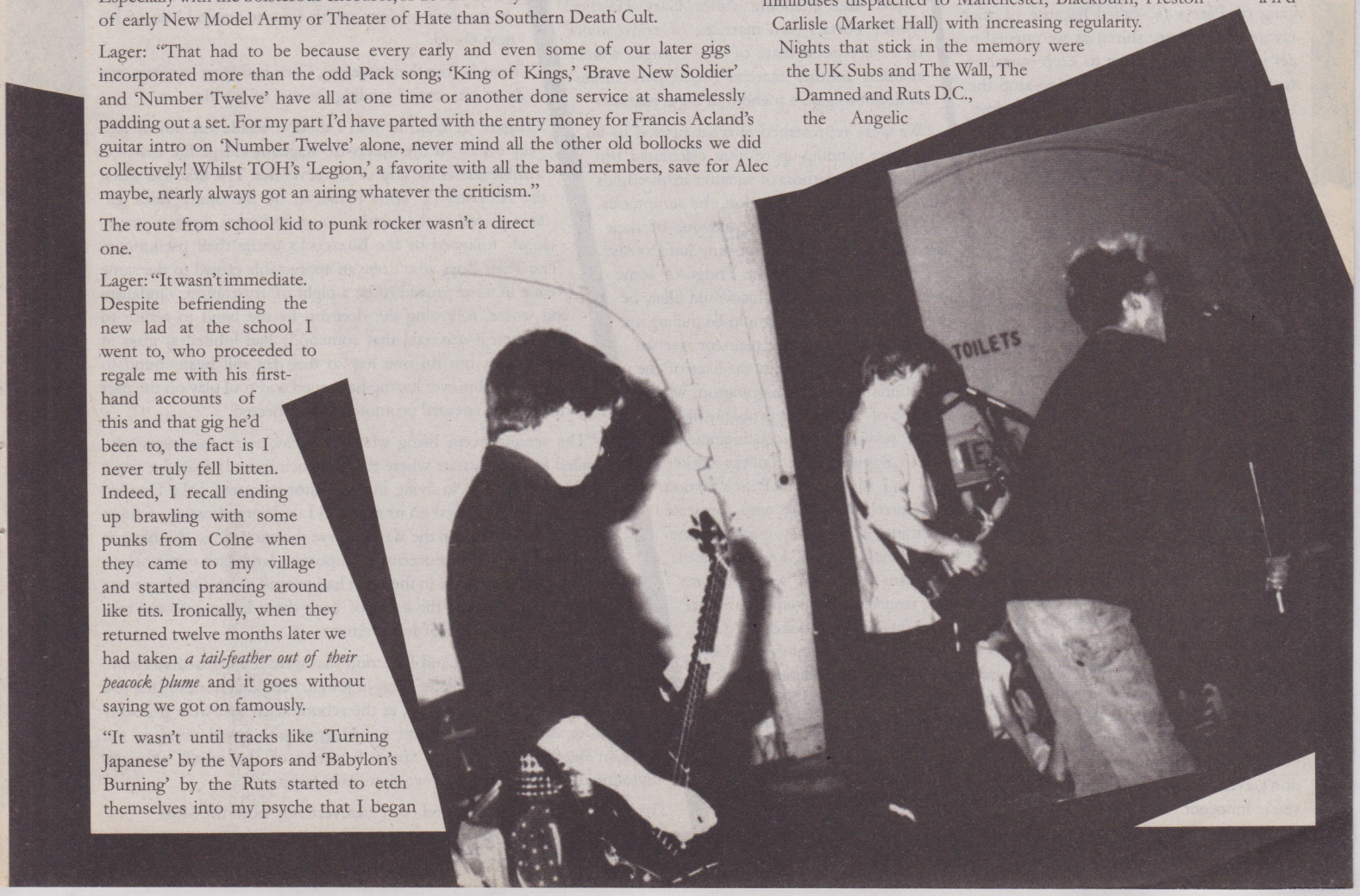
Lager: "That had to be because every early and even some of our later gigs incorporated more than the odd Pack song; 'King of Kings,' 'Brave New Soldier' and 'Number Twelve' have all at one time or another done service at shamelessly padding out a set. For my part I'd have parted with the entry money for Francis Acland's guitar intro on 'Number Twelve' alone, never mind all the other old bollocks we did collectively! Whilst TOH's 'Legion,' a favorite with all the band members, save for Alec maybe, nearly always got an airing whatever the criticism."

The route from school kid to punk rocker wasn't a direct one.

Lager: "It wasn't immediate. Despite befriending the new lad at the school I went to, who proceeded to regale me with his first-hand accounts of this and that gig he'd been to, the fact is I never truly fell bitten. Indeed, I recall ending up brawling with some punks from Colne when they came to my village and started prancing around like tits. Ironically, when they returned twelve months later we had taken *a tail-feather out of their peacock plume* and it goes without saying we got on famously.

"It wasn't until tracks like 'Turning Japanese' by the Vapors and 'Babylon's Burning' by the Ruts started to etch themselves into my psyche that I began whirling about the dance floor at the Phoenix Centre, a youth club in Windermere. I stumbled across the program that used to go out in the North West after *Look North*, showcasing the Belfast punk scene, particularly the Undertones and, more pertinent to my own interest, Stiff Little Fingers. *Inflammable Material* was purchased and the rest, as they say, is history.

"Attending gigs in the North West soon became the norm, with minibuses dispatched to Manchester, Blackburn, Preston and Carlisle (Market Hall) with increasing regularity. Nights that stick in the memory were the UK Subs and The Wall, The Damned and Ruts D.C., the Angelic



Upstarts at The Mayflower, and most notably the RAR open-air concert in Manchester. When the crowd gathered in to see the Damned, Misty in Roots and John Cooper Clarke had to contend with more than the odd stray bottle. My first sortie into the London scene came whilst on a trip with Kendal Technical College, seeing the Damned play Hammersmith Palais with Splodgenessabounds before high-tailing it up to Euston to get the 11:45 pm back to Oxenholme.

"Another gig that lives long in the memory is UK Subs and in particular Discharge's triumphal performance at The Russell Club on Moss Side. Having been besieged by a gang of Perrys (so-called because of their favored Fred Perry shirts) as we queued to get in, we managed then to keep ourselves from further harm by clambering atop the speaker stack. When it kicked off big time between the Mancs and Stoke lads, we emerged to more Five-0 than has been seen anywhere, outside of a Miners' Strike.

"A brief fascination with Anti-Pasti, the Exploited, and their ilk ensued when Discharge suddenly went rank on us. Whilst somewhere in the rounds we presided over The Dead Kennedy's first gig in this country again at The Mayflower, probably the gig I recall mostly fondly of the countless I went to. We would likely take in our first Crass gig at Cleator Moor around this time.

"Then came my wilderness years, when I became something of a groupie with first a Theatre of Hate and then Southern Death Cult, before they both went shite as Discharge had before them. About this time I struck up with Chris Acland (with whom I had started practicing covers with the brief incarnation that was Panik). Playing a Crisis ('Livin' in the UK's a lot of fun, the cops don't even carry guns, and if you're innocent you've no need to run in the UK') and Six Minute War track or two, Anti-Pasti's 'Another Dead Soldier,' TOH's 'Legion,' as well as the rousing pogo-fest that was 'Panic, panic, where's our freedom?' Chris introduced me to the sounds of a little known Yeovil outfit called The Mob and a few months later we were in their palatial squat and attending either Gary Hatcher's (Josef Portar) own marriage of convenience or a very good mate of his, I forget which, enabling another anarcho fleeing persecution no doubt to gain a toehold in these islands.

"We were represented at what proved to be the long winding-up of that celebrated trio, including the plethora of squatter-inspired gigs in and around inner London, the sumptuous Meanwhile Gardens bash, and one of their last ever appearances supporting ludicrously low down some bill at the Fridge or some such venue in Brixton. This would likely be about the same time we would be pulling up to Salisbury's most coveted plain for much of the month of June to enjoy the likes of the Poison Girls and Ted Chippington, which in the case of the former probably had the effect of reviving our acquaintance with Crass with gigs at Nelson Railway workers' Institute and Aigbeth Old Police Station. Rather bizarrely for those who fornicate over all things Crass, they marked mine and for that matter Chris', low watermark of enthusiasm for bands, which for my part didn't resurface until some years later when living in London. Asked by Chris to attend a gig by the embryonic Lush and give him my considered opinion, thankfully the support band Snuff meant I didn't have to be unkind to him in any way."

Cradled by the Lake District and in the shadow of the Cumbrian Mountains, Lager, Chris and the rest of the band were sort of nudged together over time.

Lager: "I met Acland, who was three school years below me, as a result of him having to wait around to get a ride home with the school's art teacher, a bloke called Yardley, the same bloke who kept holding me back after school because he felt I was underachieving in some way. (He must have been right because I fluked an A pass at O'level and I can honestly say I had no aptitude for it whatsoever, still haven't.) Anyway, it was a chance meeting that led to us discovering that kindred heart may indeed be beating, a couple or three years later. His older brother Francis, who was a year my junior, agreed to wield a Les Paul in the pursuit of something better than what was available anywhere else in the locality. There was a band of out and out Stranglers imitators, led by a lad called Brooky, in Kendal and Sean Mcghees' Psycho Faction in Cleator, but precious little else to get carried away about. Francis was an accomplished musician, but the same couldn't be said for the final member of the group, Alec Muir, the youngest of all of us and hailing from the same housing estate as myself, who made Sid Vicious' efforts on the bass sound like Yehudi Menuhin in comparison to his own early clanking. Give him his dues, though; he was far more anti-establishment than the rest of us and he bucked the criticism of his playing, even being brazen enough to put little stickers on his frets to remind him of his next chord."

Even before their meeting, Chris had been banging on a drum kit, sort of guiding the rest of his life.

Lager: "If truth be told I think it was borne out of two key events in the otherwise stagnant village life that was Ambleside at the end of the seventies. The first was when the Albertos (Y Trios Paranoia) of the Snuff Rock EP fame played at the picture house and went down a storm, closely followed by the Buzzcocks under their pseudonym The Tiller Boys who drew an appreciable crowd to the same venue in what proved to be a night of frustration, vandalism and worse, following the decision by the band to refuse to play, when it was said that somebody had lobbed at glass at Pete Shelley, but no one has to this day still been found to corroborate this ever having happened and foul play on the part of the entrepreneurial promoter was suspected.

"The second event being when Clay Fav, some musicians who hailed from the estate where they get their name, released a single by way of an ode to living in the visitor-saturated Lake District. Not surprisingly it died on its arse and I understand boxes of them got their just deserts on the Windermere shooting range, doubling as clay pigeons, but in all sincerity an important landmark nevertheless, just as the first punk gigs in the town had proved to be. Our hope was to take something from the ashes of both those key events and take things on to the next tier of involvement.

"Chris had been in the band Infection that were the brain-child (more like brain-dead child) of Peter Maggot Jewell. I couldn't honestly tell you what they were like; they played at the school disco and were probably little more than one long romp for Maggot who owed more to the Captain Beefhearts than the Captain Sensibles of this world, although undoubtedly eminently in his own inimitable fashion."

The evocative name of the band came inadvertently from the Mob.

Lager: "The name came from a piece of artwork that Chris had done as a pre-pubescent, in which he had designed a black and white prototype of The Mob's first album, using the title A Touch of Hysteria, depicting witches and grim reaper types dancing as if in some coven-type ritual. I was given it as a keepsake shortly after Chris had strung himself up from the jib of his family's seventeenth century barn from the side-effects of Prozac and thought it had remained in my socks and undies drawer to this day, but now I come to try and lay my hands on it, and it's not there. I've obviously put it so safe I can't turn it up as I would like."

A Touch Of Hysteria was born in February of 1982. Not necessarily using the popular themes of the day (anti-war, anti-government) the band did write about religion though from a fairly metaphysical perspective.

Lager: "Religion seemed to be a recurring theme, possibly given Francis was studying it at University by that time and flirted with being everything from a Maoist, to a Buddhist, to what he became eventually, a fucking Mormon. Not that he was writing the songs; that was my angle. With the help of Kafka's literary efforts and in particular the book *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, the equivalent of *The Da Vinci Code* for A Touch of Hysteria song lyrics. Chris had penned the words to the melodic (and unknowingly prophetic) 'Death Cart.' Otherwise the inspiration for the rest of the material, scant though it was, came from those mixed up dilemmas of the soul that non-believers wrestle with before they finally see religion and all who sail in her for the crock of horseshit it indubitably is."

Other early tracks were more secular.

Lager: "My favorite was 'Ku Klux Klan,' although I was never happy that I'd been condemnatory enough in the verses where it juggernauts along after the impressive clanking opening brags of the Klan. For that reason I couldn't be certain that the reaction the track would have wouldn't see us run out of town as I once fondly recall happening to Dexter and Luke Rendell's band Crisis when I went to see them. Why? I suppose it suited my vocal in the same sort of way I would still fancy getting the nod from Nick Blinko to come and breathe renewed vigor in them glorious tracks that go to comprise Peni's *Death Church* album, laying it down to them goth-looking types who would find it such a seminal event in their lives that they'd instantly knock all that Marilyn Manson shit on the head for good and start planning for a life (on the other side of the traps admittedly) but something better than death. But that's only my grandiose thinking, I'm afraid, since I don't presume to know Blinko, or Blandy, nor the other member of the band whose name escapes me momentarily."

Picking up where Panik left off, the band was soon gigging in the area.

Lager: "Apart from one appearance at the John Boss club in Kendal and another I have a vague recollection of in Frizzington (when Chris' yet elder brother stood in for the usual lead guitarist, Sarge), Panik gigs were confined to the YMCA in Ambleside, our full-time hangout. The fourth member of the band was one Mark Greenway, a fully paid up member of hard rock. The full-time youth leader was one Eryl Davies, who was too long in the tooth and past caring about what we got up to. The bloke to whom he devolved responsibility for the place was one John Martin, a multi-lingual barrister who divided his focus between the Vietnamese boat people who'd been billeted in the town and us, the local youths. He was the unofficial manager of the band in all its guises, driving us to gigs in his VW Dormabile, arranging fire certificates, doing some of the sleeve notes and artwork and generally sitting us down and giving us the benefit of his years when we threatened to unravel.

"By the time A Touch of Hysteria stepped from the barn at the Aclands' family home in Burneside, Eryl had been forced out of town and the possession of the YMCA which we had squatted on the quiet had finally been wrested from us. We had found another bolt hall at what was the Old School, (I'd actually attended it until the age of nine) thanks to `Marbles,' the father of two chums from school. He allowed us to stage a number of our early gigs there as we sought to iron out any kinks in our set of songs. Our first gig on the road was at the refectory at Lancaster University (that's the gig where I'm wearing the red confection with a Pack shirt on top, mustn't have paid the heating bill that evening), then we played at the village hall in Coniston (beret, what's all that about?), before we did a turn at The Barn in Ambleside, supporting our mate Pete Adkins' band. (Pete lent us his superior cymbals and snare drum whenever we played, and once drove us to a hellhole of a gig at Egremont, where the locals stopped assaulting us just long enough for us to go down a storm. However, sending us off into the black of night with new found bonhomie we discovered that some kindly soul had done for both our headlights on the van.)"

Through their association with the Mob and a few others, the group was absorbed into the anarcho scene as opposed to having the "Feeding the 5000" epiphany so many others had.

Lager: "Both Hatcher and Rob from 96 Tapes in Hackney liked our quirky sound and between them sought to ensure we didn't remain in obscurity. Chris' cousin, Dan McIntyre, erstwhile drummer with the Apostles, was another person who opened doors for us. Between the three of them, the notion was hatched to record a double A-sided single with the Astronauts on All The Madmen, but between my pissing off to Ireland to live, Francis Acland becoming a Mormon preacher in the States, and ATM finding themselves bereft of funds, the venture as far as I'm aware never amounted to more than fancy plans. Nevertheless, trips to "96" in Hackney, and meets with D&V and members of Chumbawamba and Pete Wright from Crass, not to mention our presence at the Stop the City demos rather sealed our fate, but our own efforts to cling on to our ancestral home, the "YM" and our open warfare with members of Ambleside's Masonic lodge were taking us in that direction anyway. Actually, I'd forgotten how truculent relations had once been twixt me and that set of shysters. I was reminded last summer on the occasion of my dear old mum losing her fight against pancreatic cancer of how on several occasions, Masonic/Rotarian types would land to the house with donations to help with the every day expense of fighting cancer. My folks weren't in need of the funds as it happened, in the way countless people undoubtedly are and my old man merely collected it all together some 600-odd pounds and made a similar donation

of it to the Health centre that had managed my mother's care, but somewhere along the way it did cause me to feel a slight tinge of remorse for how I'd pilloried the self same individuals reminiscent of the way those in that family breeding the guinea pigs for animal experimentation in Staffordshire have been betimes."

With no proper tour forthcoming, it's possible to look at the band's busy though short lifespan as a series of road trips.

Lager: "Our first gig outside of Westmoreland was at Bradford's 1 in 10 Club providing support for The Passmore Sisters. On the strength of a perky showing there, we were booked to play Leeds Brannigans along with Play Dead but the promoters had neglected to advertise it and as a consequence we played to Play Dead's entourage and they played to ours! Then came the chance to ply our wares, over two nights, in the capital. The first was to have been at the George Robey, supporting Scottish anarchos The Alternative, but once again the promoters fucked up and double booked ourselves and some jazz acts so we found ourselves all dressed up with nowhere to go. The following afternoon we got our chance at the Old Queen's Head in Stockwell, a gig I have less than fond memories of, not because of the response from the crowd, which was the kind of response you might expect for a group no matter how good, kicking off an event at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. But rather, because Alec had managed to get the neck of his bass guitar stuck in the doors of a tube (I tell you, you couldn't script it) and my abiding memory of the show is of his bass booming out like some ocean-going liner. Over time I convinced myself it couldn't have been that bad, but having heard the demo some ten years later know that I should have gone with my instincts. Back in the Lakes we hired the Embassy Ballrooms in Windermere, got it all its certification and staged our most ambitious concert to date with ourselves and the Insurgents (from Morecambe) providing support to Southern Death Cult in all their majesty. Sadly the Insurgents and their followers failed to catch on to what we were trying to do, and left us with a whopping bill for the toilets they trashed, fucking nitwits. The final dates were held over one summer's weekend with Blythe Power playing a breathless show at the Old School on the Saturday night. The following day we had hoped to stage an open air event in the garden of the Ockenden Venture, but having had to wait for the vagaries of lake district weather to shine on us, no sooner had Les Turds (a band who Chris jobbed-out on drums for) started the proceeding than the filth came and pulled the plug (we should have known it would be inevitable given it was a Sunday, but we never gave it a thought). Anyway, we brokered the right to stage it in our own Old School up the road and they acceded to our wishes, so it wasn't a total damp squib, with Blythe Power digging into an expansive repertoire to find something to everyone's liking."

Not all of their gigs were such stressful affairs.

Lager: "I've already unbridled myself of a few of my favorites indirectly, but I suppose Southern Death Cults manager Sy's attempt to swim across Windermere Lake in the build up to night gig in the town and nearly coming to the same sticky ending as Kirsty McCall was pretty memorable. So too was the cricket match between ourselves and Blyth Power on the weekend of their double appearance at the Old School."

To help get the word out and offset some of the travel costs, the group recorded the aforementioned demo tape to be co-released with 96 Tapes out of London.

Lager: "The tape wasn't actually recorded for Rob's emporium at all, but rather for ourselves to sell off our own backs in and around the locality. It was recorded in a little 8 track studio called Linden Sound in Shap near Penrith, very close, next door almost, to the scene from *Withnail And I* where the two of them repair to the pub following the incident with the bull and Withnail spins the landlord the ruse that he is ex-forces and they first make the acquaintance and annoyance of Jake the Poacher. I remember I wasn't in the peak of fitness insofar as my vocal chords went, but thankfully they held up just long enough to knock out what was wanted. I remember Francis overlaying a fair number of guitar riffs and the sound engineer trying to slip in some swishy ephemeral fucking bollocks the likes of which has never been heard outside of that first Yes album, Rick Wakeman, and that experimental nonce who sang Games without frontiers. We impressed upon him the need to drop that shit off straightaway, but I fear he still slipped some of the bastard in just to spite us."

By the end of the year, the members started to find new ideas of how they wanted to spend their time. A Touch Of Hysteria didn't so much split up as they just sort of stopped.

Lager: "Francis was planning to go traveling; I had the same notion too (bunking off to Ireland to live off the land and cause genuine dismay with my non-sexist haircuts), Chris was bound for art college, (where he would eventually meet Nikki Berenyi, Emma, and Steve with whom he would go on to form Lush, who were on the Lollapalooza Tour round your native states), whilst Alec became a new age traveler, complete with horse-drawn gypsy caravan."

Sadly, in 1996 after a successful run in Lush and an alter ego in Hard Skin, Chris died of an apparent suicide, affecting memories of ATOH.

Lager: "Fondly, but clearly given what happened to our dearly departed Chris with no little sadness."

As a testament to Chris and the band, 2006 saw the 1982 demo surfacing and circulating between collectors and fans. *[editor's note: the demo is going to see vinyl reissue by the end of 2006 on a UK label]*

Lager: "Nonplussed I guess, I wouldn't walk to the bottom of my street to watch present-day anarcho bands (although I'd hitch my wagon to see Rudimentary Peni if Blinko held it together long enough to perform again). True, I still have the Crass tattoos and even though I work in education, (he laughs haughtily, to the point of nearly choking) I am anarchic to the point of being sacked every other day if any of the kids ever reported ramblings; ostensibly then, the same bundle of contradictions I ever was. Ever for the underdog and disenfranchised, I am however something of a latter-day John Peel, not he of the Fall and hundreds of ropey demos fame, but rather he of the crimson coat and hunting horn, so I have to pick my acquaintances carefully."

A TOUCH OF HYSTERIA

BLACK CHROME

Black Chrome is a punk rock 'n' roll band from the country of New Zealand. Playing loud, raucous punk 'n' roll, they've already turned quite a few heads with their debut full-length. More records and a Euro tour are on the horizon. Interview by Kevin Hunt

MRR: Okay gentlemen, introduce yourselves.
Jimmy: I'm Jimmy and I play bass and do some kind of backup crooning.
Wolfgang Blitzer: I'm Wolfgang and I do most things.
Von Chrome: Von Chrome, drums, some singing.

MRR: When did you form?
Jimmy: Eighteen months ago.
Matt: We haven't been going that long. Wolfgang moved back to Palmerston North from Wellington. We played together in the shed and realized that there were only two of us and we got Jimmy in. We started playing a lot of shows at a place called Enemy Dojo, which was a local punk rock hangout sort of place—someone's flat—a BYO sort of place.
Wolfgang: That was awesome.
Matt: But that's over now because things like that never last.

MRR: How would you describe your sound to those who haven't heard you yet?
Wolfgang: Well, in my head it kind of sounds like Chuck Berry, but when it gets out it's almost a bit oi!, some of it, not through deliberation, more through lack of talent—ha! When it comes down to it we're a punk rock band.
Matt: Yeah, a rock 'n' roll band with a bit of a hardcore sound.

MRR: That's probably because whatever you guys play it's always going sound a bit hardcore because of your influences.
Matt: Yeah, pretty much. And also because of the bands that we've been in, in the past, which were blatantly hardcore. If in doubt, chugs it out!

MRR: Who writes the lyrics and what are some of the themes that you sing about?
Wolfgang: They're mostly about women.
Matt: …and the associated trials and tribulations.
Wolfgang: …and how men are bastards and how they always screw women over at the end of the day…the continuing soap opera.

MRR: What have you released so far?
Matt: We've done a CD album
Wolfgang: It was released about ten months ago. It took a while to come out because we didn't have any money.
Matt: It's gone really well. It was really well received.

MRR: Good reviews?
Matt: We got good reviews. It got a lot of good feedback—people coming up to us.
Wolfgang: We never got any bad reviews, which is kind of worrying. It makes you think that people either loved us or they didn't give a crap!
Matt: I'll have to give my mum a listen then!
Wolfgang: But girls dance.
Matt: Yeah, lots of girls come to our shows, which is a first for one of our bands.
Jimmy: Whatever! *[laughter]*
Matt: Fuckin' hell. It's my bare, hairy chest, man.
Jimmy: Your kids get embarrassed when they see that!

MRR: Getting back on track, how would readers be able to get hold of one of your CDs?
Jimmy: They're pretty much out of print but available as mp3 through: www.amplifier.co.nz

MRR: Would you be interested in getting help through independent distros overseas?
Matt: For sure.
Wolfgang: We did a CD of live material too.
Matt: Yeah, I didn't like that very much personally. It was just to get something out there—something to get the ball rolling.

MRR: So the live one is more of a demo sorta thing?
Wolfgang: Yeah, totally.
Matt: The album *is* an album though. We wouldn't look at that as a demo. If you put an album out yourself it's still a fucking album. I've never liked the "demo" attitude. It doesn't matter if a middleman wasn't involved.

MRR: Do you have any upcoming releases in the works?
Jimmy: There is talk of doing a 7" for the European tour, and we plan to record our next LP on return from the tour. We have about twenty songs written to head into the studio with.

MRR: Where are you favorite places to play around New Zealand?
Matt: Valve in Wellington always rocks.
Wolfgang: I like playing in New Plymouth. Crowds suck though but I like going because I've got some people who I've known for a long time there. I like lying my sleeping bag on the floor with my cigarettes, getting hammered.
Matt: Wanganui was good the other week for strange reasons.

MRR: Did you play in a pub there?
Matt: No, we played in a brass band hall that had a stage that you could fit a hundred-piece brass band on.
It was fucking enormous.
Wolfgang: And you had us, a three-piece band perched in the middle of it.
Matt: It was good. We played to lots of people who had probably never seen a punk band before, which was cool. They're the best kind of audiences.
Jimmy: Scenesters can go get fucked!

MRR: What's your Turbojugend connection?
Jimmy: Basically, we were playing a show at the Enemy Dojo and some crazy Germans showed up.
Wolfgang: …with an obsession for wearing makeup. They were trying to mix all the instruments.
Jimmy: The Turbojugend is essentially an international rock 'n' roll party network based around a Norwegian death-punk band. So we had some people turn up at one of our shows and they ended up living here a little while.
Matt: Well, because Palmerston North is a university town and they were here for university.
Jimmy: So through that, they took a bunch of our CDs back to Europe and it ballooned from there.
Wolfgang: Then some more Germans turned up.
Jimmy: Blatantly hammered.

MRR: So there is an

Aotearoa [New Zealand] chapter of Turbojugend?
Jimmy: Ours is under the Aotearoa banner, but there's an Auckland chapter, a Dunedin chapter
and a Hawkes Bay chapter, I think.
Matt: Is there?
Jiimy: Yeah.
Matt: Hawkes Bay?
Jimmy: Yeah.
Matt: Napier?
Jimmy: Yeah.
Matt: Or Flaxmere?
Jimmy: I dunno.
Wolfgang: Mel, our national president is in Gisbourne, a lovely lady, Mel.

MRR: Tell us about your European Tour. How did you hook this tour up?
Jimmy: There's a band from the US called Brainerd. They're from Madison, Wisconsin. We had plans to play in Europe at a festival and they were planning to tour at the same time so through internet networking we decided, "Well, why not do it together?" So that's how it came together. We've got a promoter based in France called Rocking Dogs. They're organizing all the dates, and this guy Toma is going to drive us around the countryside in a van.
Wolfgang: It's pretty weird. We've got all these people organizing stuff and nobody knows what each other look like or how they sound when they talk.

MRR: Have many other underground New Zealand bands toured so extensively overseas recently?
Matt: Yeah. Cold By Winter.
Jimmy: They're an Auckland band. Kinda hardcore, emo— one of those weird kinda bands.
Matt: Stoppy, starty, all over the place.
Wolfgang: They're from Auckland *[laughter]*
Matt: Like the kind of kiddie-core we could only dream of playing. We're too old for that!
Jimmy: They just went and did 24 shows in a row throughout Europe.
Wolfgang: Plus the drummer's on *Celebrity Treasure Island*!

MRR: Okay, how about previous bands. You've all been involved in playing music for a long time.
Matt: Yeah, we've been involved in countless fuckin' go-nowhere-disappear-overnight kinda bands!
Wolfgang: Hell, there's even that tape floatin' around from when you were in one of them.

MRR: No comment! How about State of Hate, Wolfgang— how long were you guys together for?
Wolfgang: About three years. That kinda dissolved into a big screaming pile of shit.
Matt: Ham, the drummer, hung himself.
Wolfgang: Ham hung himself and the rest of the band went on the nod.
Matt: Then there was Snus, which was destined to fail as well.
Wolfgang: Greased Arm—destined to fail. GMC.
Matt: Those are the bands Wolfgang and I were in together. This is our first band with Jimmy. Jimmy's played in other bands, though. We never jammed a moment in the band until Jimmy joined.

MRR: There hasn't been much coverage of the New Zealand punk or hardcore scene for a while.
Matt: It tends to look after itself. It's pretty self-contained.
Matt: In Auckland, the whole hardcore punk rock scene is all...
Wolfgang: Christian. *[laughter]*
Matt: They're a bunch of fucking Christians and they—whaddya call it?—"interface" with the industry up there.
Wolfgang: And they interface very well whereas we don't interface very well at all with things like that.
Matt: Like we got a big show recently and we accidentally drank everybody's beer.
Wolfgang: Accidentally? We stole it!
Matt: But we didn't know it was for everybody, you know?
Wolfgang: Misunderstandings. And then we were booked to play with the D4 and they were like, 'Yeah, you're in' and then some fucker turned up and he knew nothing about it and promptly we had to take all our stuff away.
Matt: And he packed a shit.
Wolfgang: And the D4 were going "It's alright," the musicians had sorted it out and then this guy with a cell phone and a briefcase comes in and his quote was "You do realize I book bands for the Big Day Out don't you? So if you don't behave..." *[laughter]*
Matt: We got the "Get the Fuck in Line" message and that's the thing. Auckland punk and hardcore bands they can get the grey-haired man with the briefcase and the cell phone looking after their affairs and steering them in a certain direction and next thing you know they've got matching haircuts and some clothing emporium sponsoring them.
Jimmy: And they water down their attitude and try to say that they're broadening their horizons to a wider audience.
Matt: But what do you get from a deal like that? You get your song played twice on a super commercial, mega-listened to radio station and you might make a couple of grand off that. You get three or four top-notch shows that don't really amount to anything because it all boils down to if your band's no good then you're not going to get anywhere, are you? If your band's excellent then that improves your chances.
Wolfgang: Unless people get "told" they're good.
Matt: But that only works for so long.
Wolfgang: Like Stereogram, they signed [to a major] for seven albums. They're just going to get sucked dry and spat out.

MRR: Can you recommend any good New Zealand bands at the moment?
Matt: Horror Story, they're going off.
Wolfgang: They're horror punk. Lots of make up.
Matt: Lots of "whooahs." They're cool guys. They've been sticking at their guns for years.
Wolfgang: It's pretty much made up of members from the New Plymouth band Nefarious.
Jimmy: Wall of Silents, they're awesome doom-punk, also from Palmerston North.
Matt: Missing Teeth from Auckland—they're good.
Wolfgang: They always seem to be so drunk that they can't walk but always able to pull it off!
Matt: The High Lords from Wellington are pretty good.

MRR: Any long-running Wellington bands still going?
Wolfgang: Flesh D-Vice, in various flaccid forms! Eugene's a genius though, I just can't hate them!
Matt: They're a brilliant live act.

MRR: So Matt and Wolfgang have got another band together with one of the members of Flesh D-Vice called the Makos?
Matt: We do it with Dwayne, Dwayne Yulel. Dwayne writes the material and Wolfgang and I are just the gimps who play the backing but it's fun aye, bro?
Wolfgang: It's Link Wray meets Dee Dee Ramone's solo album. Lotsa down pick fucking bass.
Matt: Lots of "Shanga-langa-ting-tang" guitar playing but really fiery. A teenager could try that and fall flat on their face limp but Dwayne really gives it a kick up the arse.

MRR: He must have been around from the very start.
Matt: Oh, yeah. When did he join Flesh D-Vice?
Wolfgang: At least 22 years ago.
Matt: Well that band's a legendary one. Who else are good from that period? The Henchmen, The Warners, Sticky Filth...

MRR: Any final words?
Matt: Closing comments? No, I've said enough already!

THE DIRTY WATER CLUB

The Dirty Water Club has been the hub of the garage scene in London for a decade now, due to celebrate their tenth anniversary in October 2006 with the only UK performance ever of '60s proto-punks The Monks, CBGB veterans the Fleshtones, and local legends the Parkinsons. That line-up gives you some idea of the kind of bands they put on, though it only scratches the surface of hundreds of eclectic bills, hosting everyone from the Dirtbombs to Wilko Johnson to the Newtown Neurotics. Synonymous with Billy Childish's various projects, the club started out playing host to Thee Headcoats' monthly residence, moving through the Buff Medways era, and shortly to move on to the Musicians of the British Empire. Aside from a quality booking policy, it has also presented a vibrant independent alternative to the increasing corporatization and beverage-sponsored mundanity of most London venues. A regular friendly crowd lends the place an atmosphere closer to a weekly house party than a nightclub, a post-band dance party carries long into the night (usually continuing at somebody's flat once the venue closes), and a cheap bar make it a much-loved institution. I had a chat with genial promoter and man-about-town PJ to find out what it takes to keep the kids rocking. Interview and introduction by Lemmy Caution.

MRR: First of all, I wanted to know what got you into music in the first place—what were your formative influences, the first records you bought?

PJ: I guess I first got into music through my parents' record collection. They had records by Johnny Kidd & The Pirates, Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis, stuff like that. The collection stopped in the mid '60s when they started having kids, so there was no Rolling Stones or anything like that. It was mainly R&B-based.

MRR: Cool parents!

PJ: Of course nowadays when I talk to them they claim to know nothing about music whatsoever! I don't understand that at all.

MRR: So did you steal a few bits from their record collection?

PJ: Absolutely. Well, they didn't need them anymore. They just sat there untouched for years until I came across them. Got the old dansette out of the cupboard and I was off. There was no stopping me after that! Another factor that influenced me is growing up in Medway [a collection of small towns located around the Medway River in the Kent area of England] so in my early to mid-teens you'd have groups like The Milkshakes, The Prisoners, and The Daggermen playing in the local area, and that whole scene going on.

MRR: So how did you make the transition from being a fan to actually putting on gigs and stuff?

PJ: Because I had all these old records, I got asked to DJ. I think originally it was Gail Higgins who asked me to play some stuff down at the More Than Vegas night she did at St. Moritz in Soho.

MRR: Oh, yeah. Didn't she have something to do with the New York Dolls?

PJ: Yeah, she's from New Jersey originally. There was actually an article on her in Maximum Rocknroll a few years ago. She was involved in that whole '70s New York scene before she moved to London.

MRR: I remember when I first moved to London she used to have a stall on Camden Market selling '40s and '50s clothes and stuff.
PJ: Then there was this club near where I lived called the Wild Western Rooms and the guy who ran it, Slim, asked me to DJ and help out doing flyers and stuff. Basically he was doing too much on his own and needed someone to help out so I began to get more and more involved, and that's where Thee Headcoats started out playing. After a while, for various reasons, Slim moved it to the Boston Arms and renamed it the Dirty Water Club. That would have been around October 1996. Then in March 1997 he decided to quit. Me and Professor Blinding, the Sound Engineer,

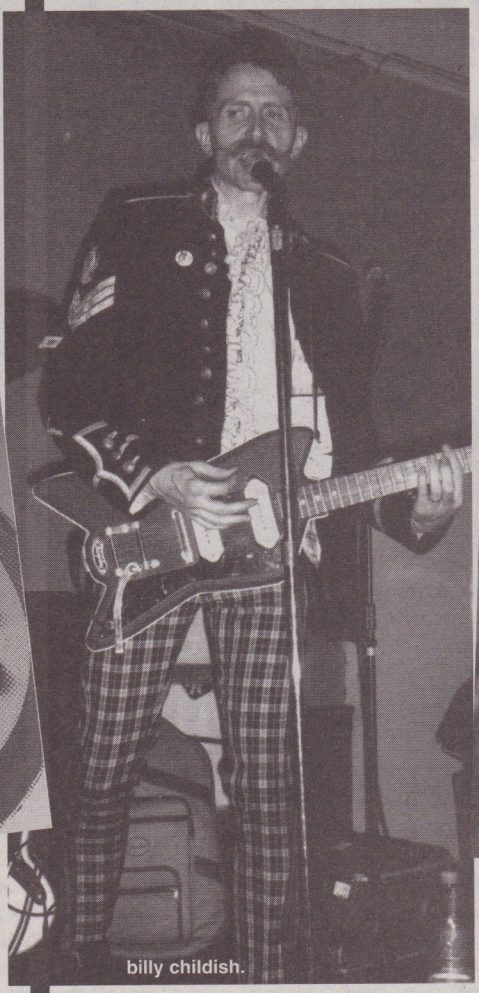
realized we were left with six weeks of gigs booked in advance so we had a chat about the situation and decided to give it a go, and it's become a habit!

MRR: So the Dirty Water Club was the first promoting thing you've done?
PJ: Yeah, I just got stuck in there at the deep end.

MRR: How are the tasks split up between you and the Professor?
PJ: I do the booking and planning, sorting out the bands and DJs, and DJing myself most weeks. The Professor sorts out everything on the night itself—doing the sound, paying the bands, etc.—which is good, as I find it difficult to get the money right when I'm drunk! I should also mention our wonderful door girls, Jackie and Oihane.

MRR: Who's the guy you have introducing the band in fantastic showbiz style at some of the shows?
PJ: His name is Austin Vince. He's just kind of always been around. I'm not entirely sure, but I think he used to be in a band with Liam Watson. He's been a schoolteacher but has also been a television presenter. The most recent program I've seen him on is this reality show where kids were in a 1950s school and he was one of the teachers. He's also been stage manager and MC at Cavestomp in New York. He just comperes whenever he manages to get along to the club.

MRR: A constant feature of the club since its inception has been Billy Childish having a residency there in one form or the other. Did you know Billy from before, as you're both from Medway?


billy childish.

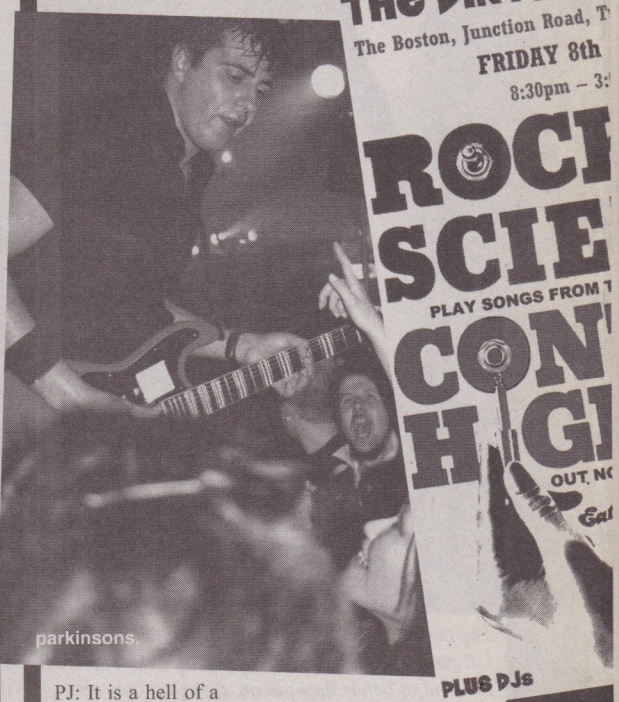
PJ: Not really that well. We would have talked occasionally, but not much more than that. It was more through doing the club. The thing about Billy's bands is even at their worst they're still ten times better than most bands at their best. I must have seen Billy live more than anyone else in the whole world and I'm never bored. It's always worth watching.

MRR: Do you find Billy a difficult person to deal with?
PJ: Billy doesn't suffer fools gladly, that's for sure, but as long as you're not an idiot and you don't treat him like an idiot then it's fine. If you treat him right, he's a good person. He can have a bit of an odd sense of humor that some people can take the wrong way, but I think that's maybe a Medway thing that I get and some people don't.

MRR: You seem to have quite a good relationship with the venue [Boston Arms, a big old Irish pub in North London and permanent venue of the DWC] because you've been doing it there for so long now.
PJ: Yeah, well we just turn up and do our thing. Trying to get them to make improvements to the place has been difficult. In the end we got down there and did some work on it ourselves, but slowly stuff is improving. There's air-conditioning now, a new DJ booth is on the way, and they've agreed to provide a fridge for the band's dressing room.

MRR: It's quite a good-sized room for the shows you put on.
PJ: Yeah, there's not many places of that size in London. There are lots of places that hold 100-150 people, then there's places like the Garage that hold 600 odd and then your big venues like the Astoria, but not that much in between.

MRR: What's your motivation to keep doing it week after week?



PJ: It is a hell of a lot of work. When I started out there weren't really any places putting on these types of bands. There was the Frat Shack occasionally but not much else. I basically had to do the club to put on the bands that I wanted to see.

MRR: Do you find it hard to find bands to fill the bills all the time?
PJ: There are plenty of bands out there. I spend most of my time listening to demos by bands that aren't suitable and telling them no. Most of the demos I get are either rubbish or just not right for the club. It's amazing the amount of bands that think they fit the criteria of the club but don't.

MRR: How many demos do you receive in a week?
PJ: Physical demos has gone down recently but I get more and more bands asking me to check them out online, sending me links to Myspace pages, but still three or four new bands a day.

MRR: Do you ever feel the urge to tread the boards yourself?
PJ: I was in a band once. I was at the Frat Shack one night before the Dirty Water Club had started and Josh, who ran the place, asked me to join this band he was getting together on the basis that he admired the suit I was wearing! As I couldn't play an instrument they had me singing. We played five or six gigs and even ended up performing on a TV show on Channel 4. We recorded some songs at Toerag, which I really hope will never be heard by anyone, ever. It was terrible!

MRR: I wanted to ask you about the DJing and dancing aspect of the Dirty Water Club, which consciously seems to be as important a part of the night as the bands. The majority of the crowd seems to stick around to get down to the disco afterwards, which seems pretty rare these days.
PJ: Oh yeah, it's just about wanting people to have a good time. It's a whole night out rather than kicking people out at midnight after the bands have finished and then re-charging them to get in to the club that's on afterwards, which a lot of venues in London do. I like to think it's a good place to socialize, a friendly atmosphere. I know plenty of people who have made friends here, formed bands, hooked up with people and ended up getting married.

priscillas.

MRR: Have you had any bad experiences dealing with bands?
PJ: To be honest, I don't have that many problems. I think people know the reputation of the club and respect the fact that we look after the bands. Even when we have had problems with people it's been kind of amusing; Tav Falco was difficult and went on really late, but he played a great set eventually. I guess his character is part of what makes him a great performer. The night with Kim Fowley was like watching a car crash. I just wanted to go away and hide somewhere, but in retrospect it was also hilarious. Dealing with Anton from the Brian Jonestown Massacre wasn't easy, and I'm sure a lot of people have called him an arsehole before, but at the same time I found him somewhat likeable as well.

MRR: What's the best and worst thing about doing the club?
PJ: The best thing is the people. I've met so many great people through doing the club. I can find a couch to crash on practically anywhere in the world. Even people who don't get to come to the club I keep in touch with through email—people from places like Paraguay and Russia! It always blows me away, looking at the statistics for who is viewing the web site. Mostly it's people from the UK, but the other week I had someone from Iran! People love this music everywhere. The worst thing is just keeping on top of all the work—answering all the mails, updating the website, listening to demos, all the organizational stuff—

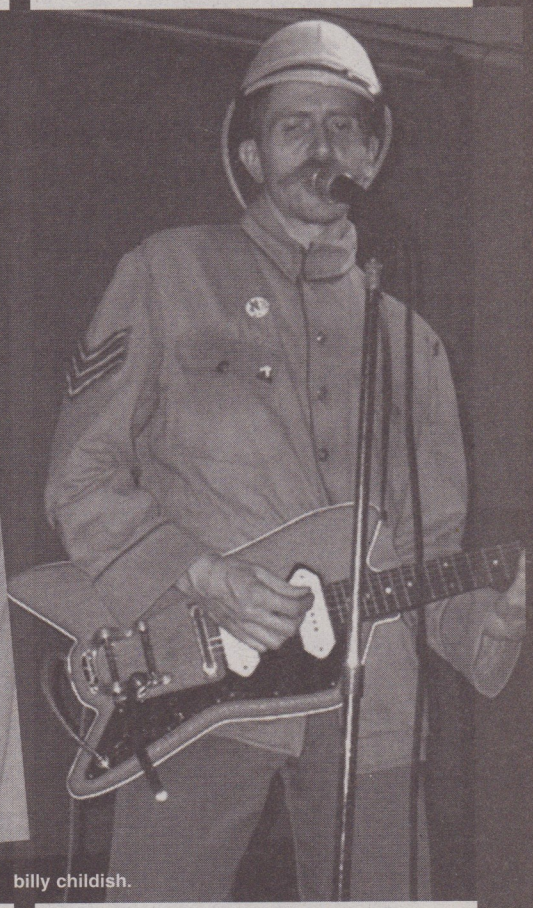
dirtbombs.

but I should stress that I find the work fun or otherwise I wouldn't do it.

MRR: It should be emphasized that you don't derive any income from the club. You work a day job and do this in your spare time.
PJ: Yeah, most of the money on the door gets paid out to the bands and if there is any left over, we put it aside for those nights when it might be a poor turnout, so we can still give the bands what they deserve or at least something towards their expenses. I'd love to not have to get up every morning and go to work but I also like looking at myself in the mirror and knowing I'm not ripping bands off.

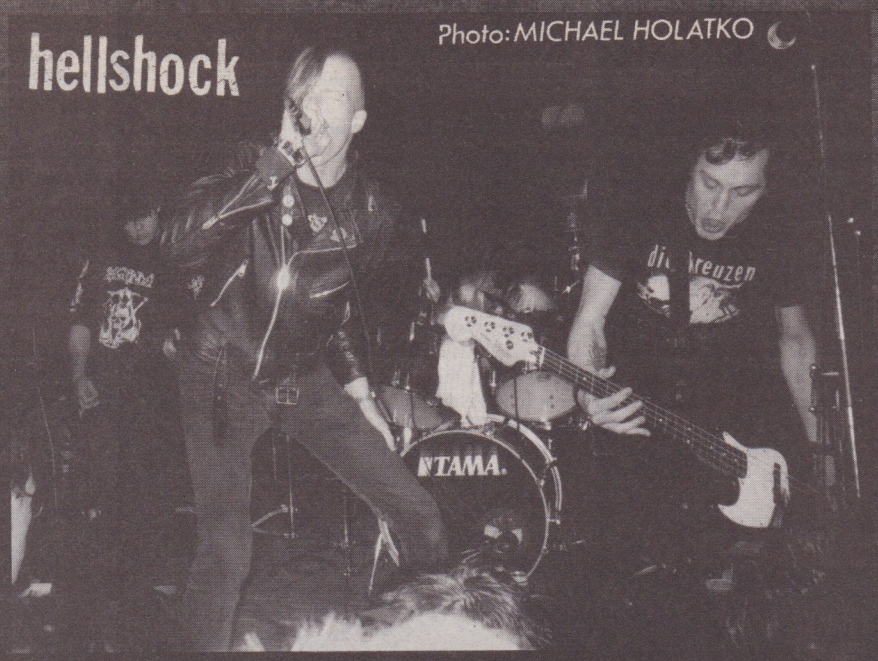
MRR: What about the future? You've started to branch out recently and do a few other nights.
PJ: My mate Max does a night called Club For Losers and we've known each other for years and years, so we've started up a night together called Dirty Losers. The idea in the beginning was to do a rock 'n' roll night for the gay crowd. There must be a lot of queer rock 'n' roll kids who are into the music but just end up going to gay clubs and listening to shit disco because that's where they feel more comfortable. And also it was an excuse so I can meet guys! We've got this queercore band from East London called The Open Mouths who are like the resident band and they're great.

MRR: Do you feel excluded from the mainstream gay scene?
PJ: I don't feel excluded because I know the music's crap and the people are shallow! Then me and Max also started a night called Fingerpop which is more of a dance night with pure pop music.


billy childish.

MRR: How about the record label?
PJ: We set up Dirty Water Records with the same idea as the club. I only put on bands I like and I only put out records I like. I just put out a single when it's something I really want to do and also I want to put out bands that no other label is helping and I think deserve it. The first release was a band called The Dirty and we've just done one for a band called Thee Exciters who are regulars down at the club.

MRR: What bands coming up at the club are you excited about?
PJ: There're a few old bands from the '70s that are reforming to do one-off shows, like The Times, which is Edward Ball from the Television Personalities other band, kind of mod-revival/freakbeat kind of stuff. A band called The Tights who were the first ever release on Cherry Red. There's some new stuff I'm excited about as well, like Tina from The Bobbyteens and the The Trashwomen's new band Top Ten. Basically anything involving Tina is gonna be good.



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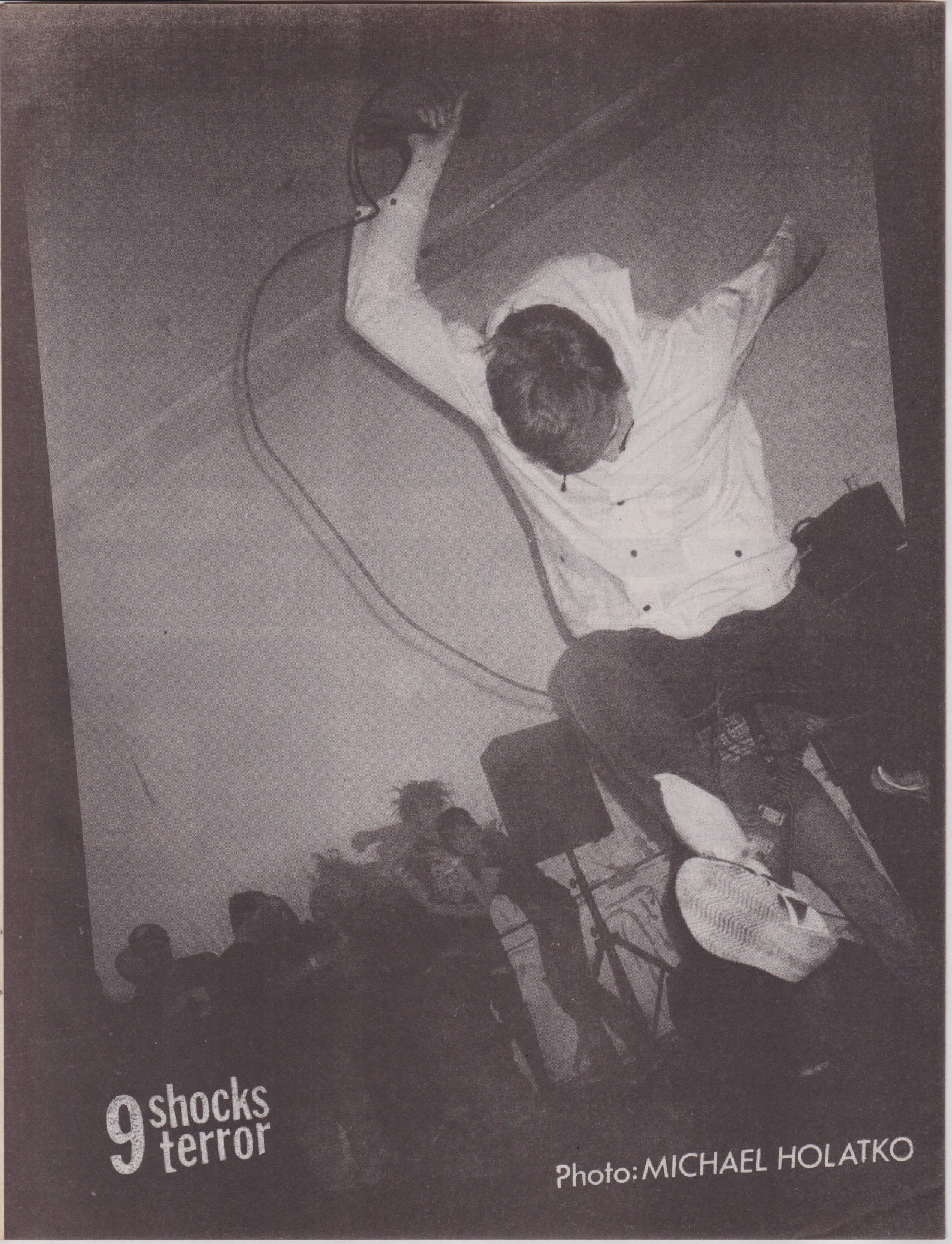

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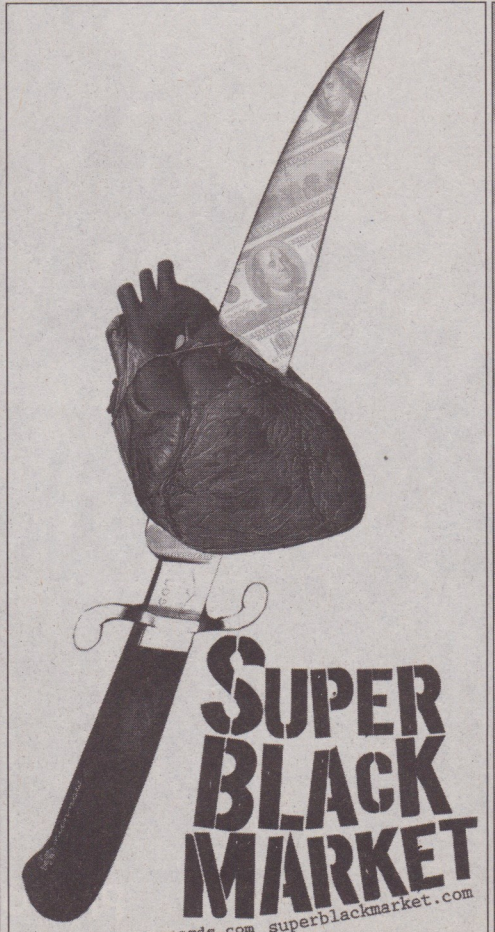

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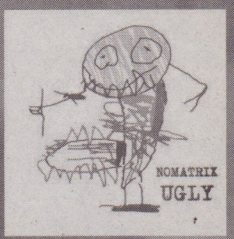

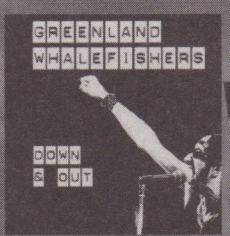

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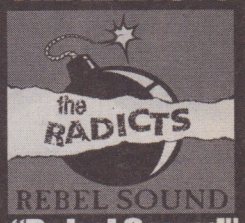

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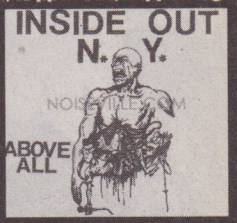

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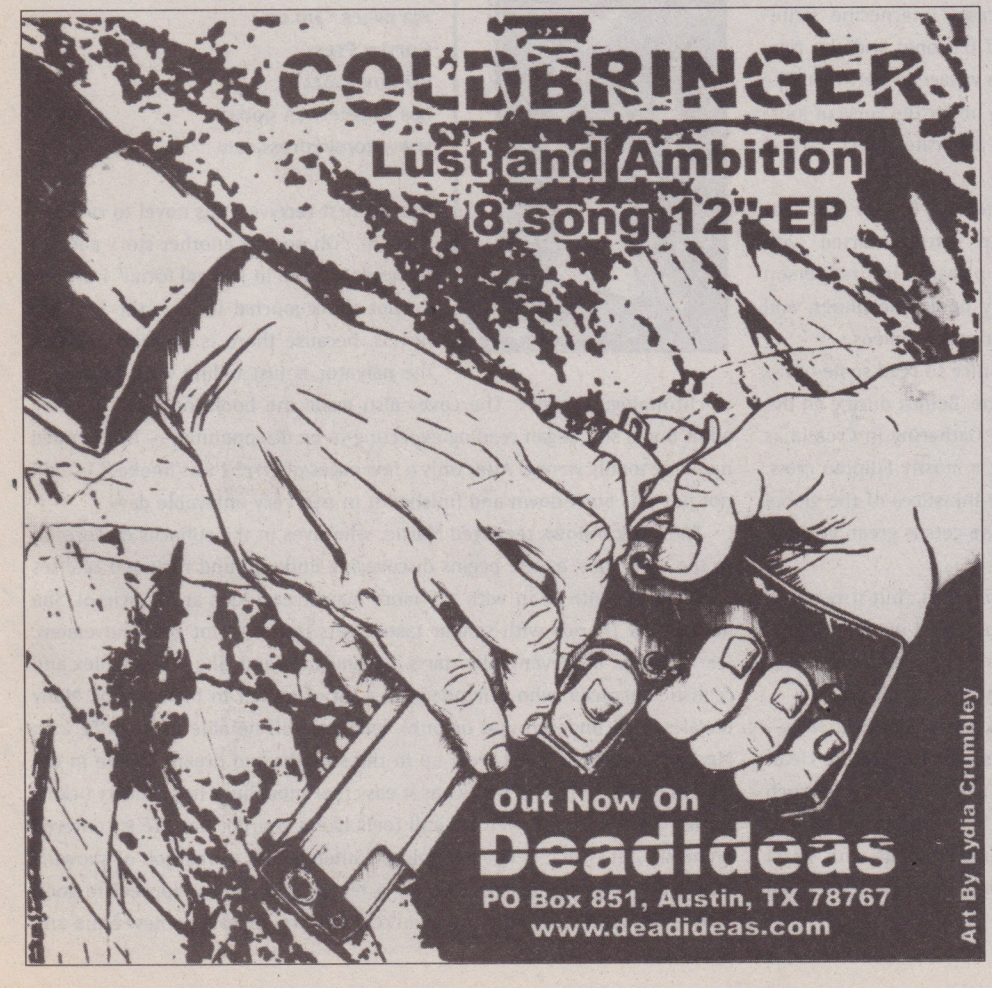

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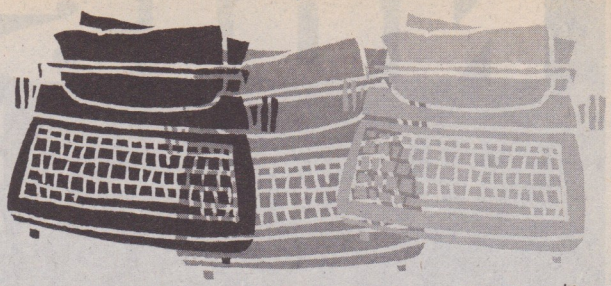

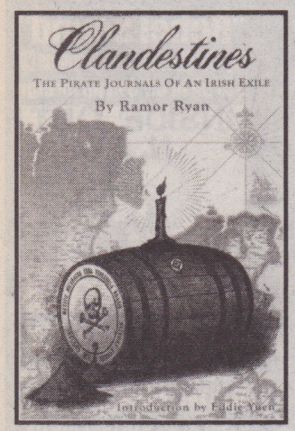

Clandestines: The Pirate Journals of an Irish Exile
Ramor Ryan
279 pages • $15.95
AK Press
674 A 23 St.
Oakland, CA 94612-1163

Ramor Ryan is a storyteller. I don't know about you, but when I settle in with a book, a bit of adventure, intrigue, conflict, escape, and cynical optimism helps. So does a wry, self-deprecating narrator and lines like "as with cops and soldiers, no situation on Earth is ever made better by the arrival of an immigration official." Which makes any of the story-chapters in *Clandestines* a joy.

Starting and ending in Berlin, Ramor's 15 chapters take 15 or so years going to sites around the world where his phrase "internecine strife" applies. He divides it further into the Old World (Europe) and the New World (Central and South America, Cuba), with a sea voyage in-between. The pirate theme isn't too forced even as he goes mostly under the guise of journalism and human-rights witnessing, unafraid to advocate direct, radical action or get wasted with whoever's around.

Few things are more romanticized than the pirate's life (or, for that matter, Irish heritage), so I was a bit hesitant in getting started with *Clandestines*. I trusted AK Press though. There's a pleasure in first-person versions of sites I know mostly only from history books, headlines, and punk songs. Hell, even Billy Bragg and Jimmy Carter make cameos.

The stories are humble, compelling reports. It's nice to read some of his early (1980s) reports—the Zapatista autonomous zone, Belfast during an IRA funeral, Sandinista-era Nicaragua, even a Rainbow Gathering in Croatia as he's coming back from the Genoa protests. Amidst a mostly Filipino crew, Ramor shares the piece he'd worked on about the injustices of the global banana trade with a fellow worker. The feedback he gets is great, grounding and necessary:

"He reads and laughs sardonically. 'It is good,' he says, 'but it is naïve. There is no mystery to the sea, it is simply the ocean and we are a metal box floating on top of it. And it is dangerous, stupid even. We are all fools, and we do it only because we have to. It is about money, that's all."

You can glean the better elements of other punk writers in these tales—the stories at sea made me think of Moe Bowstern's *Xtra Tuf* and the clear, declarative voice reminded me of Aaron's city-specific tales. It'd be too much to call it a *lingua franca* (or accent), but I think of how the best narratives I've heard have been at low-key potlucks, or in foreign squats with smart strangers. Again, I fear romanticizing such things, but the experiences add up.

Ramor dips into history and necessary background fluidly—explaining why the Miskitos in Nicaragua maybe ended up siding with the Contras, with the next page railing against US hypocrisy in our Central American policy. This is not detrimental to the story, though—just quick asides to make sure you're up to speed. It's a good trick, valuable as a whispered confidence at the bar before things get weirder.

Sure, sometimes the prose gets a little purple ("It is like being on a roller coaster or a ghost train in a demolition derby, only it doesn't end, there's no finish. Time lumbers by torturously, and we don't ever stop; we flail heavily into the endless night and there is only infinite discomfort."). But ultimately *Clandestines* succeeds in the earned wisdom of the voice, reporting back to us from the back of a shaking truck, not just the temporal victories and autonomous zones, but also when the road darkens.

—Travis Fristoe

grrrl
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When I first received this novel to review I thought, "Oh no, not another story about a teenager written in journal form!" I usually do not think journal form is the best for novels, because there is no dialogue, and the narrator is just telling what happened in chronological order. The cover also made the book look like a young adult book, so I began reading expecting to be disappointed— but I ended up being totally wrong! After only a few pages of *grrrl*, I was hooked! I could not put this book down and finished it in two very enjoyable days.

The book follows teenaged Marlie, who lives in the suburbs of Toronto in the early '90s, as she begins discovering underground rock and realizes she doesn't quite fit in with the more mainstream kids at her school. She makes new friends with similar tastes, gets into the riot grrrl movement, learns guitar, and eventually starts a promising band. She is a complex and realistic character who reminded me a lot of myself in high school. Many females with underground or punk leanings will be able to identify with Marlie, especially if they grew up in the suburbs and dreamt of life in the city. In one way, Marlie really has it easy (her mom buys her concert tickets for an Easter present), yet she still feels like a weirdo. Her life is centered on music—it's what keeps her going. Whiteford did a great job of showing how truly magical music can be for a teenager. Sure, we appreciate good records as adults too, but when you're a kid, you discover a new band and

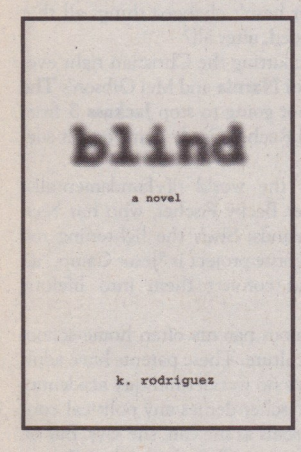
it seems *awesome*, nearly *life changing*, and it's all you can think about. It seems to set the mood for your whole life and all you want to do is listen to that album over and over. At least, that's what it was like for me! And for Marlie. "I miss my room and my tapes," she laments while on vacation in Seattle. In her room, she has her own world and her music.

Although Marlie may seem a little superficial and overly concerned with clothes and her image early in the book (but who isn't in high school?), later on she gains more depth as she deals with bigger issues such as her sexuality. She is uncertain where she stands throughout the book as her first sexual experience is with a girl, but later she begins dating an older male local rock star. She also has to deal with constant torment at school from more preppy kids who make fun of how she dresses and call her a lesbian. Those of us who were misfits in school know exactly how this feels.

It's cool when Marlie stops just buying records and clothes, and starts making things happen for herself with her band, School Bus(t). She cares less about what others think of her and more about doing what she wants and going with her heart. I think most people have this realization at some point—maybe that's when we grow up.

Overall, a great, fun book that really took me back to high school and made me remember it in a good way despite all the crap I went through. Marlie is a strong, endearing, unique and believable character. Read this book!

—Jane Ghotlos



Blind
K. Rodriguez
247 pages • $13.95
8780 Floral St
Gilroy, CA 95020
www.myspace.com/punklit

A novel about skinheads...a novel idea in and of itself. This of course prompts the joke "skinheads can write?" but this book clearly answers that question.

A SHARP, if you don't know, is a Skinhead Against Racial Prejudice. It has been my experience that while SHARPs may not be racist, they are still a violent lot. Our main character in *Blind*, a 19 year-old SHARP, typifies this as well as a few other common perceptions of skinheads.

His mentor Phil puts him on this track by passing down the traditions—the philosophy, the persona, the lifestyle, the look, the attitude, etc. Along the way, our protagonist's dogma is put to the test by girlfriends, parents, jobs, and the inevitable Nazi skinheads. But the ultimate check is how he handles his best friend's death.

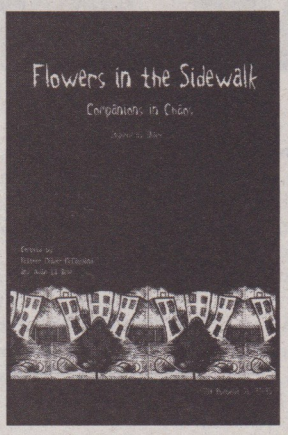
It's hard not to write these guys off as boneheads. They live only to drink, fight, and get laid; maybe they'll throw in the occasional show but even that appears to serve the double purpose of entertaining and providing them a place to find more people to fight. They relegate themselves to the role of "working man" and have more pride in their boots than they do their lives' potential.

This concept of merely fulfilling a predetermined role is frustrating to grasp and annoying to read. However, through his inner monologue *Blind's* main guy, seemingly by accident, reveals that he's not the hard-assed macho dick he likes to think he is. Unless you're Alec from *A Clockwork Orange* or the *American Psycho* Patrick Bateman—two villains with considerable depth—I don't care to read about some asshole running around picking fights. So when *Blind's* storyteller starts showing the chinks in his armor he becomes multi-dimensional which, in turn, makes the book increasingly more engaging as the story unfolds.

And by the time the Nazis come in to play I found myself engaged to the point where I decided not to read it before going to bed, just in case I didn't like where the story ended up going.

I'm given every indication that the author grew up as a skinhead in the Bay Area. The setting, the misogyny, the violence, and even the weather all point to East Bay tough guy. He knows the scene, he knows the people, he knows the cadence, he knows the vibe, and he knows how it all goes down. To my utter surprise "he" is actually a 20 year-old woman from Gilroy.

—Craigums



Flowers in the Sidewalk: Companions in Chaos
Heather Meader-McCausland and Adam La Belle, Eds.
192 pages • $14.95
H.P.R. Press
PO Box 917
Arcata, CA 95518
www.sidewalkflowers.com

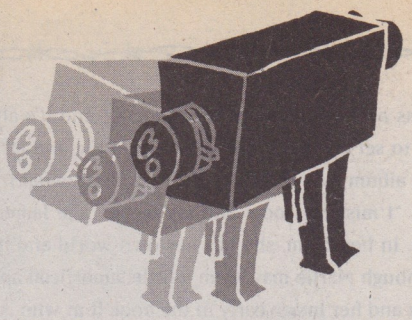
Flowers in the Sidewalk chronicles the misadventures of the inhabitants of a punk house over two years. The editors have compiled journal entries, photos, and artwork to create a snapshot of a time and place that shaped their lives. It's obvious that a lot of effort and love went into this. The book also left me with the impression that punk houses are pretty universal—you get the feeling of one big, dysfunctional, beer-soaked, loyal family. I found myself oscillating between "that reminds me of such-and-such house" fond reminiscences and "Christ, I'm glad I don't live at such-and-such house anymore" relief.

The book is divided roughly into themed sections with a lot of overlap between them (music, education, family, politics, etc.) but I kind of wish it were arranged chronologically. Also, it would have been cool if photos were captioned so we could put faces to names and know what bands are pictured. But hey, these are not huge flaws. I imagine it was a pretty challenging task to put this together over a decade after the house's existence.

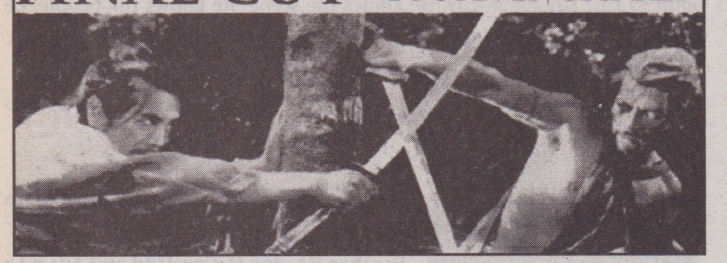
The book is a wrapped up with a "where are they now" section that is comprised of brief descriptions (or guesses in some cases) of what the folks who were involved are up to now, which I think is a nice touch. I'd definitely recommend this if you're into personal zines. It's got that feeling of reading a stranger's diary and looking through their pictures. That said, I hope that none of my former roommates ever get the idea to do something like this, if only to spare me the embarrassment. *Flowers in the Sidewalk* is an enjoyable read and easy to relate to, and I really appreciate the evident care that went into this project.

—Tress

MOVIES



FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI



WHAT WE DO IS SECRET

A few weeks ago, I was waiting to see **Jackass 2** (which, incidentally, I liked). I chanced upon a small security problem at the front of the line: two guys, both maybe sixteen, were pushing their tickets to the clerk, but she refused to take them. Then, reaching for her phone, she threatened to call security, and tersely suggested the pair take the matter up with Customer Service.

I didn't hear the whole conversation, but it was clear to me that they were being denied entry because of the R rating. At first, I wasn't quite how to approach this, but I'd seen Kirby Dick's documentary, **This Film Has Not Yet Been Rated**, a week or so before, and I was getting kind of annoyed. The two pals sheepishly went to get a refund when a guy in a Port au Prince Voodoo Skulls baseball cap intercepted them.

"You're going to **Jackass**, right?""

They nodded hopefully.

"Listen. I'm your adult guardian. Once you're inside, go wherever you want." And then I added: "I *hate* ratings."

I had fun with this one. There were two different doors into the theater complex, and I made a point to walk in right in front of the clerk. She looked pissed, but knew there was nothing she could do about it.

For many adults in major metropolitan areas, the whole idea of movie ratings must seem a bit quaint. Such is the case for filmmaker Kirby Dick, who as an artist has also always been bothered by the arbitrary nature of film ratings. Halfway through his film, the shows a montage of the money shots from films rated PG and R, and it's hard to tell one from the other. In some cases, the PG content seems considerably more intense.

This is just one of the paradoxes covered in this **Film is Not Yet Rated,** a frisky expose of one of America's last truly opaque public institutions. The raters are unknown to the public. Hidden in an unobtrusive stucco complex in Encino, CA, only careful observation reveals its forbidding facade. The only way in and out is past a uniformed security guard posted at the garage. But if you were to drive by the building, you wouldn't give it a second thought. Also hidden the offices of the MPAA's (Motion Picture Association of America) enigmatic appeals board, whose word (for the most part) is final.

The director of **Sick: The Life and Death of Bob Flanagan, Sadomasochist**, Kirby Dick then embarks on a witty funny narrative to discover the MPAA's dark secrets. He interviews several private investigators, and finally hires an affable lesbian couple. Early on, they all motor halfway across L.A. to follow a clump of raters, and manage to score a restaurant booth right next to them, hidden mikes and video cameras running. (They also almost get caught.)

Casing the MPAA all day, it's surprising nobody notices they're there. As it happens, their big break happens when a security guard takes a short break, allowing the lead investigator to walk up the booth and shoot a video of the entire staff list.

The story is nothing if not engaging, using whimsical animation to flesh out the talking heads in interviews where cameras aren't permitted, and making the most of the formal interviews with filmmakers. Kimberly Peirce, director of **Boys Don't Cry**, recounts her odd moments with the MPAA. Apparently, they seemed less bothered by the film's graphic rape scene than the one where a protagonist shows sexual pleasure. And as often is the case, her film was sent back with and NP-17. The opacity of the ratings process all but shuts down communication that would assist the filmmaker to make good choices, and an NP-17 means that many exhibitors won't even touch the film.

Trey Parker (**Team America: World Police**), took the other route. After his experiences with the **South Park** movie, he filled the marionette sex scene with several times more salacious content than he'd ever use. (One of the documentary's surprises includes a portion of the infamous sex scene never before seen: the two heroes drenched in poo.)

As Kirby Dick's project progresses, it becomes clear that higher-ups at the MPAA are not taking lightly to Kirby Dick's project. In his interview, lawyer Greg Goeckner refuses to appear on film, then threatens to cut the connection Dick he asks any of the "forbidden" questions. This basically means that Dick can't ask any questions at all—and that's precisely the way the MPAA wants it.

Clearly, a movie rating system is potentially useful, but the current mess—confusing, contradictory, and blind to criticism— seems doomed from the start. As *Newsweek* critic David Ansen suggests (and others agree), the lack of public accountability may undermine the rating system's credibility.

All the same, you may leave the theater half-satisfied, not quite knowing the effect of the film's far-reaching revelations. But it's hard to imagine Kirby Dick going much farther than he has; certainly no one has revealed so many specific details about the MPAA. How paradoxical it is that, even despite the MPAA's supposed "need" for anonymity, the blown cover hasn't changed things all that much. Kirby Dick suggests the question: is it needed, after all?

It's no secret that the film industry has been courting the Christian right ever since the commercial success of **The Chronicles of Narnia** and Mel Gibson's **The Passion of the Christ.** It's no great threat; it's not going to stop **Jackass 3** from coming out. But, as filmmakers Heidi Ewing and Rachel Grady point out, it suggests issues of much greater import.

Their documentary, **Jesus Camp**, explores the world of Fundamentalist Christianity through the story of youth preacher Becky Fischer, who has been doing her work mostly in the American southlands. She's the lightening rod behind Kids in Ministry International, but her favorite project is "Jesus Camp," an effort to catch kids while they're young and convert them into lifelong Christians..

Not that they children need much help. Zealous parents often home school their children to avoid temptations from secular culture. These parents have adult children who often volunteer for military duty; it's no wonder military academies are filled with young Christians. In interviews, Fischer denies any political content to her camp—she's just out to save as many souls as she can, she says. But on the second day of the camp, she pulls out a life-size cardboard model of George Bush, who's regarded as almost a saintly presence. Later, Fischer cinches the knot by giving the children a chance to "speak in tongues"—a babbling said to come from the Holy Spirit, but which apparently can't be understood.

Fischer knows the statistics, and she even quotes them to us. If children are caught before they're teens, it's likely they'll remain Christians for their entire lives.

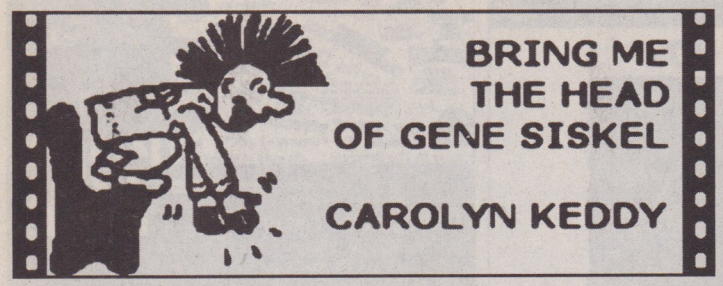
Jesus Camp tries to be as fair as possible, especially since many of the charismatics shown here seem to be decent but naïve souls. Fischer is so energized by her life as a youth leader that she fails to understand that she's participating in a film that's antagonistic to her views. Her sights are so blinkered that she even feels the documentary might be used for purposes of conversion. It's the same goodhearted naïveté when George Bush allowed filmmakers to make a revealing documentary on his 1999 presidential campaign.

You feel the greatest pity for the children. Rachael, whose words are a stream of charismatic catchwords, beams as she tries to convert random people on the street. Thirteen-year old, Lev, born of military parents, uses Jesus Camp to prepare his first sermon; he claims that some day he'll be a preacher, like his father. Both say they want to be missionaries when they grow up.

The film intersperses the charismatics' chatter with excerpts from Mike Papantonio's talk show. Trained as a lawyer, he's also a Christian—but feels betrayed by their message. His ideas are nuanced and well-reasoned—and that's precisely why his words are of no interest to extremists like Becky Fischer.

To cap matters, **Jesus Camp**—which doesn't have a single even remotely

objectionable scene—earned a PG-13 rating. Someday in the distant future, we may know why.



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

NEITHER GODS NOR FOOLS

What Is It? is not only the name of the film, but the general reaction to seeing Crispin Glover's directorial debut. The main story is basic: a man purposefully, but regrettably kills his pet snail. Feeling the despair of that action, he sets off to get a new snail. He locks himself out of the house. Now what does he do?

Of course, summing up a movie like **What Is It?** with that brief description would probably make you not want to see this film. Would someone really love a snail so much that he would have it for a pet, then kill the creature for seemingly no reason? "Thank you for the affection", the young man utters as he pours salt on the snail. But this is no average young man. Almost the entire cast is made up of actors with Down syndrome. Glover says he wanted to work with these actors because when you look into the eyes of someone with Down syndrome you truly see someone who lives outside of the status quo. If you are looking to make an outsider film that seems very logical.

Throughout **What Is It?** the young man is plagued by his various levels of consciousness. One of these, his inner psyche, is played by Glover who portrays an over-confident asshole instead of his more familiar misunderstood outsider roles. The rest of the cast behaves in a way that could be described as instinctual. If you sit and watch the film as if it is a dream and accept everything that is going on, you will probably enjoy it.

If you want to figure out meanings for every character and action, you will have a harder time. Why would a minstrel want to become a snail and why would eating snails get you there? It is obvious. You are what you eat. That was an easy one. Why are monkey women living within the young man's psyche? What does Shirley Temple have to do with the Nazis? See the film and see if you can figure it out.
(http://www.crispinglover.com/)

It is the basic assumption that you really need distribution by the major film studios to make a successful film that sullies my impression of **This Film Is Not Yet Rated**. I guess it is true if you want to win an academy award, but in these days of DVDs, the internet, and Netflix doesn't everything have a chance? It may take longer, but there are so many shitty studio films out there that eventually word will get out about that great film that ended up with a NC-17 rating or even an un-rated film. Even the latest raunchy teen sex comedies eventually all come out on DVD in an un-rated version. If you somehow still believe in the importance of major film studios and their ratings system, **This Film Is Not Yet Rated** will piss you off.

This Film Is Not Yet Rated explores the super secretive film ratings board, a self-censoring organization set up by the studios to preempt any perceived government attempt to do the same. What has instead happened is that any image that is too intellectually provocative seems to get a harsher treatment that your average generic sex scene or bloody killing, no matter if the former lacks both nudity and violence. Apparently an organization set up by the major film studios is more lenient on their films when it comes to ratings. Now that's quite shocking. Director Kirby Dick makes a good case for the bias, but I could care less.

This Film Is Not Yet Rated as a film gets more fun when Dick hires a private investigator Becky Altringer to find out who the people on the ratings board are. Jack Valenti, the man behind the ratings board for most of its existence, was prior to the ratings board gig a staff member in Lyndon B. Johnson's administration. He is shown in interviews talking of the board as regular people with children who are looking out for the best interest of children worldwide. He tries to make it all sound above board, but as the board members get exposed so do their private lives with fully-grown children and in one case no children.

This Film Is Not Yet Rated reaches the ultimate ironic fun when Dick submits the documentary you are watching for a rating. It comes back with a NC-17. When Dick asks, the board member says they will not comment on the film's contents. He appeals the decision, revealing yet another secretive level of the system. He documents the whole experience providing more insight into the shady dealings going on at the ratings board than any examination of the inconsistencies of the board's decisions could.

This Film Is Not Yet Rated is irreverent and interesting, but in the end does it really matter what the ratings board does? We know what they are up to, but is it worth trying to change the system? Movies seem to be distributed so differently these days it seems that a good one will get to the people somehow. (http://www3.ifctv.com/thisfilm/about.php)

The screening for **American Hardcore** started out promising. It was free. Always a good thing, especially when you've already heard bad things about a film. I was there with *MRR* coordinators Chris and Martin, and we were ready to be rowdy and have fun. We heckled Ronald Reagan when the movie opens with his inauguration in 1981. "You suck." Then Henry Rollins follows, "You suck too!," I yelled. We laughed. Unfortunately, the rest of the crowd wasn't as into causing a commotion as we were. It may have been the venue. When the Ramones' **End Of The Century** doc played at the Roxie Theater everyone was going crazy, clapping, and screaming. The Lumiere, where this screening was held, is a more traditional theater. Maybe there weren't enough punks in the audience.

According to the film **American Hardcore** every town had one main hardcore band. LA had Black Flag, Boston had SSD, New York had Cro-Mags, Austin had MDC, Reno had 7 Seconds, and San Francisco had Flipper. DC managed to have two: Bad Brains and Minor Threat. I know you can't include everything in an hour and forty minute documentary and everyone is going to have their complaints about who was left out. The most obvious absences in **American Hardcore** are the Dead Kennedys, The Misfits, and Hüsker Dü. I know the filmmakers will have a "good" excuse for that, but it seems pretty lame to just exclude them from the history. As lame as it is to just brush over most of the scenes, ignoring the hugely influential bands from the less high profile scenes.

American Hardcore's main mistake is that it cannot decide whether to be a film that tells the story of early days of hardcore to people who have never heard of it or to be a film for the punks who were there or wished they were. It starts off trying to tell the story to the uninitiated, setting the scene against the resurgence of the Republican era with the inauguration of Reagan and the influx of conservative lifestyle. But like hardcore music itself, it isn't very likely the average person would care to see this. Then along the way, the filmmakers realize there is so much to include they just start throwing things in. Mentions of sexism, racism, homophobia, straight edge, and violence in the scene are haphazardly tacked on without much discussion. Extraneous things are thrown in, distracting from the flow of the story. Ian MacKaye defending his song "Guilty of Being White" or a mixing session when the Bad Brains found a track from one of their recording session are seemingly unnecessary. Just because you have the footage doesn't mean you need to use it.

Had **American Hardcore** gone with a more for the punks attitude, the film could have been more exciting. As someone who was involved in the scene at the time, I—like every other kid in the pit—have my own recollections of what was going on. The filmmakers should have made more of an attempt to capture that. Fortunately, for me there is quite a bit spent on the Boston scene where I was at the time. In fact my favorite scene is when Springa shows up at the Al Barile and Jaime Sciarappa interview. Springa jokes about the band getting back together. "We'll start with "Boiling Point," he announces as he walks into the basement. He then shows the set list from their first show. More of this kind of nostalgia would have made the film more fun. If the filmmakers would have been able to capture what it was like to be a hardcore show, to hear the music for the first time or the excitement we felt at the time, it could have been a great film. It also might have been easier to ignore the omissions.

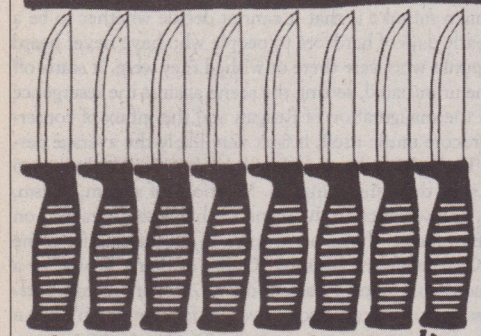
Instead you get the usual cast of talking heads telling the same stories they have been telling in other documentaries. I really don't need to hear the story of how Henry Rollins joined Black Flag ever again. In **American Hardcore** it is very amusing to see washed up punk rockers ramble on about their heyday in the hardcore scene, conviently forgetting their more dubious attempts at "making it." I didn't see Brain Baker talking about Junkyard or Dave Smalley spouting his Republican rhetoric. Some bands are called on their shit like Gang Green's attempt at stadium rock. Yet, it is done in a mildly amused, wasn't-that-silly way. Inspired by that denial, Martin and I are going to compile a list of the top 100 things that really destroyed the early hardcore scene for the next issue of MRR. Circle Jerks *Wonderful* album, Slapshot's straight edge chant, Black Flag's instrumental jams, and the transformation of every hardcore band into a metal band will be on there. Want to help? Send your suggestions to carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com *[editor's note: don't forget to CC that email to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com!].* (http://www.sonyclassics.com/americanhardcore)

On that topic, I agree with Bill Florio in his *MRR* column last month, #282. We need a new word for DIY. Too many people are using the term in the wrong way.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area, let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it.

"WHEN THE SHIT HITS THE MAN" BY

HERODIK HONEST



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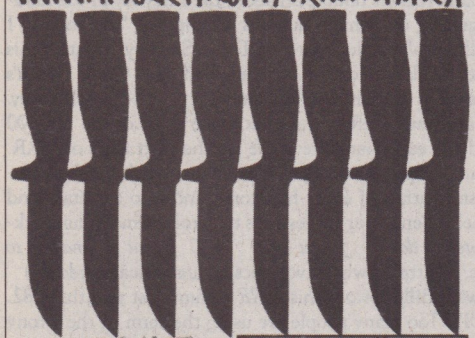

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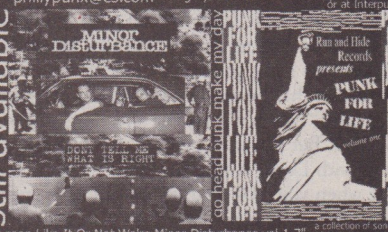

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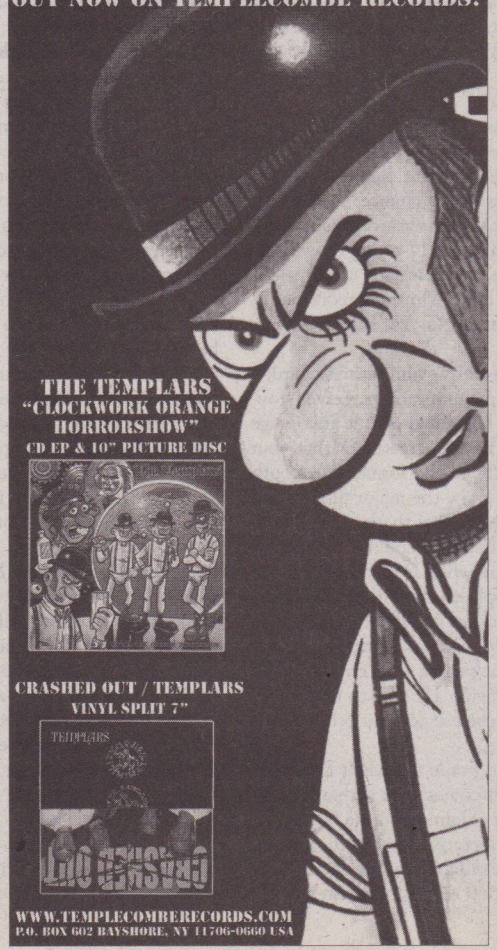

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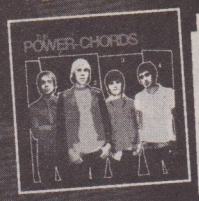

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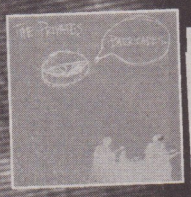

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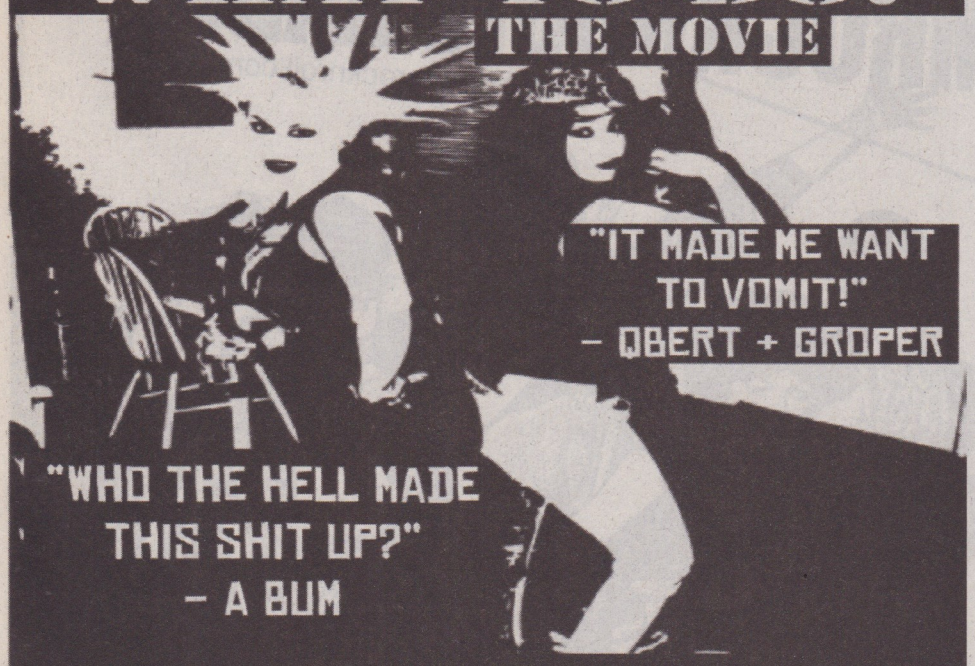

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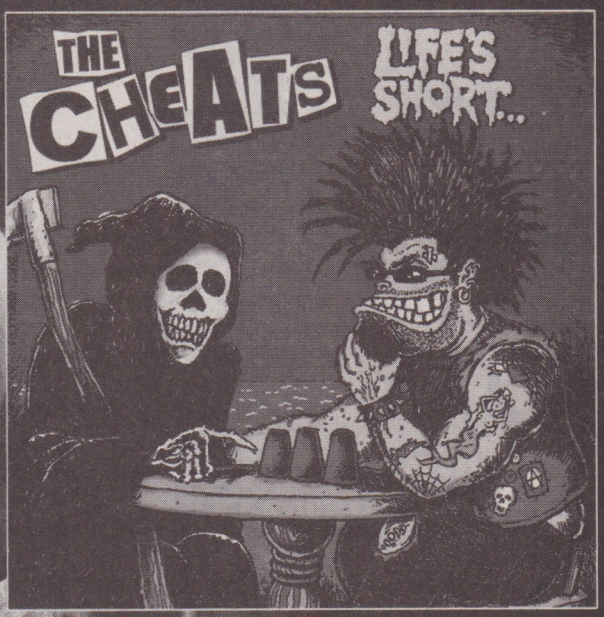

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RECORDS

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Reviewers: Tim Brooks (TB), Mitch Cardwell (MC), Rob Coons (RC), Carl Cordova (CC), Paul Curran (PC), Andy Darling (AD), Dr. Dante (DD), Sean Dougan (SD), Nic Eagle (NE), Jonathan Floyd (JF), Bob Goldie (BG), Jeff Heermann (JH), Vince Horner (VH), Mike Howes (MH), Layla Gibbon (LG), Chris Hubbard (CS), Kenny Kaos (KK), Carolyn Keddy (CK), Ramsey Kanaan (RK), Will Kinser (WK), Ray Lujan (RL), Allan McNaughton (AM),Golnar Nikpour (GN), Bruce Roehrs (BR), Ken Sanderson (KS), Martin Sorrondeguy (MS), Steve Spinali (SS), Brian Stern (BS), Stevo (ST), Ryan Wells (RW), Shane White (SW)

ALERT! ALERT! – "First Aid" EP

Kansas City skate-core! Taking their cue from generic '80s thrash, ALERT! ALERT! manages to inject some life and originality into this quickly-becoming-stale-again genre. With thoughtful refrains like, "We're dying, we're dying, we can't afford a shot," about medicine in America, goofy sing-along choruses like, "Thrashin' in the streets!" and the clever line, "Live free then die" (which fall somewhere in between, I suppose), the lyrics are all spot-on. The tunes move along at a rapid pace and are just the right length—not long enough to get boring and not so short as to short-change you on the rock. Let the circle pit commence. (PC)
(Big Brown Shark/Cassette Kill, 300 N. Brighton Ave., Kansas City, MO 64123)

ALL IN – "Nothing to Lose" CD

Christian hardcore that has a big heavy chugging jock hardcore sound. The vocals are super gruff, the slow chugging guitars are painfully simple and slow, and the gang vocals make me giggle. When he's singing in a clean voice things get worse. I doubt I'll even make it through this whole CD after lines like "Hey Christians look alive! Let's hold our heads up high! And let's fight for something!" Ugh. (MH)
(Hand of Hope, www.handofhoperecords.net)

ALL SYSTEMS FAIL – LP

It's been a while since I've heard ALL SYSTEMS FAIL and they have really refined their sound since then. This record is quite near perfect. The sound quality is great, the packaging is phenomenal, and the lyrics are really interesting and educating. This band worked hard and put a lot of thought into this LP, something I think is missing from most records these days. For those of you who are curious to what they sound like, try DEFIANCE, DEAD SILENCE, and some BEHIND ENEMY LINES, but with a distinct style of their own. Very anthemic and scathing political punk. The lyrics are in Spanish and English and deal with current events and scene issues, which I am sure there are a lot of living in Salt Lake City, Utah. I like this record a lot and I think you will too. (WK)
(Alerta Anifascista, PO Box 2318, Flensburg 24913, GERMANY, www.no-pasaran.org)

ANNIHILATION TIME – "Cosmic Unconsciousness" EP

These fucking kooks rip off BL'AST so hard, man, it's like, "Who the fuck do you think you are?" It's almost like they think they're from Santa Cruz or something, fuckin' barnys. Anyway, ANNIHILATION TIME is back and ripping with one new shredder and two oldies re-recorded from the first LP. The first song has some slow parts but whatever it's a solid groove *mannnn*, sounding like the stuff from the latest LP, solid all around. No shit! (NE)
(Tank Crimes, www.tankcrimes.com)

THE ANSWER LIES / FOUR DEADLY QUESTIONS – split CD

Two punker bands that play it fast and faster in the NEW BOMB TURKS style made so popular by the NEW BOMB TURKS. Or, the San Diego early '90s school; take your pick. I don't particularly need this in my life, but others who are sick and in need of the cure can try this if they so desire. (RW)
(Geykido Comet, www.gcrecords.com)

ANXIETY ATTACK – "Fine Art" EP

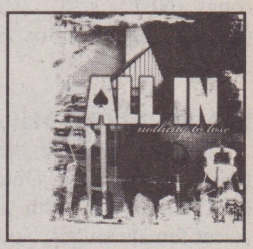
Well, apparently Kansas City is the new hotbed for thrash. ANXIETY ATTACK plays it raw and brutal, and although they lack heaviness they make up for it in really impassioned vocals. I appreciate their song calling out dudes who make shitty comments to women on the street, and the hilarious/angry "Fine Art," which I imagine is inspired by all the crappy "art" one has to look at when using galleries as show spaces, as I know they have done out there in KC. A great release by an awesome band. (PC)
(Big Brown Shark, 300 Brighton Ave., Kansas City, MO 64123)

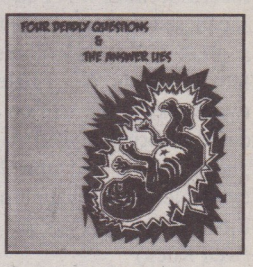
AORTAORTA – "Bloodrush" 10"

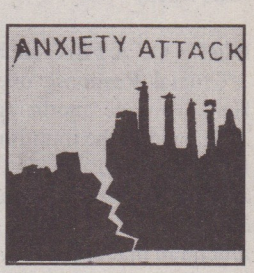
AORTAORTA plays a mix match of crustified noise damaged, but rock-rooted post punk. Screamed vocals and occasional diamonds in the rough. These Tampere, Finland punks are having fun with what they do and are probably a fun band to see live. (BS)
(aortaorta@netti.fi)

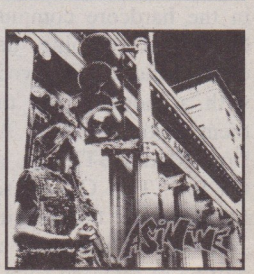
ASININE – "Melon" CDEP

Seven-song self-released CD by ASININE from Cleveland. I don't think I've even heard a ska-punk band









since the '90s, but apparently the genre is alive and well, at least in Ohio. ASININE does their thing well enough—the production's good, the riffs are upbeat and catchy, the vocals snotty. I can only compare this to *...And Out Come the Wolves*-era RANCID, though despite my unfamiliarity with the style I feel that's not too far off base. If that sounds like your thing, then I suggest checking this band out as well. (CS)
(www.myspace.com/asininepunks)

ASSASSINATION – "Snipercrust" EP

Lo-fi Swedish crust with some faster d-beat drumming and high pitched/gruff yelling trade-off vox. It's almost like these guys wrote two or three d-beat songs and then filled the rest of this 7" with some throwaway hardcore songs. (NE)
(Get Revenge, PO Box 27071, Knoxville, TN 37927)

BAMBIX – "Club Matuchek" CD

This may well be the fifth or sixth full-length from these Dutch maestros. Think LEATHERFACE with a suitably gritty yet sweet female singer. Now imagine them covering that unreleased HÜSKER DÜ concept album of BUZZCOCKS covers. You get the drift. They are that good. Actually, considerably better. You should invest in everything they do. Including this one. (RK)
(Go-Kart, www.gokartrecords.com)

BELLY BUTTONS – "Introducing" EP

I hate this record! Now, I don't hate this record because it is bad—on the contrary this Japanese band plays great, poppy punk rock in a great '79 style complete with outstanding female vocals. No, I hate this record because two weeks ago it was on a mailorder list and I couldn't bring myself to pay that much for a one-sided 45, and now I want it and it isn't available. Fuck, I hate limited punk rock sometimes. (JF)
(Ken Rock)

BIRDS OF A FEATHER – "Our Aim" EP

Crucial Response does not let us down! Here we have another great Dutch straight edge band in the tradition of MANLIFTING-BANNER and BETRAY. This is not just another new group jumping on the '88 hardcore bandwagon either—they were actually around in that era! All over 30, yet still active in the hardcore community, BIRDS OF A FEATHER combine the old classic power chords and backup vocal shouts approach with a modern take that definitely keeps them pertinent today. A few members hail from MAIN STRIKE, and the influence is not lost. This CD release contains the rare five-song EP that originally came with the *Voice of a Generation* zine, but apparently will be re-released soon on vinyl on Crucial Response. There's two other tracks here as well, and the cover art is classic (wolf in hooded sweatshirt), so this is a worthy purchase if you're a fan of the above-mentioned groups. (BG)
(Crucial Response, Kaisersfeld 98, 46047 Oberhausen, GERMANY, crucialresponse.com)

BLACK TIME – "Dance Party" EP

BLACK TIME tip their collective hats to the old "fuck art, let's dance" adage and the results are great. Of course, I like everything they've done, so I was pretty much pre-sold. Includes a song written for the REAL LOSERS that the RL's didn't get around to doing. And the agonized vocals on "Link Wray" couldn't help but remind me of the wonderful/awful Olive Wray footage on YouTube. A lot of entertainment and even some history in a small package. (DD)
(Bancroft, 816 Bancroft, Port Huron, MI 48060, smashintransistors.homestead.com)

BLANK STARE – "White Hell" EP

I think this is the third BLANK STARE record I've reviewed this year, and I'm starting to look forward to doing it. Like their other recent EP, this one is a definite winner—intense, pissed, driving hardcore, played at top speed without sacrificing the catchiness or good songwriting. The lyrics on all three tracks attempt to tackle racial issues; it's a noble effort but unfortunately does not yield much beyond overblown white guilt. "Condemned to live in vanilla hell... All day long I want to cover my face." Jeez dude, c'mon, it's not that bad... At least your new record's killer. (CS)
(Third Party, 21 Nancy Lane, Amherst, NY 14228)

BLOODLINED CALLIGRAPHY – "Ypsilanti" CD

This is fucking mosh metal. It has no business being in a hardcore punk magazine at all. Further evidence of this is the band members thank god in each of their thanks lists separately. The band endorses gear and clothing. They also generally have some of the most bitter and hateful lyrics I've read in awhile, "thank you god." I'll bet they're all in AA. Hey man, "God is love," "Peace." Fuck your god! (WK)
(Facedown, www.facedownrecords.com)

BLOWFLY – "Butt Pirate Luv" EP

I think this got lost in the mail, an orphan from a depressing '90s dollar bin. I'm against it. The cover art in itself is a crime against humanity. And as for the music... let's just say these guys are probably operating using the same set of brain cells as a non make-up era KISS cover band in the late '80s. *So tame*. (LG)
(Steel Cage, www.steelcagerecords.com)

BOB BURNS AND THE BREAKUPS – "Frustration" LP

Although only mildly impressed with their single, BOB BURNS & THE BREAKUPS make good on their debut long player. It's refreshing to hear this kind of straightforward garage punk, especially when played with amount of gusto these guys have. Reminiscent of THE REDS in that they can pile on the hooks without slowing down. Good stuff. (MC)
(P. Trash, www.ptrashrecords.com)

BOMBENALARM / DEAN DIRG – split EP

I'm totally digging the BOMBENALARM side—it kinda sounds like the more tuneful BORN DEAD ICONS stuff or even the more anthemic TRAGEDY gear. There's an unmistakable MOTÖRHEAD influence which always gets a thumbs up from me. There are plenty of bands doing this kind of stuff right now, but these guys are *waaaay* better than most as their songs are not only heavy as fuck, but also have a ton of hooks. DEAN DIRG goes for a more late-'70s/early-'80s Cali punk sound, not unlike the REGULATIONS. I'm loving the super thin guitar sound and the herky-jerky sounds...hold on, is that a keyboard??? Nice. What a great split record. (TB)
(Hate, www.haterecords.net)

BONES BRIGADE – "Focused" LP

Fuck yes! These evil skate punks from Massachusetts will burn the hair right off your scrotum! This shit is all fast and furious with metal-drenched guitar that fucking scorches the fucking Earth! *Focused* catches BONES BRIGADE on a mind-bending tear back in 2004. (They are re-releasing their back catalog through Coalition Records, so you should also check out the reissue of the first full-length LP, *I Hate Myself When I'm Not Skateboarding*.) This shit will blister the paint in your room! It's all ruthless, fast, take-no-prisoners Boston skate thrash with the signature BONES BRIGADE metal destructo guitar hammer that will appeal to SUICIDAL TENDENCIES fans. This stuff is hard-as-nails and completely unforgiving. This is not recommended for you Fat Records or Hellcat Records skate-punks. BONES BRIGADE will fucking destroy your safe little pop-punk world! (BR)
(Coalition, www.coalitionrecords.com)

BONES BRIGADE "Endless Bummer" – CD

Awesome thrash to kill all the poseurs to. Classic to cock-rock-era Rick Agnew meets early Dave Mustaine guitar leads with some familiar skate rock progressions that erratically slam into riffs that could easily have been on ANTHRAX's *Spreading the Disease*. Blown out, full force, contemporary hardcore screaming with lyrics ranging from nuclear disaster to frontside grabs. Check it out. (BS)
(Coalition, www.coalition-records.com)

BONES BRIGADE – "I Hate Myself When I'm Not Skateboarding" LP

Fairly straightforward skatecore thrash from Massachusetts with some metal riffage here and there. I'm getting a bit of an early ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT feel at times, but mostly this reminds me of a more metallic CUT THE SHIT. (Makes sense, I suppose, since Andrew from BONES BRIGADE went on to sing in that band…) The production is good—maybe a bit too clean in my jaded opinion—and the recording is dominated by the "big guitar" sound. I believe this is the first time *I Hate Myself When I'm Not Skating*, their first full-length from circa 2003, is available on vinyl. It will probably go over well with fans of MUNICIPAL WASTE, though (fortunately) it's less about the partying and more about the negative attitude. (CS)
(Coalition, www.coalition-records.com)

BRADFORD COX / OLD KING COLE YOUNGER – split 10"

Two of Atlanta's most infamous frontmen, Cole from THE BLACK LIPS and Bradford from DEERHUNTER, square off to see who's King Weirdo of Atlanta. As a rabid BLACK LIPS fan, I found Cole's side to be the most worthy, as he takes us through some acid-casualty weirdness that veers off a little further into la-la land than anything his main outlet has done...yet. Bradford's side is a pleasant surprise, trading off electronic bedroom demos and acoustic garage/psych with equal success. Definitely not a record for everyone, but a welcome deviation and a surefire winner for BLACK LIPS fans. (MC)
(Rob's House, www.robshouserecords.com)

BRIMESTONE HOWEL – "Heat of the Beat/Six and Seven"

Oh, beautiful Speed Gospel, how you saveth my dark black soul. A bit of lo-fi tinkering of, let's say, the SPITS, some tripping out on flashes of purple as perfected by CAN, and a healthy spoonful of superfuzz bigmuff as mastered by the STOOGES. Brillant. Side two throws us all for a loop by coming off as a SOLOMAN BURKE-type gospel soul ballad backed by a '60s garage band. An absolute winner. (SD)
(Speed Nebraska, www.speednebraska.com)

BRIMSTONE HOWL – "Lynne/In the Valley"

There is a certain indefinable quality, perhaps the sheer level of feedback, mayhap the occasionally Jim Morrison-esque vocals, methinks their choice of breaks, that saves this from being merely bar-punk and instead vaults it safely into the grimy paws of the BEASTS OF BOURBON clan. They've got a pass on this one, but if they ever contemplate full-length action they are gonna have to eat a lot of carrots and then figure out a few more tricks to keep the 'ol interest level high. (RW)
(Boom Chick, 6405 Morrill Ave, Havelock, NE 68507)

B. TRUG – "Lieber Schwierig Als Schmierig" LP

A reissue of this super trashy punk record that came out on the dodgy Rock-O-Rama label in 1982. All of the lyrics and liner notes are in German so I don't have much info to go on. Super basic shit here—some thrashy, some dirge-y, most of it mid-tempo—all very charming for its rawness and snot-nosed exuberance. Apart from the catchy first track, "I Hate Hamburgers," a minor hit on MRR Radio as I recall, not much of it is very memorable. I'm sure those who appreciate trash more than I do will want this, but to me it feels like they may be starting to reach the bottom of the barrel with these old German releases…and yet we still wait for a TARGETS reissue! (PC)
(Teenage Rebel, Wallstr 21, 40213 Düsseldorf, GERMANY, www.teenagerebel.de)

BUSINESS OF DEATH – 10"

This band channels some late-'80s straight edge motifs (chugging riffs, breakdowns, collegiate fonts) into some respectable but not amazing hardcore punk. Most of the songs are political in some way and all have explanations in the lyric sheet. I don't know what "scrapie" is but I'm guessing it's some Southampton word for VD. BUSINESS OF DEATH has a song called "I Hope You Get Scrapie" that was written by the female bassist and is directed at "scene sluts" who (in her eyes) are only at gigs to pose and be cool. I can relate to what she's trying to say but it comes off as sour grapes. (AM)
(PO Box 1398, Southampton, Hants, SO16 9WX, UNITED KINGDOM, www.businessofdeath.org.uk)

CACTUS – LP

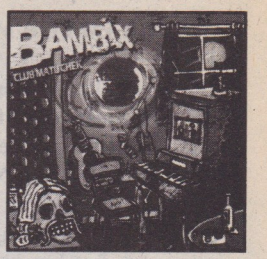
What a big, glorious mess. Two tracks in and I'm hailing these Roman no-wavers the newly crowned Best of 2006. A five-way mud wrestle with the INTELLECTUALS, HAWKWIND, SONIC YOUTH, TYRADES, and England's YOUNG KNIVES, complemented by great female backing vocals, dirty but not muddy production, and some great THE FALL/GANG OF FOUR art damage. Still keeps its punk foundations without being afraid to dabble in a touch of indie pop. And garage rock. Apparently this is the Pope's favorite new band as well as mine. (SD)
(Hate, Laterano 192/194, 00184 Roma, ITALY, www.haterecords.com)

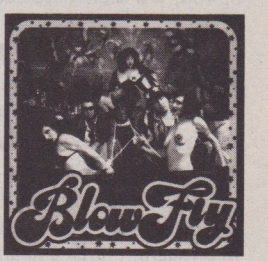
CADAVER DOGS / SHE'S DEAD – split EP

SHE'S DEAD sounds like fast hardcore—high pitched screams, back and forth fast beats, the riffage is fastfastfast but nothing really sticks out. If this band sounds like this live I bet it would be a great show, but who really needs more "fastcore" seven-inches? CADAVER DOGS recorded this in a tin can; they call it fastcore but it sounds more hardcore-based. The singing is high-pitched screams traded off with throaty and gruff vocals. (NE)
(Get Revenge, PO Box 27071, Knoxville, TN 37927)

CANDY – "EP" CD

These guys barely look 21 years old and yet all the songs seem to be about drinking... Could be my hometown, but it's Inglewood, CA. They actually remind me of the first Lookout Records bands like OPERATION IVY, ISOCRACY, etc. Real DIY charm and some nice tunes make this a good one, although the songs are all hella long. (AD)
(Vending Machine, PO Box 4746, Inglewood, CA 90309)





CANDYGRAM FOR MONGO – "The Red Pill" CD

The Red Pill is a bitter one to digest. CANDYGRAM churns out a fairly accomplished (I guess) alternative rock effort. Y'know, SR71, THREE DOORS DOWN type stuff. And they sing lots of songs about girls. Not like MR T EXPERIENCE-type songs about girls. But in a rather sad, frat boy, sexist bollocks sort of way. What I'm trying to say is, musically and lyrically this is rather unwholesome and completely unappealing. They even have a separate CD of a radio edit of the lead track. I couldn't bring myself to listen to it. Sorry. (RK)
(www.candygramformongo.com)

CARDIAC ARREST – "Life's a Dead End" EP

Fucking CARDIAC ARREST!!!!!! In-your-face classic-sounding hardcore stuff here. I liked their first EP and I think this one hangs on as well. I was into their shit live and the record holds up just fine for me. I won't make comparisons—fuck old bands, this is CARDIAC ARREST! (MS)
(Grave Mistake, gravemistakerecords.com)

CAUSTIC CHRIST –"Lycanthropy" LP

The newest CAUSTIC CHRIST pretty much carries on where the band left off with their last vinyl output—blazing no-nonsense hardcore punk. Did you think they were gonna change? Think about all the bands that you think you love—FUCKED UP, KNIFE FIGHT, GORILLA ANGREB—and crush them into little shards of glass, and CAUSTIC CHRIST's singer would eat them. Not that there's anything wrong with those bands, but it only takes a small history lesson to figure out why the CHRIST is a rock 'n' roll juggernaut and they crush all who come in their path. Doesn't anyone want to impress Will Kinser anymore? (WK)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.havocrex.com)

CONFLICT RESOLUTION – "Citizen Resistance" EP

The guitar tone is total shit… If, for whatever reason, they were actually going for that horrible late-'80s metal sound, they could've put some fucking testosterone behind it! It's thin, frail, and totally obnoxious. The number two reason I have a headache right now is that these guys have absolutely no concept of space or simplicity. It's a well known fact that every decent punk/hardcore record in history is dumb enough to be played by a well-trained chimpanzee. And it's not just the guitar and bass that are way to busy, *but the vocals!!!* Yeah, it's impressive that this guy can fit five hundred words into a three-minute song without taking a breath, but it's tearing me up inside that a man with such potential for slam-poetry greatness is wasting it on this. (VH)
(Get Revenge, 4118 Florida St., San Diego, CA 92104)

CONTROL DE ESTADO – "Acto Criminal" EP

Mr. Bob Suren and his well-respected Burrito Records have released another blood-curdling punk blast for you unsuspecting punk rockers. CONTROL DE ESTADO stick to their guns—every song challenges abuse of power displayed by governments around the world as they promote war and genocide in the name of capitalism. This EP comes screeching into your brainpan the second the needle drops down. You will not be able to ignore the anger these political punks harbor as they rant and rail! You will be very uncomfortable and you will be made to think about the injustice in this world! (BR)
(Burrito, PO Box 3204, Brandon, FL 33509, www.soundideadistribution.com)

CONTROL DE ESTADO / DRAFT DODGER – split EP

Florida's CONTROL DE ESTADO plays burly STATE OF FEAR or LOGICAL NONSENSE-style, noisy, rampaging crust with savage and distorted vocal barks hurling lyrics in Spanish. The recording also references the best '90s DIY punk singles—basic, raw recordings that in no way detract from the three tracks' unrelenting pace and attack. No lyric translations. Brisbane, Australia's DRAFT DODGER draws longer compositions of more complex, straight-up, solid hardcore that is fueled by biting vocals, chock-full of short musical twists, breakdowns, and turns, while still barreling speedily forward. The three songs' lyrics are of the obtuse modern poetic school, but avoid descending into pure nonsense. Xerox sleeve with nice drawings but perhaps next time a little more thought to the layout of the record, which just seems slapped together, cut'n'paste DIY '90s style! Overall, this is a good, solid EP on maroon vinyl. (KS)
(John Becker, 2135 Hoople Dr, Apt. 2, Fort Meyers FL 33901, http://jbr.mixtapepirates.com)

NIKKI CORVETTE AND THE STINGRAYS – "Back to Detroit" LP

I have to admit that I was looking forward to having a little fun with this one. I mean, if she's going to put the record out some 20-30 years past her heyday, then I've got the right to make fun of it. Unfortunately (or fortunately) for me, Nikki threw me a fucking screwball; this is far, far better than I could have ever imagined. Seriously, it's catchy pop music that is well played with excellent vocals and goofy lyrics that make it difficult to resist. If you're willing to admit to being a fan of gooey pop, you should look for this one, even if that means sending your best friend into the record store to buy it for you. (KK)
(Dollar, www.dollarrecord.com)

CRAP CORPS – "School for Troubled Youth" EP

Wading through the dozens and dozens of records that pass through the magazine each month, it's always refreshing to come across one like this. Kansas City's CRAP CORPS doesn't ape a certain style or reference a specific genre of hardcore; all you get here is a band blasting through seven songs of simple but spirited punk. The vocalist is snotty and pissed, the music is earnest and urgent, the artwork is simple and blunt—what more can you ask for? Good songs, no bullshit. This band has the right idea. (CS)
(Big Brown Shark/Cassette Kill, 300 N. Brighton Ave., Kansas City, MO 64123)

CYNESS / SKITSYSTEM – split EP

Fuck, yeah—it doesn't get much better than this. Two tracks from Swedish crustcore legends SKITSYSTEM and five tracks from the amazing German grindcore band CYNESS. The SKITSYSTEM tracks are honestly some of my favorite tracks from them, which is saying a lot for a band who's been around for 12–13 years. This has their usual bulldozing crusty hardcore sound with great production. The CYNESS tracks were also a bit of a surprise in that they're the heavier and more relentless grindcore sound of their first LP. I then noticed the tracks were recorded in 2003. Straight-ahead, fast and raw grindcore. (MH)
(Unsociable, PO Box 10 58 24 28058 Bremen, GERMANY, www.unsociable.net)

THE DAGDA – "An Endless Betrayal" LP

Second and final seven-song LP by this Irish band. THE DAGDA crushes with a heavy, dark, low-end attack, BORN DEAD ICONS-style charging drive and FROM ASHES RISE-style scathing, gruff dual vocals, but dwells on a broader, sweeping mid-period NEUROSIS style apocalyptic vibe and complexity with longer, drawn out compositions that wrap hypnotic, melodic riffs around punishing, heavy crust to further drive the point and dark mood home. *An Endless Betrayal* is even more epic and dark than their first LP; the mood of this record lingers as the lyrics unfold with stories weaving meaning against organized religion, war, and unchecked technological progress. Killer music for bleak autumn days where the sun sets early. Replace your AMEBIX patches with this band's logo now. Choice! (KS)
(Ruin Nation, PO Box 10 58 24, 28058 Bremen, GERMANY www.ruinnation.org)

DANCE FLOOR JUSTICE – "Breaking the Silence" CD

I'll break the silence right now by saying this band's name *sucks*. A sure winner in message board "Dumbest Band Name" polls, edged out only by unbeatable champions like SNOOPEEZ TAPEWORM and SCOOBY DON'T. The conceptual jump to righteous windmill kicks and floor punching is easily bridged by this Miami band's modern sXe hardcore attack, but I prefer envisioning Fred Astaire and Gregory Hines on a knee-capping, tap-dancing gangsta rampage leaving Mikhail Baryshnikov in a sticky pool of his own blood. Twelve tracks of spastic, yelped vocals over well-played modern '00s sXe-influenced, straight-up US hardcore with tight, precise delivery and chunka-chunka with solid lyrics and explanations. Strong for the style. Includes links to the singer's clothing endorsements, which dropped me right to a webstore featuring tighty whiteys with *"EDGE"* written on the back. *Sweet Jeezus!!!* (KS)
(Double or Nothing, www.doubleornothingrecords.com)

THE DARVOCETS – "...Have Landed" CD

Here's the CD release of this band's 1996 EP and this year's limited edition 12", plus two live tracks. The DARVOCETS shtick apparently involves them being from the planet Darvon and writing bouncy, old-school punk songs about UFOs, aliens, crop circles, Roswell, etc. Having recently seen PEELANDER-Z blow people's minds at Gilman makes the DARVOCETS seem like a half-hearted effort at being a novelty space-punk band, but music-wise they definitely bring it. Raw and basic, wacky and irreverent, stupid and hella punk. (PC)
(Gloom, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212, www.gloomrecords.com)

DEAD CITY SHAKERS – "Ship of Beggars" CD

Great whiskey and cigarettes punk rock and roll outta Texas, of course. The music is above average for this genre and sometimes branches away from straight-up punk to twanging psychobilly. The lyrics deal mostly with emotional bitterness, and the singer has an impressively hoarse throat that can carry melodic angst long enough to keep you interested for the whole album. The guitar work is pretty impressive and the diversity works here; in other words, the non-punk songs are still pretty damn good and demand your attention. This would be perfect for driving into the sunset with a pack of smokes rolled up in your sleeve and a bottle of whiskey on the seat next to you. Definitely grab this if punkabilly is your thing. (BG)
(Zero Youth, 1975 S. Maple Tree Lane, Bolivar, MO 65613, www.zeroyouthrecords.com)

DEATH TOKEN / KYKLOOPPIEN SUKOPUUTTO – split EP

KYKLOOPPIEN SUKOPUUTTO delivers the Finnish punk goods in a major way with straight-up, raw, fast, distorted hardcore. The lyrics are bleak reminders of the world's current concrete-obsessed city life and the psychological wars that rage in ones consciousness because of false realities. The EP is worth buying just to hear the band chant their unpronounceable name at the end of their side. DEATH TOKEN is the perfect counterbalance of this seven. They play fast, raw hardcore but with a little less distortion and a bit more rhythm. Their lyrics deal with some of the same issues as KYKLOOPPIEN SUKOPUUTTO, but in a more introspective way; add in a song or two about war and you get the idea. "Chain of Rules/Chain of Fools" is the best I've heard DEATH TOKEN sound and the lyrics are dead on perfect. Get this record if you care about hardcore; you won't find any better examples out there. (WK)
(Hate, PO Box 105824, Bremen 28058, GERMANY, www.haterecords.net)

DEATH TO PIGS – "Blink" EP

If you like brisk post-punk, DEATH TO PIGS offers ten songs that are like the KLAUS FLOURIDE seated in a session by SACCHARINE TRUST with lyrics by THE FALL—in short, it's fairly original at its best moments. I can't detect a thing that's French about it. This stuff is discordant and a-melodic, but also crafted with a certain care, and it's definitely a matter of taste (not mine). A modest 300 copies are available. (SS).
(DTP/Oli, 5 Passage Digot, 54000 Nancy, FRANCE)

DEATH TO PIGS / GU GUAI RING QUI – split LP

DEATH TO PIGS has a noisy, art damaged sound reminiscent of CHROME or ARAB ON RADAR but musically a little light in the loafers, way sassy in the vocal department, and not nearly as listenable. GU GUAI RING QUI has a ton of funky PRIMUS wankery riffs and dissonant chords, with occasional noisy nods to other sounds out of Providence, RI, like LIGHTING BOLT, but honestly, the playing is not so good. (BS)
(Gaffer, www.gafferrecords.com)

DESTRUCTORS 666 / THE 925s – "Sturm Unt Drang" CDEP

DESTRUCTORS 666 keep pumping out the EPs. This latest showcases three more tracks of their dirty rock 'n' roll, akin to a somewhat low-rent ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE. The 925s turn in some very different musical fare. Very early-'80s new wave guitar stuff, like a cross between early U2 and ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN. Well worth checking out. (RK)
(www.destructors666.com)

DÖDSDÖMD – "De Sju Dödssynderna" EP

Depending on who you talk to, this could be tossed into a few different piles Swedish hardcore, Scandi-core, d-beat, or even crust. Either way it's relentless and wonderful d-beat/crusty hardcore. The concept and lyrics surprised me: seven songs about each of the Seven Deadly Sins. I didn't know that before reading the lyrics, but after reading the lyrics to "Lust" I knew something was up—these lyrics were too good and unique compared to your average hardcore band. There are also two versions of this 7", one with the lyrics sung in English and the other in Swedish. The artwork is also different for the two versions. Wow. (MH)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.havocrex.com)

THE DUAL – "Let's Finish What We Start" CD

Apparently according to their press release, THE DUAL is a band taking the UK and the world by storm since their formation in 2001.Well, I tells ya something, I walk the length and breath of California's punk rock

boardwalk Haight Street at least once a week; the kids that hang there have every no-mark, shit, has-been, about-to-be punk rock patch imaginable and I have yet to see one THE DUEL patch safety-pinned on any jacket. A punk rock TRANSVISION VAMP, a spiky REPUBLICA—radio friendly punk, for radio friendly punks. Now to the freebee bin with ya. (SD)
(Full Frontal, www.ffruk.com)

EBBA GRÖN – "'78" EP

These four live tracks from close to EBBA GRÖN's prime show the legendary Swedish band's skills on several levels. They show off their catchy songwriting on classics like "Profit" and the amusing "Mona Tumba's Slim Club," but also demonstrate real power in the live concert setting. These tracks were recorded in mid-1978 in Stockholm, and remains the best live material I've heard from the band to date. This was certainly their most fun period, and the songs bear this out. Get this if you manage to find it. (SS)
(bootleg, no address)

ELVIS' CORPSE REVISTED – "Not In My Backyard/Gotta Go" 45

Completely forgettable exercise in blooz-punk; drags its lazy broom across the floor without tracking down any of the punk goo gunk that makes kids and post-kids drop their pants. Imagine, if you will, lots of folks sitting on opposite sides of the gym at the high school dance looking at their shoes. (RW)
(Unrecording)

END OF ALL – "Same Shit But Different" CD

Fierce Swedish d-beat featuring one of the members of WOLFPACK, which will put you right in the ballpark. Less metal than AT THE GATES, but with a similar epic feel and haunting leads, coupled with mental shredding vocals straight from the SKITSYSTEM school of aural butchery. Less frenetic than some of their country folk, but no less brutal…this is a fine addition to your Swedish hardcore collection. (TB)
(Crimes Against Humanity, PO Box 1421, Eau Claire, WI 54702)

ELLEGARDEN – "Riot on the Grill" CD

This Japanese band dishes out slick pop punk with vocals in English. Apparently quite popular in their home country, this band reminds me of the ATARIS and LAGWAGON. Solid harmonies and riffs as well as good, in-tune vocals make this a fun listen for those West Coast summer joy rides. One of the best pop punk releases this year. (RL)
(Denko Secca, 1306 E. 6th St., Austin, TX 78702, www.ellegarden.jp)

ENTROPY – "Gross National Product" EP

It is so rare that an old band comes back from the dead and it doesn't sound like a bunch of old dudes playing cover tunes. ENTROPY was a pretty fucking obscure band in their day (that being the mid-'80s) but were they ever this great? I remember their demo being pretty good, but here we have super catchy, melodic punk rock that can some how only be made in SoCal. Something in the smog, I guess. Think Red Cross meets DI meets Nardcore—excellent!
(Bad Idea Music, PO Box 6052, Huntington Beach, CA 92615, www.badideamusic.com)

EVIL ARMY – CD

Thrash bastard's are gonna fucking love this! Perfect music for a sweet pit and a couple of brews. Reminds me of late '80s thrashin' bands like ATTITUDE or SOD. Good sound quality, good musicianship, and good songs. The lyrical content doesn't really do much for me, but I really like the singer's voice, it's nice to hear someone playing this style with snotty shouted vocals and not totally screaming their head off. I'm actually surprised more people haven't heard this band because they are up to par with most of the other bands playing the same style nowadays. Good release. (WK)
(Get Revenge, PO Box 27071, Knoxville, TN 37927, www.getrevenge.com)

FAIR WARNING – "You Are the Scene!" CD

The cover art—a cartoon drawing of the band playing for a sea of faceless young hardcore dudes—and the title of this album scream "generic youth crew," but fortunately that's not (really) the case. Montreal's FAIR WARNING was around from 1983 until 1987 or so, and this CD collects their entire recorded output: 1985's *You Are the Scene!* LP, the '84 studio session for the *Primitive Air-Raid* compilation, and the '86 studio session for the *Apathy…Never!* compilation: 32 tracks in all. While the '84 tracks are a little amateurish and the '86 material a bit too crossover/metal in my opinion, the LP is pretty cool. FAIR WARNING, though not exceedingly original or exceptional, was able to make the most of what they had. The songs are simplistic thrash with a pretty thin guitar sound, and nearly every song has a simple two- or three-chord slow part that at first sounds like the most boring breakdown you've ever heard. The way the band approaches it, though, has an almost hypnotic repetitive quality that is actually pretty unique and ultimately catchy. I can almost see a BLACK SABBATH influence here. By far the best track of the bunch is "Second Chance," which has a sickeningly slow, heavy, plodding rhythm and will get stuck in your head in no time. As for the CD itself, it's a nicely put-together package complete with old photos and flyers, lyrics, and liner notes by the band members. (CS)
(Sonik's Chicken Shrimp, 4050 Berri, Montreal, QB, CANADA)

FASHION FASHION AND THE IMAGE-BOYS / FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS – split EP

This tasty little split combines two bands that are each in their own way looking back to the early '80s for inspiration. FFIB deliver two tracks of snotty, authentic Midwest hardcore, while the FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS are a little more art-damaged. Their second song, with the femme vox, is the standout of the record for me, but overall it's a solid release and the bands go well together. (AM)
(Florida's Dying, www.floridasdying.com)

FASTBREAK – "Don't Stop Trying" EP

Classic Connecticut straight edge hardcore. Originally released in 1996, this sounds like it came out a decade earlier and would fit in perfectly between your TURNING POINT and UP FRONT albums (the early, good stuff from those bands). Generic as fuck, but perfect at the same time, this six-song EP has the obligatory intro to warm you up, the self titled-theme song ("Fastbreak"), and of course the mandatory "stabbed me in the back" lyrics. The music and singing on this are top-notch, and if you have a weakness for the better bands that did this type of hardcore, you need to pick this up. A worthy reissue. (BG)
(Third Party, 21 Nancy Ln, Amherst, NY 14228, www.thirdxparty.com)

THE FE FI FO FUMS – "In the Summertime" EP

Not as immediately catchy as their first 7", but this is still one cool record. Bratty vocals over punchy music. Lo-fi like the best of the early '90s records were. It is so easy to compare them to SUPERCHARGER (so I will), but there is a little more fluidity to these tunes. They are kind of sing-songy, but not in an annoying way. (CK)
(Boom Boom Castle Party, 9014 13th Ave SW, Seattle, WA 98106, www.boom-boom.net)

THE FIX – "At the Speed of Twisted Thought" LP

Take a deep breath, sit down at the computer, try to put into words what THE FIX sounds like …but how to do it? First, a few facts. THE FIX, from Lansing, Michigan, put out two of the first early HC records on the classic Midwest punk label Touch & Go; the first of those two 7"s, the painfully rare *Vengeance* single, fetches some of the highest prices in punk collector-dom, and the second, *Jan's Rooms,* is a tough score as well. Touch & Go let these records go out of print right away, and inexplicably it took nearly three decades from

them to decide to release the first legit FIX reissue in the form of this LP, which collects the two records as well as amazing previously unreleased demo and live tracks. Now, some editorializing. THE FIX represent to me the full, hardcore fruition of the promise first delivered by the GERMS—angry, intelligent-but-so-fucked-up, primal, dangerous punk rock. THE FIX is the real deal, easily surpassing the ferocity of pretty much all of their peers. NEGATIVE APPROACH as the benchmark for angry Midwestern HC? Sure, they're awesome, but as far as I'm concerned THE FIX could destroy that band. Their records (both art and sound) were stark, simple, and intimidating; the singer snarling "go ahead" just before the band dives into "Vengeance" on the album opener sounds more like a threat than an invitation to play music. And then the music kicks in, with vocals so vicious as to probably be the only sound that could cut through the relentless wall of sound of the music. This is hardcore punk ground zero, and Touch & Go does an excellent job packaging one of the handful of truly essential punk reissues of the past couple of years. What are you waiting for? *Go ahead...* (GN)
(Touch & Go, PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625)

FPO – "Param sa na Yonem" EP

Exceptionally powerful straight edge HC from, of all places, Macedonia. When you've given up trying to find it on a map, sample the ultra-political rants, most songs under one minute and each with a surprisingly raw and almost epic style. FPO (FOREVER POSETIVELY OBSESSED) seems fresher and more committed than many of their peers, and it comes up with an attack that's late CRASS-like in its abrasive power. The screeching vocals really punch out the songs, and the speedcore instrumentals try to keep pace—a really excellent EP guaranteed to make you take notice. *Very* strongly recommended. (SS)
(Third Party, 21 Nancy Ln, Amherst, New York 14228)

GENERATORS – "The Winter of Discontent" CD

Bloody hell. I think this might be the tenth year for this band. And mebbe their fifth or so full-length. How time flies. Before the GENERATORS, there was the melodic hardcore of SCHLEPROCK. If I remember correctly, the GENERATORS started out with a more street punk/Oi vibe—COCK SPARRER and suchlike. This current incarnation is considerably more produced and mature. And more rock 'n' roll. Kind of like how the RUTS went from "Babylon's Burning" to "West One (Shine on Me)." Lots of power pop, some fine lead guitar, layered vocals. Very polished. I actually really like it. Definitely not "street" punk in any reasonable definition of the world; more the PROFESSIONALS than SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS, and it all works rather well. (RK)
(Sailor's Grave, www.sailorsgraverecords.com)

GHETTO WAYS – "Winks & Blue Eyeshadow/Got A Feelin'" EP

I really want to like this (I've listened to it 20 times in a row), but there is something making my teeth hurt. The sound is too high-pitched. There is a bass. It is kind of thumping, but all I can hear is trebly static and falsetto vocals, in a way that is very reminiscent of DEAD MOON. Yet, where DEAD MOON gets you into a groove, GHETTO WAYS stays on a more straight ahead path. (CK)
(Wicked Singles, Farstav. 89 (8 TR), 123 34 Farsta, SWEDEN, www.wickedsinglerecords.com)

GHETTO WAYS – "Free Love" EP

Here I was all excited about reviewing the new GHETTO WAYS record, and you know what? It just isn't that good. Maybe it is just me, but I remember their last LP being a lot more dirty and noisy, this record is just clean sounding almost power pop punk. I don't know what to say, except that I'm disappointed. (JF)
(Alien Snatch, Morikeweg 1-74199, U-Bach, GERMANY)

GHIDRAN – "Community Defender" EP

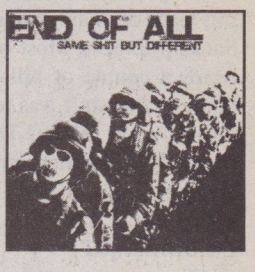
This is a pretty solid seven-song EP from a band I have never heard of before today. Not really surprising since they hail from Louisiana, which seems like a different world from my home in Oakland California. GHIDRA mix a solid recording and some positive anti-capitalist lyrics that are easily listenable and defined. Musically, they remind me of CORRUPTED IDEALS (*Join the Army* era) with the singer of HOLIER THAN THOU, with a bit of FINAL CONFLICT in the mix. What this record lacks is any sort of artistic center point for a punk kid digging through thousands of other records to focus in on. I would actually call it ugly, and I don't really like the name either, but yes, this is a solid record with a sincere, personal/political lyrics, done with enthusiasm and punch. I look forward to hearing more from them. (WK)

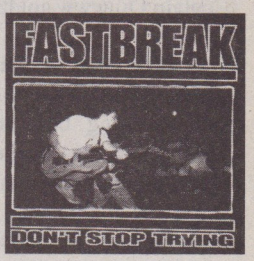
THE GLASSES OTTER – "Asleep on the Carousel" CD

This Miami band delivers six tracks of expertly recorded and delivered metallic modern hardcore that spastically alternates between thick plod, intricate quirk-off, and math attack. Screeched, sung, and howled vocals over blast beats spew stream of consciousness / pull out the thesaurus / open mic poetry night lyrics that kind of sort of vaguely make a point about something—"If I submit we won't be known as the Atlas Stars 'slaying Taurus.' We'll be domestic Eunuchs. Her breath is in Grace. Her push is a praise. Her love is a scar?" What? *What the fuck are you talking about*? Total Emperor-has-no-clothes artsy lyrical bullshittery that seems to unrelentingly plague this style of musical "evolution." The stop, start, alternate, thrash, sludge, blast beat, "for musicians," offbeat noise slapped up in Hydrahead-ish and heavily Photoshop slick packaging works however, with high marks. (KS).
(Seven Trumpets, www.theglassesotter.com)

GO! – "Reactive" EP

Damn, I laughed when I read the lyrics and liners for this EP, especially the dedication to a California Bay Area record seller/trader who inspired "That Rare 7-inch EP." I'm sure we were at the same Gilman record swap. That bastard! Just kidding Carl. Man, you've been immortalized twice! Hahaha, cackle, cough... Uh, this sounds like GO! styled hardcore, melodious, in at the same time boxy, mid-tempo hardcore riffage with a slightly softer vocal delivery than I was hoping for, but





still decent lyrical content. Fans will continue to be fans, others will respectfully abstain. A good joint. (BS)
(Go!, c/o Mike, 540 Leland Ave, San Jose, CA 95128, myspace.com/gonyhc)

GOBBLINZ – CD

Visually and sonically spot on Japanese reissue from an English band that had to be on some volume of that *Power Pearls* series. Power pop from the late '70s that people pay shit loads of money for and I have a rocky relationship at best. Most of it is shit. Shit that's worth a couple of bills but shit nonetheless. Some of this stuff was released in limited supply for good reason. This record isn't offensively shitty but there isn't a real gem in any of the three songs on here. Mostly it comes off as a piss weak late '70s interpretation of the ZOMBIES. (ST)
(NAT, www.natrecords.com)

GOLDBLADE – "Strictly Hardcore- Best Of" CD

One of the best punk bands in the UK right now! These guys don't go for a by the numbers UK sound but they manage to sound UK punk as well as current. They sound like a mix of the CLASH, TENPOLE TUDOR, and classic roots rock and roll with modern production. I didn't realize this band had so many (apparently out of print) releases. Well here is a collection of highlights. Cool stuff. (RL)
(Captain Oi, www.goldblade.com)

GORCH FOCK – "Thriller" CD

Heavy, loud, three guitars, a wailing trumpet, thumping bass, monotone Big Dude shouting vocals, burlier-than-thou arrangements, production as thick as any MELVINS record you could name, an attitude sort of like a more genial UNSANE, Man's Ruin label-style late-'90s style artwork, a SCRATCH ACID cover, a tribute song to that Biscuit guy from the BIG BOYS, 14 tracks long. Over and out. (RW)
(Australian Cattle)

GROOVIE GHOULIES – "Berry'd Alive" 10"

You know the GROOVIE GHOULIES might not be the most original or the most talented band around, but almost twenty years after they started you will still be hard pressed to find a band enjoying themselves as much as they do. On this record, the GHOULIES pay tribute to everybody's favorite bathroom peeping tom, CHUCK BERRY. Yup, if you couldn't tell by the title of this record, what you get here is a 10" with seven CHUCK BERRY cover tunes. While the GHOULIES versions might not be as good as the originals (and I didn't expect them to be), they are still rocking and nothing to be ashamed of like covers so often are. A winner from Kepi, Roach, and Scampi. You can get this self-released record from…(JF)
(Green Door, PO Box 2847, Sacramento, CA 95812, www.gogreendoor.com)

GRUK – "Church of America" EP

Six, blistering tracks of ugly, adrenaline-enriched, low-fidelity punk out of Chico, CA. Classic Boston style punk/hardcore live recording, meets BLACK FORK righteousness, but with GRUK's own manic and mutilated party-influenced style. Consistently, the songs play out on the verge of musical collapse, which sort of works in GRUK's favor adding to their overall intensity, which is always full on, even as they deconstruct before your ears. Vocals are throaty, mid-range, and venomous; I guess Chico frat fucks still make the punks pissed. (BS)
(Gruk, PO Box 4838, Chico, CA 95927, www.grukrocks.com)

GUNS 'N' ROSA PARKS / IN DEFENSE – split EP

IN DEFENSE play straight-up angry fist-waving hardcore. Can't tell you anything about lyrics as they were not included here. "Reach Out" is a cool track—I like the backups a lot. GUNS 'N' ROSA PARKS play a mix of faster thrashier shit to mid-paced hardcore with brief breakdowns. "Frontier Mentality" is the winner on this side, cool shit! (MS)
(Give Praise, PO Box 494, Barnstable, MA 2630, www.givepraiserecords.com)

GUT INSTINCT – "1989-1992 Discography" CD

East Coast hardcore outta Baltimore coming from an era when some hardcore bands were toying with metal, but not enough that they would be considered crossover. When the whole late '80s revival swept through a few years back, it seemed like this genre wasn't covered too much. Some folks might think there's a good reason for this, but there was some cool stuff like the first BREAKDOWN 7", the REST IN PIECES first LP, KILLING TIME, etc. Yeah, the lyrics sometimes were simplistic and a bit macho, and there was the obligatory beat-down chugga chugga power riffs, but they were fucking great. GUT INSTINCT was a similar type of band and I remember I liked them at the time, but not as much as the aforementioned bands. Listening to this brings back memories of the NYHC comp *Where the Wild Things Are* that had UPPERCUT and RAW DEAL and whatnot. You'll dig this if you like the bands I'm talking about. This discography has all the demos (good sound quality) and EP tracks. (BG)
(A389, www.a389records.com)

HARK! IT'S A CRAWLING TAR-TAR – "Dorr Darr Gelap Communique" CD

I'll walk you through my first exposure to this Indonesian band. First, the brownish-grey, purposely vague, Pushead-style artwork of a skeletal person in anguish. It's also a nice gatefold CD package. The first track starts out with static noise, into clean guitar that sounds vaguely Middle Eastern but also vaguely Asian with samples of what sounds like kids playing in a playground. Then patient heavy but melodic guitar, the singer makes a strange noise then the track heads into an apocalyptic chug with gang vocals saying what sounds like random words. I just sat back and wondered what could be next. What a unique sound. Their sound is a merger of crusty Scandinavian hardcore, the emo metalcore sounds of CIRCLE TAKES THE SQUARE, and *Enemy of the Sun*-era NEUROSIS. The vocals are very unique, sometimes gruff and screaming, other times spoken and there is even some singing during choruses. After a few listens I got into this despite the sometimes odd vocals that don't seem to always fit the song. (MH)
(Thrash Steady Syndicate, c/o Normann Rashid, Blk 11, Toa Payoh, Lorong 8, #03-310, SINGAPORE 310011, thrashsteadysyndicate.com)

HELLO FEVER – "Broken Lines" CD

Primal post punk that would have fit in the UK 1982 scene as well as the Kill Rock Stars era of the early '90s. A two piece with a guy and a gal both singing and there is bass on these recordings. A blend of SLANT 6, PENETRATION, and early CURE. Good stuff. (RL)
(Sound Virus, www.hellofever.com)

HOME BLITZ – "Live Outside" EP

This is actually a single, the A-side being a cute, catchy tune that gives new meaning to "street punk"—it was supposedly recorded on the street outside their house! If that's true the recording quality is surprisingly good. They've got a DEAD MILKMEN-like, low-key pop punk aesthetic that I totally dig. The B-side provides another tuneful, but less memorable, number with jangly guitars and the sound of cars whooshing by during the recording. I guess they weren't kidding after all. I hope they don't ever ruin a good thing by going into a real studio. (PC)
(myspace.com/homeblitz)

HOMOSTUPIDS – "Brutal Birthday" EP

I really, really liked this band's first record. This one isn't quite as next-level as that, but it's still pretty fucking great. The first one was more hardcore sounding, whereas this one goes for the art destruction jugular more. I really like it though. At first I thought the record itself was fucked up, but then I realized that that was the sound they were going for.

Ah. Should I be admitting to this kind of thing? Probably not. This sounds like the kind of music people made in the olden days in the space between '77 punk and the '80s hardcore dude hegemony: weird fucked up sounds, propulsive bass, whiny guitars, groaning and screechy vocals. I make it sound like listening to this would be an ordeal, like it's one of those records you have to "get" but it's actually totally great. Really. (LG)
(Richie, www.testostertunes.blogspot.com)

HUE BLANC'S JOYLESS ONES – "Fait Accompli" LP

Wow, this thing comes off just like an early '80s indie rock band, you know, one of the very first generation of bands with records out on the DB or Throbbing Lobster or K labels. Deadpan spoken-sung vocals as dry as a Midwestern gale surround and support a brittle rock 'n' roll construct that is so purely and distinctly American I ran up my tattered 'ol flag and signed up for the draft on pure reflex. Their tunes run a small gamut of styles without getting outside their influences, which I would say are most prominently classic '70s rock (non-arena/cock worship division, think more SIDEWINDERS or HACKAMORE BRICK) and the early New York punk scene that bubbled around Max's Kansas City (as opposed to CBGB's). Best use of horns on a record in 2006 so far. Without *sounding* like any of these bands specifically, this would appeal to fans of the FEELIES, DEATH OF SAMANTHA, SISTER RAY, and of more recent vintage, the CUTS. Wow! (RW)
(P.Trash, www.ptrashrecords.com)

ICE AND THE ICED – "Drunk at the Duke" LP

A legit, band-approved reissue from one of Italy's *Killed By Death* favorites. Their lone single is certainly one of the finest punk exports out of Italy, and it's collected here in it's entirety. Any fan of Euro stuff from the era definitely ought to seek this out. Unfortunately, there is no other studio material, so we're treated to (you guessed it) a ten-song live set. Although recorded decently and featuring a ton of unreleased tunes, the live material doesn't hint at any real greatness beyond their single. Not bad, but certainly not up to their previously set standards. Still, this thing is worth owning for the studio stuff alone (not to mention the top notch packaging). 500 copies only. (MC)
(Big Star Rolling, Via S.Pellico 29, 31022 Preganziol, Treviso ITALY)

IDOL LIPS – "Too Much for the City" LP

This is decent melodic hardcore style punk. The songs tend to go on a bit too long and get a little repetitive. They also do this weird thing where they sort of layer the vocals. Imagine this: you've got the normal vocals and then just a hair of a second behind the normal vocals (almost in sync, but not quite), you've got somebody yelling the same lyrics in what could almost be mistaken for a woman's voice. On the positive side, I will tell you that it is, overall, well-played and well-recorded. (KK)
(Bondage, dissuader@alice.it)

IGNITE THE WILL – "Words Fail" CD

I think I get a CD like this to review every month at *MRR*. Heavy, chunky, tough guy sounding hardcore with big breakdowns. Not far from HATEBREED, this one with better lyrics. I enjoy this more than all the rest of the SWORN ENEMY and TERROR type bands. The track "The Competition," which questions competition and comparing ourselves to others, got me headbanging. It was nice to hear a band like this have something to say other than the usual vague undirected anger that comes with the sound. From Iowa. (MH)
(Double or Nothing, www.doubleornothingrecords.com)

INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOYS – "Cobra Blood Hangover" CD

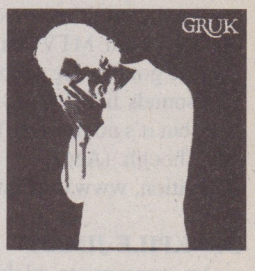
I've crossed paths with the Missoula, Montana's INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOYS before (I've heard their music, at least), and thus had an idea what to expect—funtime rock 'n' roll with lots of deep end, unexpected tempo changes, and a lyrical sense of the absurd—unique and lovable in their own way. "He Misplaced You" is a kinda weak introduction to *Cobra Blood Blues,* but tracks like "Mysterio Furioso," "The Cougar vs. the Silver Fox," and "Say She Don't Mind" are both rocking *and* listenable. The INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOYS are a bit weird around the edges and difficult to fasten on to, but worth hearing. (JH)
(Australian Cattle, www.australiancattlegod.com)

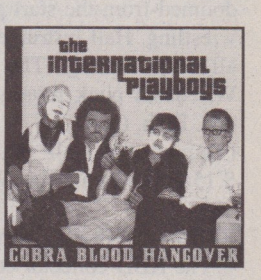
IRON GUTS KELLY – "Statement" CD

Named after a one off M.A.S.H. character, this is "Back to Basics"—where were you in '86? Hardcore from Kansas propelled largely by big throaty vocals reminiscent of TAD but fronting measured, 1-2, meat-and-potatoes hardcore. The recording pulls a lot of this records punch with a really tinny snare drum sound, maybe not best handling of the melodic parts of vocals, and a guitar sound more like a compartmentalized, recorded guitar sound than an organic live sound, but the sing-a-long, Oi-flavored, melodic nature of this band's songs still pulls through pretty strong. Lyrically, lots of the lyrics rail against the demise of the working classes but seemingly also against anyone who would critically analyze governmental policy "Trustfund anarchist fools," "bleeding liberals," "I hear you talk politics and corruption, all I can say is get a job," lumping them in with religious fundamentalists and the right wing. While there's always good reason to question everything, this just seems like frustration and confusion caving in to ignorance and Fox news styled catchphrases. (KS)
(Perfect Union, 6320 Brookside #274, Kansas City, MO 64113)

JOHN BALL – "Society vs. Community" CD

JOHN BALL, in this instance, is not the name of a person, but in fact the combined name for four individuals from the Czech Republic. They concoct a brew of metallic modern hardcore, with complex, tightly structured, atmospheric songs and heartfelt, raw vocals. There are seven tracks here, including a short instrumental prologue, and some of the lyrics appear to be translated into both English and (possibly) Russian. If you'd put this on and told me it was the latest release on Level Plane, I'd have believed you. If that is your thing, you might want to look into tracking down these lads. (AM)
(Lukasz Firla, Studentska 25, Cesky Tesin, 73701, CZECH REPUBLIC, http://johnball.wz.cz)





JOHNIE 3 / THE PROZACS – "We Should Split" CD

Already being a JOHNIE 3 fan, this CD was a welcome sight for me. These RAMONES influenced bands trade off tracks on this split disc. Mix in a little QUEERS and GROOVIE GHOULIES too. A solid split with strong tracks from both bands thru and thru. (RL)
(Cheapskate, www.cheapskaterecords.com)

JR EWING – "Maelstrom" LP

Chunky, polished modern rock. These guys should be on MTV and mainstream radio—they've got that big sound. To be honest, to me this sounds like JANES ADDICTION. That's fine, but it's not for me. The record looks beautiful though. (AM)
(Coalition, www.coalition-records.com)

JUNKPILE JIMMY – "Alberhill" 2xLP

An appropriate nickname for one really fucked up guy. The music is kind of cool, lo-fi country-ish garage with lots of slide guitar by what I assume is a one-man band. It sounds old. But then you listen to the lyrics or read them since there is a lyric sheet. Why is this guy so angry? Maybe it is the reason he is a one-man band. "I'm gonna hunt down your ass/You're gonna feel the pain, yeah/I'm gonna make it last/You sorry motherfucker," or "I got a .30-06/Aimed right at your head/You better drink it/drink it, I said drink it/drink it or my hand is down your throat," or "Now don't get me wrong/I ain't some fuckin misogynist/I got a sister and a mother/and I love them to death/but sometimes…/it seems that all a woman says or does/ is fuckin' bullshit, bullshit, bullshit." What a waste of vinyl. (CK)
(Cartel Illustre, 14016 Temescal Canyon Rd., Corona, CA 92883)

IVAN AND THE TERRIBLES – "Camel Clutch" EP

Can you say "novelty?" "Camel Clutch" is a doomed-from-the-start garage punk tribute to wrestling. Half instrumental, half shit-fi punk, all sorta boring. The presence of current Wisconsin punk royalty can't even save this one. Blah. (MC)
(Yammering Half Wit Productions, 1214 S.15th St, Manitowoc, WI 54220)

KIDS – "30th Anniversary Issue" CD

The KBD-collector conspiracy has foisted a lot of B-team '70s bands onto the ears of the record buying public over the last 15 years but it has to be handed up in spades to an early volume in the series for introducing many to the fine and non-subtle joys of the KIDS of Belgium. The thing I don't get is how they were ever forgotten in the first place, I mean, this band was huge in their home country and toured all over the place and their first LP actually sold really good … it's just a testament to the utterly pathetic state of "rock history" in the late '80s and early '90s that these guys were relegated to the "totally forgotten" category, waiting for a bootlegger to re-introduce them to the world. This CD is a legit reissue of their first two LPs, from (early!) 1977 and '78 respectively, and tacks on live tracks with really good sound so you won't just skip 'em in the shuffle. Not to overstate, but the first KIDS long player is one of the 20 best in the history of punk, probably top 50 in rock history, and their second is "merely" top 50 punk/top 200 rock history. They managed to graft a '50s rock 'n' roll heart onto a post-VELVET UNDERGROUND rock 'n' roll Frankenstein that hoofed it *reeeeeal* fast. How's that for unapologetic hype? Buy this or go hang yourself. (RW)
(Sonik's Chicken Shrimp, 4050 Berri, Montreal, PQ, CANADA)

KIDS OF CARNAGE – "The Kids of Carnage" EP

These noisy troublemakers from Centerville, Massachusetts mix the good elements of desperate punk rock with the ponderous dark, bleak, negativity of metal. The guitars blaze fast as fuck. The singer keeps the vocals edgy and disturbing. The whole project is successful on many levels—the punk rock hooks bring you into the fold, the threatening metal-laced guitar eviscerates you in seconds!! The rock-solid foundation of bass playing and drumming roll over you like a Sherman tank! The lyrics have something to offer: "Conform for nothing / Stand for something true…" This record is fueled by anger and refuses to go quietly to the gallows. The KIDS OF CARNAGE will get you by the throat from the first three notes!! This is a strong record! (BR)
(Give Praise, PO Box 494, Barnstable, MA 2630, www.givepraiserecords.com)

KNOW THE SCORE – "All Time Low" CD

KNOW THE SCORE has a modern take on late-'80s *hard*core, getting inspiration from bands such as SICK OF IT ALL, JUDGE, and the like. The macho tough-guy vocals and formulaic chugga breakdowns start to wear on me pretty quick, but for the style this is well done. Heavy but not metal, good riffs and arrangements, no corny positive straight edge themes…Lyrically the band attacks Christian hardcore bands and and "ex-members of" and reunion gimmicks—so what's with all the pictures of the pinup girl in her underwear on the cover? A tacky gimmick, and a tired cliché if I've ever seen one. (CS)
(Eulogy, www.eulogyrecordings.com)

LABOR FORCE – "...True to the Blue" CD

I thought this was going to be tough guy street-core, but it's straightforward no-nonsense left-leaning street punk, not unlike the HUDSON FALCONS. The vocals are mixed really high, but other than that, this is not a bad release. (AD)
(www.laborforce.cc)

LABOR PARTY – "I Bleed" CD

What appears to be a dime-a-dozen "working class pride" punk band actually turned out to be a dime-a-dozen punk'n'roll band. The sound of LABOR PARTY oozes mid-'90s post-DEVIL DOGS rock, meaning that they lean to a far less soulful, more "trucker-hatty" brand of hot-lixx rock. Compared to the majority of CDs I get for review, this ain't bad...but definitely not anything I'd buy. (MC)
(Steel Cage, www.steelcagerecords.com)

LANDMINE MARATHON – "Wounded" CD

Sometimes when going through a pile of CDs you don't even look at the artwork, liner notes, or lyrics and that's what I initially did with this CD, hell I didn't even look at the band name. I just threw it in while taking my first shot at making vegan stuffed peppers. The disc starts out with a big slow heavy guitar riff, then all hell breaks loose with speedy, thrashy almost grindcore chaos. Then this woman with scratchy sandpaper vocals starts screaming bloody murder at me. File this somewhere between heavy metalcore and BOLT THROWER. Not MTV metalcore or German metalcore, more like GRAF ORLOCK and BURIAL YEAR. A huge sound with multiple guitar players and multiple vocalists including female vocals. Her vocals are—I know it's an overused word—brutal. (MH)
(Level Plane, www.level-plane.com)

LEBENDEN TOTEN – "State Laughter/ Discography" CD

I really love this band—they so perfectly channel the extreme raw noise of Japanese bands like CONFUSE and STATE CHILDREN but somehow still maintain the ability to have some deeply buried tunefulness seep through the squealing, overwhelming layers and layers of feedback and guitar howl. There are other bands influenced by Japanese raw crust and by DISORDER, but to me LEBENDEN TOTEN trumps every noise-core band in both sheer, unadulterated feedback screech and in urgency. It seems funny to listen to something so massively fucked up on CD, but this release nicely collects most all of this band's vinyl output: the *State Laughter* 12", the *Dead Noise* and *Nuclear Flowers* EPs, and the comp tracks from the *PDX Hardpunk* LP on Hardcore Holocaust Records, along with three unreleased tracks (maybe from the Japan tour EP? I don't know because I am still hopelessly trying to get my own copy of that record. Anyone?). I admit, listening to every single LEBENDEN TOTEN song ever in one sitting might be impossible for some people, and when I put this on at work I definitely

bummed out some co-workers, but hey, that's what punk rock is for, right? This CD discography comes nicely packaged with a small poster insert and a thick booklet with lyrics and art and is highly recommended to anyone who couldn't get their hands on the original vinyl. (GN)
(Feral Ward, www.feralward.com)

THE LEFTOVERS – "Party Tonight" CD

Wow, this CD surprised me. I was ready to dismiss this as just another pop punk album and play it only long enough to get a good taste of it, yet instead I found myself tapping my foot along to the whole thing while reading the lyric sheet. This is fun, melodic punk with an abundance of pop flavoring. While these dwellers of Portland, Maine have their influences in punk similar to SCREECHING WEASEL, and power pop such as CHEAP TRICK, they manage to keep a modern sound that can at times be reminiscent of the HIVES. Aren't there a few bands with this name? This is the band's third release, so I suppose they have a good claim on the moniker. You should check this out. (BG)
(Cheapskate, 297 Stoodley Pl, Schenectady, NY 12303, www.cheapskaterecords.com)

THE LIGHTS – "Diamonds And Dirt" CD

Thick-sounding garage-y punk-n-roll that gets atmospheric at times, with a lot of heft for a trio. I'm not sure if the bands referenced in the press release (MINUTEMEN, FALL, WIRE, JOY DIVISION) are just there to ensnare casual listeners looking for the hot post-punk act du jour, because there's virtually nothing about THE LIGHTS that brings any of those bands to mind. I'd liken them to a less chaotic, more somber version of an In The Red band, like maybe THE FUSE. Just say no to PR hype. The band is doing themselves a disservice by hiring parasites to spread misinformation about their music in the hope of snagging a couple of extra sales… (AM)
(Wantage USA, PO Box 8681, Missoula, MT 59807, www.wantageusa.com)

LIFE CRISIS – "Churchstate" EP

Fast hardcore/punk out of San Diego, *Churchstate* has an iron grasp on the more straightforward side of the '80s Bay Area punk/thrash sound: SPECIAL FORCES, CHRIST ON PARADE, and MDC to name a few. These guys aren't trapped in a retro gimmick or anything, but they do seem to be heavily rooted in that type of sound. Vocals are a little mush-mouthed at times, but remind me a little of Mike-era COC or Malcolm *Mind is a Terrible Thing* era CHRIST ON PARADE, not quite as distinct, but still great. This will be on my player for a while. Excellent. (BS)
(Deep Six, PO Box 6911 Burbank, CA 91510)

LILLINGTONS – "The Too Late Show" CD

Stoked! I am so happy that the LILLINGTONS are back together, though I must admit to feeling some trepidation when I went about reviewing this... Their second album, *Death by Television,* is one of my favorite records (*ever*) and I was a little disappointed by the follow-up, *The Backchannel Broadcast,* that came out a couple of years later. So I was unsure whether this would be great, or merely good—but then again I doubted in 1999 if someone could make a record like *Death by Television*, so the LILLINGTONS have already surprised me before. For those who don't know, the LILLINGTONS play ultra-catchy, well-written, upbeat poppy punk rock straight out of the RAMONES school of rock, with more than a nod-and-a-wink to SCREECHING WEASEL. Reading the names of the songs alone will show you that their lyrical sphere of influence hasn't changed—and nor should it, with titles like "Target Earth," "Mars vs. Hollywood," "Zombies," "Vaporize My Brain," and "Russian Attack." Before listening to the album, I was reading the song titles to my girlfriend and pointed to "All I Hear Is Static" and said that I bet that's the best one—and lo and behold it's a new LILLINGTONS classic to rival such super Summer pop hits as "I Need Some Brain Damage," "Johnny," "You're the Only One," or "Wait It Out." "Vaporize My Brain" is a close second and there's a few other 'corkers on here as well. So I am very happy to report that *The Too Late Show* is by all means a bone fide great LILLINGTONS album. It's no *Death by Television,* but if anything it's inspired me to go back and listen to *The Backchannel Broadcast* to see if I just had too high expectations in 2001. Now please tour again... (AD)
(Red Scare, www.redscare.net)

LOCAL OAFS – "Too Dumb To Reason…" LP

Screaming their heads off about hating vinyl because it "don't even fit your ass" and *not* wanting to see tits, crazed Swedes LOCAL OAFS dishes out twenty-eight tracks raw, energetic, lo-fi garage-punk and total retardation that's sure to get the BLACK LIPS crowd's balls sweating…More than a handful of good songs on here, but the goofiness gets to be tiresome by the time the B-side hits. I'd rather have a solid EP. (VH)
(P.Trash, Dornbuschweg 10, 33649 Blelefeld, GERMANY)

LOST ISSUES – " Left Behind" EP

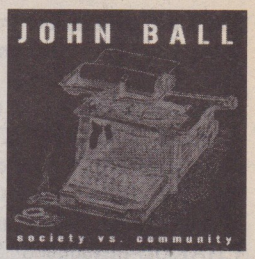
Totally solid six-song EP by this Wisconsin hardcore band that features members of DEFACTO OPPRESSION, WEAVING THE DEATHBAG, and MURDER OF CROWS, with a '90s-ish underground/mid-south hardcore type feel where there's a stab in the direction of fast old school hardcore, but the songs are delivered with a bit more complexity, melody, and a focus on instrumentation with ECONOCHRIST-ish instrumental parts and creative breakdowns that take this somewhere besides straight forward, rudimentary blasting. Scowling vocals shout socio-political and personal lyrics to make this a strong debut EP. Comes in a silk-screened sleeve with a large EP size patch. Cool! (KS)
(Hungry Ghosts, PO Box 620241, Middleton, WI 53562, www.hungryghostsrecords.com)

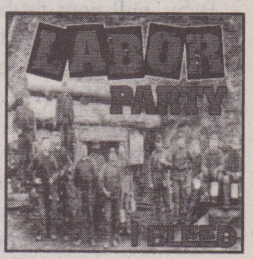
THEE MINKS – "Plaything" EP

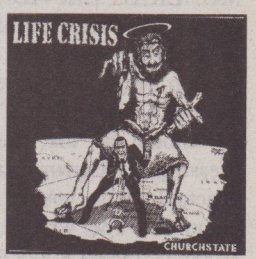
Catchy, garage-y three-piece from either NJ or PA. Two girls and one guy make a nice racket, with corny, silly lyrics that fit well with the music. Three tracks, two originals, and a RAMONES cover. Pretty good. (AD)
(Steel Cage, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125)

MODERAT LIKVIDATION – "Nitad" EP

This is the MODERAT LIKVIDATION reissue EP labeled *Nitad*—it's actually the *Marionett I Kedjor* EP. *Marionett* was a radio session recorded in early '83,







about six months before *Nitad,* and features slightly rougher versions of a bunch of the same songs. I actually prefer this stuff; the recording quality's fine, the playing is raw and manic. MODERAT LIKVIDATION was definitely a cut above your early Scandi-core outfit. The faster tracks on here—"Nitad," "Branda Celler," etc.—are quintessential DISCHARGE-influenced Swedish hardcore—driving rhythm, blown-out bass, wild screamed vocals. But what I really like about this band, and why on some days I'd take them over ANTI-CIMEX or even the SHITLICKERS, is their mid-tempo rockers. Both sides of this 7" close with slower tunes; "Enola Gay" in particular is fucking great, a weird, catchy song with almost psychedelic guitarwork… Killer! (CS)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.havocrex.com)

MODERAT LIKVIDATION – "Kottahuve" EP

Baby, pull your fat brown dick out of my ass, I need to run to the turntable *now!* I am so stoked on seeing Havoc Records re-releasing all this MODERAT LIKVIDTION stuff. I have the original *Nitad* EP and it has always rocked my world. Swedish goodies from 1983—this session, recorded on Swedish radio, is totally great, along with a color cover of these little Swedish punk cuties in full punk regalia. It's the classic stuff; driving punk that will make some of you want to smash shit, make some want to pound back some brews, or make a punk like me suck some cock! Rock the fuck on!!! (MS)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.havocrex.com)

MODERAT LIKVIDATION – "Marionett I Kedjor" EP

Ah, old Professor Havoc does it again with another classic Scandinavian hardcore archival excavation, this time with Sweden's MODERAT LIKVIDATION. Their 1983 demos were released alongside a reissue of their classic *Nitad* EP and a Swedish radio session EP (both also reviewed in this issue) as three separate EPs. The *Marionett I Kedor* EP should be that demo recording, but a pressing plant error means that the *Nitad* EP is actually what you get when you get buy the demo EP. The wrong record in the wrong sleeve is forever going to cause me stress, but I am a nerd so that is my problem I guess. FYI, the demos EP is fucking raw and great, but the *Nitad* EP is totally essential, classic, punked out Scandi-hardcore. Less DISCHARGE and more gluebag-catchy (though I still hear them pounding the d-beat) than their country-mates in ANTI-CIMEX or SOD, MODERAT LIKVIDATION totally rules, OK? Really, you should get all these records anyway so the sleeve mix-up should be no big deal while you're drinking some box wine and raging to "Sprängd" in your bedroom or out in the alley by the punk club... (GN)
(Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.havocrex.com)

MOTUS – "Psi" CD

Here's a band from Croatia. Big-sounding straightforward hardcore with some metal riffage and some tasteful soloing. Sadly, the incredibly tight, clean, punchy production saps it of any personality whatsoever. It's too bad because these are some pretty good songs. I bet MOTUS get the crowds going at whatever hardcore festivals they play in their home country. From the photos they look and sound like older guys that have been doing it for a while, but overall it sounds like they spent way too much time making sure that everything sounded "right" and lost any energy and passion that might have been there. (AM)
(TipoGraf, Anina 25, 10000 Zagreb, CROATIA, zvuk@mochvara.hr)

MUCK AND THE MIRES – "1-2-3-4" CD

Clean poppy Mersybeat-inspired retro rock. Sounds like a wedding band or those softies that done that awful *Friends* theme tune. I'm sure their mums love it. (SD)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507, www.dionysusrecords.com)

MURDER BY GUITAR – "Rock Bottom" EP

....I'm guessin' these cock-smokers are German, but the little propaganda sheet that was stuck in the record doesn't mention any of that important shit, just the stupid shit that I can give two fucks about.....I'll just have to assume!!!!!!!! About the music: these mofos are shootin' for that dirty pop sound with catchy hooks but without the over-the-top production job.....!!!!! To be honest, this shit sounds like "punk" to me.....at least the way punk sounded when I was kid.....!!!!!! Pop with a rough edge is what you got here.....and of the three tunes show-casing on this here slab of imported wax, "Rock Bottom" has gotta be the catchy-ist and best.....and that's coming from a dude that has fucked and sucked Eric Carmen many times out on the tennis court in Beverly Hills with Greg Shaw watching and fingering his own butthole.....!!!! What I'm trying to say here is that "pop" is my middle name boys and girls.....even more so than Mike Saunders because Mike refuses to suck cock.....wait a minute.....MIKE HAS SUCKED COCK.....HE'S SUCKED MY COCK BACK IN THE DAY.....it's all coming back now.....!!!!!! By the way, this record is pretty good.....(SW)
(Alien Snatch, Morikeweg 1, 74199 Untergruppenbach, GERMANY, aliensnatch.com)

NASTIES / STUCK UPS – split LP

If you like Sympathy For The Record Industry's female fronted band releases than you will like this release. Both of these bands play basic garage-y punk rock that would be right at home on the aforementioned label. Italy's NASTIES have more of a power pop influence going and also a little bit more of I almost want to say Rip Off records sound on their side. The STUCK UPS actually have a full-length on SFTRI and have a more new wave feel to their primitive rock 'n' roll punk sound. While I think this release is solid, I have to admit that nothing is standing out for me on it. Pick this release up if it's cheap, but don't pay too much for it. (JF)
(Squirrel)

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN – "Join the Army" EP

B-list German hardcore aping late-'80s US hardcore. Super fast thrash parts a la DRI, mixed with slow mosh parts and some straight-up hardcore like fellow Euros VITAMIN X (though not nearly as good). The cover sucks, production is muddy, and the songs are paint-by-numbers. Yawn. (TB)
(www.xnervousbreakdownx.de)

NEW WINDS – "This Fire, These Words 1996-2006" CD

Catchy and melodious, well played straight edge hardcore from Portugal that ranks around with the other watered down hardcore pop drivel we've been subjected to here in the US over the past few years. The band's name tells us where they're coming from, *New Wind* the 7 SECONDS record everyone wants to forget and it still leaves a bad taste…To their credit NEW WINDS have good intensity, solid song structures, and some catchy guitar leads, and the vocals are decent, while not too strained they are convincing and tuneful; they come off as real. No, there's nothing new or ground breaking here, parts of this disc are a fun listen (despite it's epic length and a lot of filler); on the catchier side of bands like GORILLA BISCUITS or UNIFORM CHOICE, but overall not terribly memorable or for my taste. (BS)
(Refuse, PO Box 7, 02-792 Warszawa 78, POLAND, refuexresist@go2.pl)

NIGHTMARE – "Refugee of Logical Society" EP

Japanese vets here pounding the shit out of my face the way they used to on their early releases. This is vicious stuff here. Crazy screamed vocals over pounding drums and killer guitars and bass. Like many Japanese bands NIGHTMARE ain't here to play any musical games with you—if you can't hang, get the fuck outta the way. (MS)
(Hate/Plague Bearer, www.haterecords.net)

NIGHTMARE –"Scatteraw" LP

Osaka's NIGHTMARE original material always struck me as "standard issue" searing Japanese hardcore that never reached the creative heights or distinctive flair of some of their late '80s Selfish Records contemporaries, but delivered the goods with ripping speed, unrelenting harsh vocal barks, and savagely blinding riffs. This European vinyl issue of an eight-song 2004 recording recaptures and impressively delivers a lot of that in spades, but detours once on each side into long, mid-tempo, "jam"-ish hard rock pounding, which in a live setting probably comes off as powerful but here doesn't precisely translate. The oddball recording of this record is probably key to that, as it could only be described as "bizarre," with an oppressively dense low end frequency hum matched by a thin, tinny, and warbling guitar sound and drums that sound at points like banging on pieces of wet carpet. Disappointing as the drumming is here, or at least what you can hear of it, the insane guitar riffage and solos are absolutely full-bore amazing. The impressive savagery of NIGHTMARE's classic Japanese hardcore attack still peers through, but the out of whack, uneven fidelity of the recording prevents this from being the benchmark record it seems could be right around the corner. Great lyric translations of both point blank punk and allegorical lyrics. (KS)
(Putrid Filth Conspiracy, Box 7092, 200 42 Malmö, SWEDEN, www.putridfilth.com)

NOT RIGHT – "Small Town Rockers" EP

I wasn't real sure what to make of this one, at least not before I bothered to take the record out of the sleeve. The pic sleeve's got a photo of a scantily clad pregnant woman that is—I have to admit—somewhat hot. The disc itself is sort of so-so. It's well played mid-tempo punk rock, but it lacks that knockout punch that could set it apart from the rest of the pack. I'm also starting to notice an inordinate amount of records coming out recently with vocals that remind me of SHOCKING BLUE. This is not a good trend. (KK)
(Not Right, www.notright.it)

THE NUMBER TWELVE LOOKS LIKE YOU – "Put on Your Rosy Red Glasses" CD

I threw this CD in and the band started ripping through a great sounding techie metalcore/progressive hardcore track. Not far from DAUGHTERS or the chaos of WATCHMAKER. Guitar gymnastics all over the place and sometimes as heavy as grindcore. Every once in a while the vocalist starts, umm, "singing" (?) like a dying cat or one of those MTV metalcore bands and the music changes to some weak sounding emo. It's these moments I felt sick to my stomach. The singing was so awful I wondered if it is joke. And while we're at it, I don't care if you were emotionally hurt by a breakup, and I find hardcore songs about girls/boys/relationships terribly boring. On that note I'll end with a section of the band's lyrics "what you've accomplished towards me was sickening, so I'll be sure to return the favor. You hurt me horribly." Ugh. I thought this was hardcore not TORI AMOS. (MH)
(ECA, www.ecarecords.com)

PARASITES – "Retro-Pop Remasters" CD

The Bay Area-via-New Jersey's PARASITES were the masters of non-descript generic '90s pop punk. That's not to say they sucked at all—my complaint was always that they were too flawless, and thus lifeless. But they did have their moments, and what better than a best-of CD to exploit those moments, rewrite history and show what an underrated band they were? Their better songs, like "Crazy" and "Hang Up," sound like they owe more to '70s power-pop or the BEACH BOYS. For the most part, though, their sound is more akin to THE QUEERS (with a lot less snot), maybe MXPX, or better yet, ALL. I will give this a high recommendation to anyone into slick pop punk. If the PARASITES band came out ten years later than they did and been ten years younger and ten times cuter they would be millionaires right now. (PC)
(Go Kart, PO Box 20, Prince St. Stn, New York, NY 10012, www.gokartrecords.com)

THE PETS – "Only One/Neverending Tree"

Come on guys, it is only the PETS third release and the second one I am reviewing. Not that I complain, but somebody else should be singing the praises of this great Oakland band, not just me. Once again, the PETS deliver two blasts of punk that would please any fan of good, catchy punk rock. I would draw a comparison, but no one band comes to mind. Just know that this is quality as are all the PETS releases. Buy, buy, buy. (JF)
(Broken, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146)

PIAZZA DROUPOUT – "Complain" EP

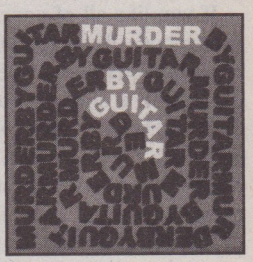
Eleven tracks of bitter, pounding hardcore for you angry fucks. Bringing together the attitude and simple, pissed lyrics of '80s hardcore with touches of '90s youth-crew song writing, these hamburgers aren't slowing down for anyone…but manage to throw in enough changes, breakdowns, and hooks to keep you listening. A nice debut release… (VH)
(Institut Fur Mentale Hygiene, Postfach 100136, 45601 Recklinghausen, GERMANY)

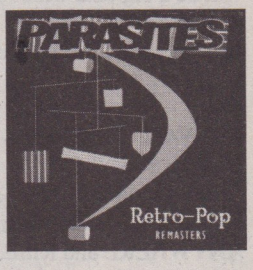
PILOT SCOTT TRACY – " We Cut Loose" CD

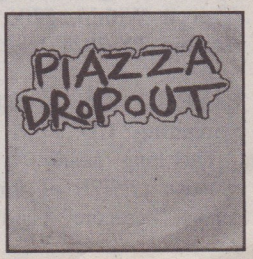
The cover art for this makes it look like it's going to sound a lot worse than it actually does. It looks like a 50th rate Blue's Clues knockoff, like a box for a toy you would find at a 99-cent store, but not in a rad kitchy way. Features members of the MOONEY SUZUKI and MAN…OR ASTROMAN—total session musician territory I am thinking. The music is rife with heavy-handed DEVO references and there are generic new wave TV-show-style angular jagged guitars and bored emotionless male and female vocalists. I think the LOST SOUNDS did this with so much more style and so much less vacuous-ness. Maybe this is the Warped Tour version? (LG)
(Alternative Tentacles, www.alternativetentacles.com)

DEREK LYN PLASTIC – "Methamphetamines" EP

.....early-'80s-sounding American punk with snotty vocals and keyboards and loud buzzy guitars.....!!!!!! The song writing here is nothing to write home about.....actually the whole thing is pretty boring and life-less and if I had to fuck this dude I'd be pretty bummed out because the way I see it is if you can't pen a catchy tune then you ain't worth a shit in the sack,







jack.....and that's all there is to it!!!!!! Ask just any of the folk here at *MRR* and they'll tell you the same.....we take that shit seriously around these parts!!!!!!! The family that lays together stays together!!!!!! (SW)
(Florida's Dying, 1414 Shady Lane, Orlando, FL 32804, www.floridasdying.com)

THE PLUTONES – "Goin' to Memphis" EP

Fuzzed-out, super distorted bluesy rock. "Goin' To Memphis" sums it up nicely. They've heard a lot of the noisier Memphis bands, they love THE OBLIVIANS and GUITAR WOLF, and they've written a bunch of songs; now they're ready to join our idols. I could think of a lot worse directions for this band to go so keep it up I say. I am guessing the PLUTONES put on one hell of a live show. At least it would be fucken loud. (CK)
(Nasty Product, www.nastyprod.com)

PLUTONES / LOS RAW GOSPELS – split EP

If you like all of your vocals through the ol Megaphone-Reducto box then this is a tag-team operetta come true for you an' yours. I can't grok a single word by either band, but since they are playing stock distortion bluuuoz-gunk on this it don't matter none. There are some great Roslie-style screams here 'n' there, and some tasty fuzz layered over the proceedings, but this still gets a big "eh" from me. "Perfunctory," sez today's Word of the Day calendar. (RW)
(P.Trash, www.ptrashrecords.com)

PRESSURE – "Beast" EP

I saw this band last month and thought that they sounded a lot like Canada's CURSED—they even did a LEFT FOR DEAD cover. This 7" don't make me think any different. Although the production is killer it's the singing that gets to me, that and that they throw some random stony riffage in the mix. To each their own I guess. I'm sure this band will be a big deal with "the kids" sooner rather than later. (NE)
(Burnbridges, 2981 Falls Rd, Baltimore, MD 21211)

PREVAIL WITHIN – "The Architects of Broken Souls" CD

Straight-up melodic political hardcore from Texas. A bit rougher than the likes of STRIKE ANYWHERE and RISE AGAINST. It's pretty mosh-friendly I must say—though the lyrics are well thought out. Right on! (AD)
(Prevail Within, 5706 Spring Watch, San Antonio, TX 78247)

PSYCHO SIN – "The Cancer is Still Spreading" CD

This long (nearly 70 tracks?!?!) CD retrospective (?!?!?!) of this mid/late-'80s New Jersey "hardcore" band makes the LEBENDEN TOTEN CD I just reviewed seem like fucking CAT STEVENS or something—it is so insane, noisy, and over the top. Enjoying recent popularity among punk collectors looking for the weirdest and wildest from yesteryear, I can't really say that PSYCHO SIN is "good," but they are definitely compelling and uh, amazing. *The Cancer Is Still Spreading* features weird outsider music rants by the inimitable Carl Casanova over insanely noisy bashing, topped by some of the most idiot savant lyrics ever, spewed in a charming Jersey drawl. PSYCHO SIN definitely needs to be heard to be believed, but after you listen once will you want to listen again? If the fact that I've played their *You Axed For It* EP for basically everyone I know in the past couple of years indicates yes, but the amount it's bummed out most of those listeners might point to no. Whatever, I appreciate the we-had-to-make-this-or-our-heads-would-explode sense I get from listening to PSYCHO SIN, though I would be first to admit that the tracks on this CD only barely and only sometimes qualify as actual songs. And as for so-bad-it's-unbelievably-good records from the '80s US punk scene, I still prefer AFTERBIRTH. I wonder what savvy Japanese label will release that little gem... (GN)
(Speed State, 5-34-4 Kozunomori, Narita Chiba, 2960048, JAPAN, speedstaterecords.com)

RADIO BIRDMAN – "Hungry Cannibals" EP

Sounding more like the fourth RADIO BIRDMAN album that came out in 1986 than the third RADIO BIRDMAN album that came out in 2006, The Australian legend's *Zeno Beach* was surprisingly better than I braced myself for. The new songs are dark and moody, grounded in mid-tempo '80s rock more than the Detroit feel of *Radios Appear.* "Hungry Cannibal" isn't my favorite track off the new record, but manages to capture a little bit more of the energy and Stoogie feel of thirty years ago than most of the other album tracks. And after a few listens I think I might like the B-side "Rock Bottom" more than a lot of the album tracks. If you're expecting "Burn My Eye" Pt. 2, you'll probably fucking hate this…but the gamble is worth the price of an EP. (VH)
(Steel Cage, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125)

RAD KIDS – "Whenever U Want" EP

Remember when anything that came out of Florida was just a little bit wacky? (*We Can't Help It If We're From Florida*) It's true, Grasshopper, there was such a time. Anyway, this isn't anything like that and that is ultra-excellent. This is straightforward, catchy, punkish pop. It's not weird or wacky at all, but it's damn good. A decade or so this would have been considered popish punk. Nowadays, they're calling it punkish pop. (KK)
(Floridasdying, 1414 Shady Ln, Orlando, FL, 32804)

THE RALPHS – "Zeros-No-ones" LP

This is an awesome newly discovered synth punk band from Ft. Worth, Texas circa 1980...The liner notes assert that they only released one 7" and everything else on this didn't get past the test press stage. So super collector scum stuff probably. I don't know about that, but what I do know is that this is totally killer. It's got that bright trashy super catchy EYES sound, meaning it's really poppy but snotty too, and not as art school as some of the synth punk pioneers. And so good! *So* crazy that this came from Texas in the early '80s, and not Austin either—looking at the picture of the band I bet they got so totally punk bashed. The recording for the *Mass Confusion* 7" is definitely better than the other non-"proper" released stuff, but it's all so cool and inspiring. Something about it reminds me of THE ZEROS too and even the more garage-y sounding PERE UBU stuff, like "Cloud 149" maybe. The song "Hairless Creature Of Love" has thee most horrifying creepy lyrics. But aside from that I would recommend this as worthy of your hard earned cash. (LG)
(Existential Vacuum, PO Box 9175, Austin, TX 78766)

RADIO KNIVES – "Cursed" CD

Neither the FM KNIVES nor the RADIO REELERS—they fall somewhere between those well-known bands, actually. *Cursed* benefits from slick presentation, clean lines, catchy punk KINKS riffs, and touches of tinny organ. Unfortunately, it suffers from the certain kinda lame sameness that plagues most down 'n' dirty trad punk with a rock 'n' roll bent. "Don't Let Me Go" is a fun and memorable opener, but subsequent tracks like "Red, Red Rage," "it's Alright" "Your Rock 'n' Roll" and "Takin' Over" are as generic as their titles suggest. There's nothing bad about *Cursed,* but it probably function best as background music. (JH)
(Dionysus, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507, www.dionysusrecords.com)

RANGER SOUND / RAGAZZI DAI CAPELLI VERDI – split LP

Italio-Beat RANGER SOUND is best remembered for the very wild "Ricordami" (appeared *on Transworld Punk Rave Up Vol. 1* and inspired the MUMMIES' "Die"), but did you know that they later dyed their hair green and changed their name to RAGAZZI DAI CAPELLI VERDI (guess what it means)? I dinna. This LP collects six songs from three 45s of the two bands. "Ricordarmi" is unsurprisingly the champ, but "Un Tipo Per Te" is almost up there and everything is pretty good,

(including a cover of the KINKS' "You Can't Win"). Comes with two posters and bilingual (guess) fact sheet. Great package (DD)
(Hate, Via S. Giovanni in Laterno 192/194, 00184 Roma, ITALY)

REALVACATION – "Back to the Movies" CD

Snotty melodic street punk from Kemi, Finland. At first listen, a little like RANCID, a little like BOMBSHELL ROCKS, but with more of a rockin' edge. They veer from husky Oi-type songs to hard, almost hardcore songs, but for the main keep things melodic. This could be a grower. (AD)
(Roku, PO Box 148, 96101 Rovaniemi, FINLAND)

RED CAVALIER – "Built to Last" CD

12 tracks of earnest rock 'n' roll (or is it speedy punk?) from Southern California's RED CAVALIER—I dig the DEAD BOYS-ish guitar leads, the energy, and general from-the-gut power these dudes muster. Fun times. (JH)
(Loaded Bomb, PO Box 90336, Industry, CA 91715, www.loadedbombrecords.com)

REPOS – "Hearts and Heads Explode" LP

Chi-town hardcore rippers return with what could almost be called an LP (it clocks in at about eleven minutes). Featuring folks from CHARLES BRONSON and DAS OATH, you already have an idea of the sounds. *Pick Your King*-era POISON IDEA riffage with almost INFEST/YOUTH OF TODAY vocals. On paper I fully dig it—the production is huge, the sound in-your-face and abrasive…it's just a little one-dimensional. Where are the hooks, man??? You have this if you need it, and if not? There are better hardcore records out there right now. (TB)
(Youth Attack, www.ihateyouthattack.com)

RETAINERS – "Lose It" EP

I know this musical concept has probably been done a million times at this point but really when someone does it right... it's like grilled cheese or something. Uh what? I mean, I really like it. It feels good. Total rad trashed out desperation garage with hints of OBLIVIANS (guitar sound) and REATARDS (vocals? general feel?), which is just what the doctor ordered after a night of eating rotten food and reading shitty dullard fanzines for this very publication. Seriously, another record that will not change your life but really who needs that all the time? This makes me wish I went out dancing more. Or ever. Invigoration. (LG)
(P.Trash, www.ptrashrecords.com)

RESERVE 34 – "Everything" CD

A general rule: Band name consisting of a random noun + number instantaneously signifies a band bereft of ideas, Luckily this (albeit unbearable in one sitting) 40-track collection escapes that rule with thrashing emo hardcore a la a lot of the better EBULLITION records of the time period, musically and lyrically. This Vancouver band was very much of the 1996-2002 era it was recorded, Influences are culled from the straight-ahead Revelation hardcore revival of '87-'88 and then filtered through the throttling chaos of the '90s San Diego emo hardcore-styled raw recording with impassioned vocals and personal lyrics. Works it's way backward through the bands timeline of EPs, demos and unreleased tracks, which surprisingly get faster and faster and more straightforward the further back you go. Includes multiple versions and lyrics in a nice foldout, though I found the bands extensive recollections about their time in the band as dreary as reading someone else's high school year book. Have a great summer! XOXO! Friends forever! (KS)
(www.specimen32.com)

THE RODEO CARBURETTOR – CD

Dank rock-tinged garage from Japan with big loose rolling drums, groany vocals, and CRAMPS guitars that shift into glam gear a little too easily. It's very stylized; not really the kind of garage that I like ultimately. They're too together somehow, like they formed to be the band for a biker bar scene in a teen soap opera. It seems like an idea of a band somehow, if that makes sense. (LG)
(Denko Secca, www.denkosecca.com)

RUIDOSA INMUNDICIA – "De Una Vez" EP

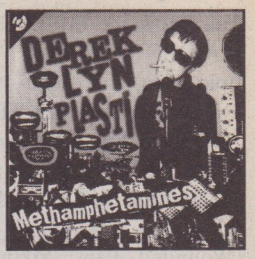
Hell yeah, this is fucking killer fast (but still hook-laden) hardcore with modern guitar flourishes and intense female vocals that totally put this record over the top for me. I heard this band's demo about a year ago and this is a total improvement over that already great tape. This band is Austrian, I believe, but they sing in all Spanish—a quick Google search reveals that they have some Chilean members. Somehow, over the speedy songs the singer manages to convey a ton of feeling—she totally sells every single word that she screams. I feel like this band could fit snugly on along with the last fifteen years or so of catchy but still fast Spanish language hardcore coming out of Chicago and championed by labels like Southkore and Lengua Armada. There are so many great bands in Europe I fear I will never get to see, and I can now add RUIDOSA INMUNDICIA to that list. (GN)
(Thought Crime, c/o Thomas Franke, Muskauer Strasse 19, 10997, Berlin, GERMANY)

RUPSBAND – "8-Track Thrash Attack" EP

Speedy '80s sounding thrash hardcore. I do say hardcore because while this is not far from the '80s crossover sound, it's not as metal. Well, I say that and the first two tracks on the second side have guitar solos and are a bit more metal. From the Netherlands, have a sense of humor and don't just sound like a rehash of old ideas. After listening to this 7" a few more times I realized what I loved about crossover back in the '80s. Sometimes it's metal and sometimes hardcore. Think ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT or the CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER. (MH)
(Mos, Vliegtuiglaan 3, 3769 JM Soesterberg, NETHERLANDS)

SAIGON DISTRESS SIGNAL – "Darkness" LP

I can't believe that this band called their record "Darkness." It is like writing a poem called "I Am Sad." Embarrassing. Anyway, it does tell you a bit about what you will find on the LP—heavy, black-clad warrior riffs stolen from straight from the arena crust 101 songbook.



You know the drill: doomsday lyrics, IRON MAIDEN guitar parts, The World's Longest Epic Intro, and a one-sheet that tells me that this band sounds like TRAGEDY *and* FROM ASHES RISE. Actually, no you don't. You sound like false metal with very convoluted songwriting and a too lo-fi recording. Next. (GN)
(Wounded Paw, Atlantic Ave Suite 105, Toronto, Ontario, M6K 3E7, CANADA, www.woundedpaw.com)

SAM LAWRENCE 5 – "This City Is A Fist" CD

Basic, boring 1-2-3-4 punk from Canada. Their choice to cover THE EXPLOITED ought to be a fair indication of just how drenched in cliché this lot is. Not biting. (MC)
(Double Hell, www.doublehell.com)

SANDINISTA – CD

I want to mention that this band's guitarist was stabbed to death by fascists. After seeing their website dedicated to antifascist action in their home of Russia I was reminded once again that not everywhere is as sheltered as the Bay Area and that punk is truly a worldwide community and we should support and stand with those who fight for equality. I highly recommend checking out the band's page. SANDINISTA plays intense metal tinged hardcore with loads of emotional breaks and tons of hooks. Although this style really isn't my favorite, I can tell you that they play it in the upper echelons of the genre. Reminiscent of CATHARSIS in style and delivery. I like the vocals, the lyrics are intelligent and very thought provoking, and they even add more information concerning topics in their booklet. This record is worth a listen and I have a feeling that some people will really like what they hear. (WK)
(Old Skool Kids, www.oskrecords.com)

SCARECROW – "Deadcrow" CD

Finnish punk horror fiends playing rugged punk rooted in the progressions of older bands that had '70s street punk sensibility like PARTISANS, RAW POWER, and NEGATIVE APPROACH but all through a modernized "pro" GENOCIDE SS sort of filter. If not terribly original, it definitely rocks hard and it's a steady straightforward listen, but overall too close to sounding like a well polished European "festival" or Warped Tour type of sound for me. (BS)
(San Martin, www.scarecrow.rocks.it)

SCREAM! HELLO! – "The Infinite Son" CD

Energetic emo-core along the ways of SAMIAM and FACE TO FACE with the more raw production of those bands' early releases. This would have fit right in circa 1992 and it sounds good now. Eight songs on this band's debut CD. (RL)
(Red Leader, www.screamhello.com)

SEEIN RED – "Workspiel" CD

Holland's SEEIN RED has been for a long time and remains to this day one of the most inspiring hardcore bands in the world, never relenting from their original vision of playing political DIY punk, which started for members of the band in the early '80s in the classic LÄRM. The *Workspiel* LP, one of their early records, is now finally available again (along with some EP tracks), showcasing SEEIN RED's unique ability to write powerful hardcore songs that never skimp on either tunefulness or urgency. A legitimate classic from a ceaselessly relevant band. (GN)
(Coalition, www.coalition-records.com)

SHINEOLA – "Cream Of The Slop" CD

Two-piece riff rock, lost in a time bubble. Things lean so far to the hard rock side of things that I initially thought they were Swedish. They own a lot of those useless Man's Ruin 10" EPs, that's for sure. Horrible ROLLING STONES cover as well...Yuck. (MC)
(Hellam, 1048 Heller Lane, Suite 666, Hellam, PA 17406)

SHOCK NAGASAKI – "Year of the Spy" CD

Don't know nothing about this quartet, but I'm very glad to make their acquaintance. A rather stylish record of '77-sounding punk 'n' roll. It reminds me a lot of the SEX PISTOLS, PROFESSIONALS, and anthemic melody of early CHELSEA. And unlike most of the bands who model themselves on the likes of the PISTOLS, DEAD BOYS, etc., there's no songs about drinking, fucking underage girls, and the like. Instead, you get some decent socio-political lyrics, with a staunch left bent. What more could you ask for?! Ten out of ten. (RK)
(TKO, www.tkorecords.com)

SHOOK ONES – "Facetious Folly Feat" CD

I'm a lonely man. So very cold and alone. There's a great big party, the SHOOK ONES are playing and everyone else is having a great time. Me? I'm out here in the rain with my cane mumbling something about how in my day we had KID DYNAMITE and we were happy. We didn't need some new fangled Northwesterners to imitate them. We had the real thing. It's like KID DYNAMITE is Coke Classic and THE SHOOK ONES are New Coke. I mean it's pretty much the same but it's just not right. They're missing that bold, rot-you-from-the-inside flavor that KID DYNAMITE had. However, like I said, I am pretty much alone in this judging from the avalanche of praise I've seen for this band. I think people are just so desperate for a new KID DYNAMITE record that they'll accept anything. Even when they know it's a lesser carbon copy. Dan Yemin and Jason Shevchuk have moved on, friends. I think it's time you did too. (ST)
(Revelation, www.revelationrecords.com)

SHOP FRONTS – LP

Super driven, loud on the distortion pedal, not easing off the hooks and infectious choruses—this could best summarize Rip Off Records' new bunch of co-ed punk peddlers. The often-quoted problem of this genre is the lack of tunes. Fortunately for the listener—that being me, the band, and this review—the Shop Fronts have this in sackfuls. Nobody escapes the vocal duties and the handclaps, which keeps this LP flowing, never falling in to the big, bad void of monotony. Next to THE KIDNAPPERS, this is the best release that this hate-and-love-it label from San Bruno has put out in years. Oh, extra candy in the bag for a great cover of "I Wanna Be Free" by THE RINGS. (SD)
(Rip Off, 581 Maple Ave, San Bruno, CA 94066, www.ripoffrecords.org)

SICK 56 – "Punishment" CD

Really great '82 inspired punk from England's northern Riviera. It sounds a lot like fellow Blackpool punkers ONE WAY SYSTEM, with the added melody of the ENGLISH DOGS (in their *Mad Punks And English Dogs* era) and even some of the cheeky charm of Frankie Flame in SUPERYOB. The production is really good, lyrics decent and the songs just barrel along with a ton of balls and melody. Great stuff. (TB)
(JSNTGM, PO Box 1025, Blackpool, FY3 0FA, UNITED KINGDOM)

SINKIN' SHIPS/THE THREAT – Split EP

Two femme-fronted bands from the Toronto area, SINKIN' SHIPS plays aggressive punk with great vocals, nice hooks, and well-written choruses. THE THREAT shares the vocal duties over more upbeat and aggressive punk rock. Both bands turn in good efforts, though I'd have to go for the SINKIN' SHIPS if it came down to it. (AD)
(Wounded Paw, WP022, 1 Atlantic Ave, Suite 105, Toronto, ON M6K 3E7, CANADA)

THE SKEPTIX – Hate and Fear LP

I always thought that THE SKEPTIX could never hold a candle to bands like UPROAR, THE INSANE, and MAU MAUS. Nevertheless they solidly held down the second string of UK82 punk rock throughout much of the early '80s. I seriously think that if it weren't for THE CASUALTIES sporting their logos on their studded jackets they would have been forgotten almost entirely. Now, they

are back touring and here is their newest offering of punk rock for all. As with many of the reformed bands of that era this recording is fucking amazingly overproduced and completely loses all rawness and intensity. The lyrics are anti-government, about the streets, and totally adhere to the paranoia of terror that has gripped the West. They have a song called "Still Share Your Fears 911" the lyrics actually say " Our thought's turn to 9/11 / to innocent people too soon in heaven," and later in the same song, "One year we don't forget, prayers for those we never met." Punx singing about heaven and prayers, now that is fucking scary. If you really need me to expand on this record then you're not too smart. (WK)
(Thunk, www.thunkrecords.com)

SOLID DECLINE – "Adorning the Void" 2xEP

Blazing German fastcore that hits like a brick across the face. It has the super harsh elements of the glass-gargling Swedish bands like ACURSED and SKITSYSTEM, but the music is way more straight-ahead fastcore like DEFORMED CONSCIENCE or Y (SOLID DECLINE has ex-member of that band). The production is much bigger than their last release which really serves them well, making this double disc a full-blown ripper from front to back. I think I would have preferred this to be an LP rather than the tricky double 7", but all the same this is a monster. Limited too, so get searching. (TB)
(Heartfirst, Lansberger Str. 146, 80339, München, GERMANY)

SORE THUMBS – "5 & Dime/Heartbreaks and Razorblades"

I like this better than their album that I reviewed a while back, but then this kind of music always sounds a lot better on a 45 than on a CD. Two shorts blasts of catchy, fast, rough, attitude-drenched punk from Sonoma County, CA. Still not quite as great as the BODIES but good nonetheless. (AD)
(Noma Beach, PO Box 735, Sonoma, CA 95476)

SPARKLE MOTION – EP

I believe they'd kick my ass if they heard me say this, but right from the kick off SPARKLE MOTION sounds like a power pop ABBA. Haha, so that's not entirely right but there are some serious harmonies up in this piece. You're all like "yeah these harmonies are hella smooth." Then you run your fingers on the jagged underside. A place where bands like THE MUFFS and JOAN JETT live and cut those pudgy little digits all to shit. I don't really recall THE APPLICATORS who some of these guys come from but do not doubt my commitment to SPARKLE MOTION. (ST)
(Super Secret, PO BOX 1585, Austin, TX 78767)

STRATECOATS – "The Savage Young Greg Ashley" EP

Long before he impressed damn near everyone with GRIS GRIS and THE MIRRORS, Greg Ashley was the zit-faced, rude teenage delinquent that fronted The STRATECOATS. Operating at the tail end of the '90s garage punk boom, THE STRATECOATS clearly had their eyes set on seen and heard on all of their xerox-sleeve, one-sided 45s. On this EP, they are as good as anything Rip Off was releasing at the time (at certain points, better!), and something tells me the 15-year old version of Ashley would take that as a huge compliment. Rude, over the top, trashy and perfect. Covering FREESTONE helps too! A totally great (and slightly hilarious) excavation. (MC)
(Hook Or Crook, www.hookorcrookrecords.com)

STRESSFACE – "Oh, You're Welcome" CD

I don't even know what to say about this; I will preface this review by saying I love punk rock. I really do. The only thing I could think of that STRESSFACE reminded me of musically was DILLINGER FOUR, but it's *waaaaaay* rotten-er than that band. They are going for that Midwestern or maybe Gainesville-esque meat 'n' potatoes, flailing and wailing pop punk sound, and I can imagine kids freaking out and knowing all the words to their songs and hopping trains to go see them play, etc, etc. But those kids are not on my team. I like music that makes me feel like possibility exists, like something I can't explain is happening. This just makes me sad and disconnected, like this is probably someone's favorite band and they are probably super punk and making a vegan pot luck mush after a show in some small town and I wouldn't even know what to say to them. Seriously, music like this makes me feel so alienated from punk and makes me think that maybe I don't even know what punk is. Dude rock for dudes who like to drink cheap beer while romanticising their lameness. (LG)
(Plan-It X, PO Box 3521, Bloomington, IN 47402)

SUBHUMANS – "New Dark Age Parade" CD

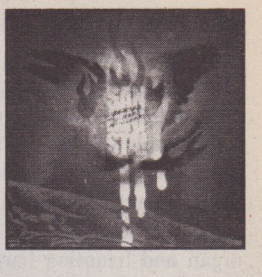
This CD marks the return of Canada's great SUBHUMANS. I gotta say if I heard this on the local college station I wouldn't know this was the same classic early Canadian punk band. Not that this is bad, but everything sounds different. The songs are mid-tempo, the guitar playing is more refined, the vocals are in tune and not as gritty. This is still decent though, and if they play in town, I'm there! (RL)
(Alternative Tentacles, www.subhumanscanada.com)

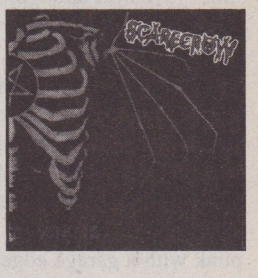
SUPER BLACK MARKET – "Will Sell Anything" CD

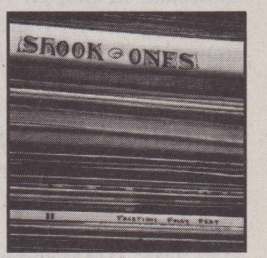
Wasn't sure what to expect from this—the cover's very colorful and the PR sheet I threw away talked some shit. Listening to them, they remind me of all those fancy-pants bands like THE INTERNATIONAL NOISE CONSPIRACY, AT THE DRIVE-IN, and DEATH BY STEREO who were all the rage five or six years ago. Though that was all from the first track, so let's not condemn them yet... …No, I really don't like this. (AD)
(Minnow, www.minnowrecords.com)

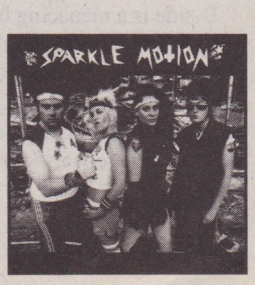
SURFIN' MATADORS – "Drive Me Crazy!" EP

Solid garage punk—title track might seem more punk than garage except for the prominent organ. "Do U Swing" is kind of a retarded cousin of "60 Second Swinger," and there's nothing wrong with that. "TV Set" goes on a little long for my taste, but overall a band to watch. (DD)
(Unrecording, www.unrecordingrecords.com)









SURFIN' MATADORS – "Naughty Girl/Heartache"

A garage band that gets it right, one that understands its history and the simple formula for a simple sound. The feel of being recorded in a swamp, soaked in sweat and booze, teenage angst, and too many late nights at the local movie drive in. Crushing overdriven organ and haunting harp mixed with echoed out vocals have me grasping for more—two tunes just ain't enough. Nothing new, but still one of the best singles I've heard in a long time. (SD)
(Unrecording www.unrecordingrecords.com)

SUSPICIONS – CD

The best record Rip Off has released in a long time. It is unlike anything the label has been putting out lately. Female-fronted post-punk with a garage edge. It is lo-fi, but catchy as hell. "All Night" is one of my favorite songs of the year. This record is excellent! (CK)
(Rip Off, 581 Maple, San Bruno, CA 94066, www.ripoffrecords.org)

SWINEHOOD – "I'm Startin' to Hate What I Used to Dig" EP

Eight ridiculously hateful, mean, and angry tracks from Sweden. SWINEHOOD shares some connection with BRAINBOMBS, and while it won't take you on the same wretched ride, you might need the same mindset to appreciate it. Sloppy, loud punk rock about hating yourself, your life, and everyone around. I can relate...so I recommend. (MC)
(Ken Rock, no address)

TAKE ONE FOR THE TEAM – "Mosh Hard with a Vengeance" CD

Here's a twenty-track dose of ultra-fast posi-tharash clocking in at 11:22. TAKE ONE FOR THE TEAM throws out song titles like "Blood, Sweat, Moustache," "Sharing Gear is the Best," and of course "Mosh Hard with a Vengeance." The lyrics are mainly comical with side banter about scene politics and plays on words. The music is, uhh, fast. Not bad just not exactly memorable, then again it seems like they would rather just play hard and have fun. (WK)
(Sir Punkly www.sirpunkly.com)

TENESSEE TEARJERKERS – "Chills and Fever/I Want You"

B-side is a menacing but catchy garage-abilly (is that a new genre?). 'Sfar as I'm concerned, the TEARJERKERS should have made that the A-side: "Chills and Fevers" is a nice little cover, but pales in comparison. Try to keep the covers for live shows, people, unless you're going to go over the top with 'em. (DD)
(Brown Sound, no address)

THIRD DEATH – "Confusion" EP

Sloppy, rushed hardcore, recorded in a biscuit tin by the sounds of it. Harks back to the days of bands like CHARLES BRONSON with the super squeaky vocals and short snappy songs. It almost sounds like DIY youth crew at times, which I kinda like. It's not half bad, but I don't think it will be in constant rotation 'round my yard. For the collectors out there, it seems there are a million different cover variations, which is cool and all, but I'd rather have a great record than a limited one. (TB)
(Culture Void, www.culturevoid.com)

THIRD STRING – "Lockjaw" CDEP

Six-track debut CD from this SoCal quartet. They turn out some fairly engaging melodic hardcore. Nothing new, and certainly traveling ground well-trodden by the likes of early GAMEFACE, NO USE FOR A NAME, LAG-WAGON, et al. But they have enough energy and fine guitar licks to carry it off. Well worth checking out, if that genre is your bag, and probably even if you reckon that bag is overly punctured right now. (RK)
(www.3rdstring.net)

THIS MOMENT IN BLACK HISTORY – " It Takes a Nation..." CD

The PR company that is handling this band decided to put a huge sticker on the lyrics or manifesto or whatever it is that they deemed less important than the stupid hollow one-sheet-speak contained on said sticker. They compare THIS MOMENT... to PUBLIC ENEMY, PERE UBU, PAGANS, BLACK FLAG, and also attempt to put them in with the good folks at STAX, SUN, CHESS, etc, etc. OK dudes, I get it, they are part of the holy pantheon of music blog writer's jack off material. I just don't hear the ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS influence or the MONORCHID or whatever million other disparate bands were referenced in the press junket bullshit. They sound like a late-'90s math rock time capsule. It sounds like they are also into AT THE DRIVE IN and TV ON THE RADIO, though they name check SKULL KONTROL and the WRANGLER BRUTES. It doesn't sound as punk or crazy as either one of those bands; it's more rock sounding, more post-emo/post-REFUSED. Totally '90s, dude. (LG)
(Cold Sweat, www.coldsweat,org)

THOMAS FUNCTION! – "Vanity Lights" EP

Holy shit someone brought Lou Reed back to life. I know he isn't dead but in some ways wouldn't we better off if he was? He used to be a bitch with the music to back it up. Now he's just a bitchy old man who thinks he's entitled to your admiration despite the fact he hasn't put out a decent record in longer than you've been alive. These days I'll take Lou Reed inspired over Lou Reed the actual dude any time. At any rate I am in awe of how good this record is. Just right-fi, well-written, well-played, clever, high energy songs from the Lou's Alabama power pop bastard sons. If there's any justice in this world this band will make you and the rest of the world forget all about THE STROKES, CLAP YOU HUH AND SAY WHAT?, and every other half-hearted band of slouches from NY. Huntsville is kicking out the jams sans trendy outfits. They only made three hundred of these. Three solid songs that remind me why the 7" is a beautiful, beautiful format. If any of what I've said makes any sense to you, order this from these guys now. (ST)
($5 ppd: DNH, 303-D Jordan Lane, Huntsville, AL 35805, www.myspace.com/dnhrecords)

TOP TEN – "Easily Unkind" EP

Holy shit. Why do bands like this from Oakland never play in Oakland? I've seen Tina more times at the Alameda antique flea market than I have on a stage. This is tight power pop that sounds like it was recorded in '80, capped off by a crucial cover of TEENAGE HEADS' "Ain't Got No Sense." If you've followed Tina (TRASHWOMEN/BOBBYTEENS/DEADLY WEAPONS) you're gonna keep on following her here. They even dusted off Peter Bagge to do the cover art. Mad sweet. (ST)
(Classic Bar Music, 1323 1/2 Minna St, San Francisco, CA 94103)

TURPENTINE BROTHERS – "Get Your Mind Off Me/Not Your Fashion"

The side you are supposed to like is really good, a thick varnish of blues-driven rock 'n' roll that mines equally both the early '70s *rawk* take and the late '70s punk take on the form. The femme vox are a welcome respite. Swell! The flip is a tossoff. (RW)
(Alien Snatch)

THE VATICANS – "Digital World / Little Jimmy"

This single has really grown on me. During the first listen I wasn't sure what to make of it, but then I played it again and again and now I can't get the title track out of my head. It's hard to pigeonhole the sound, which is a good thing. There are hints of melodic pop punk similar to some British bands in the late '70s like maybe the REZILLOS, but there are also hints of mod and maybe even a bit of a Two Tone sound without the ska. I really love the female vocals on this, and the guitar with an almost '60s-sounding twang is accompanied nicely by a tight, clean rhythm section. Together, the songs seem like no-frills mod pop, but there's something more going on and I just can't put my finger on it. It's catchy as hell. (BG)
($4 ppd: Pure Filth, PO Box 15473, San Francisco, CA 94115, vaticans@sbcglobal.net)

VATOS LOCOS – "Fortune & Fun" CD

Rock and roll punk from the sun-baked working class streets of Houston, TX. Driving guitars and grating, melodic vocals that border between MURDER CITY DEVILS-type whiskey punk to later day CHANNEL 3. The lyrics generally deal with the hardships of life, especially broken hearts, but that doesn't stop them from having fun sometimes too. They even have a song about Dickies (unfortunately the pants, not the band). I could see these guys playing a seedy punk bar full of neck tattoos and sideburns. Recommended particularly for fans of that type of music. (BG)
(Loaded Bomb, PO Box 90336, City of Industry, CA 91715, www.loadedbombrecords.com)

THE VERMIN – "A Fist Full Of Hell" CD

This Las Vegas band seemingly can't decide if they wanna be a SoCal costume '77 band a la THE STITCHES or some pack of second wave UK punk gobbers. Whatever the case, nothing in the 30 (!) tracks featured here moves me in the slightest. (MC)
(Wood Shampoo, PO Box 27801, Las Vegas, NV 89126)

VIVA AMERICAN DEATHRAY MUSIC – "Zero Panik/Dub"

The surprise of the issue por moi. The "Dub" side lifts a riff from some '70s punk band, their playing is so insistent and dramatic and dynamic that they are defeating my Rock Brain's attempt to figger where it's from, which makes this the perfect example of the rock 'n' roll "lift 'n' recycle" technique that has given us so many great punker tunes over the decades. Just great. The flip is a tribute to the band's long-ago Mancunian roots I reckon, as the vocalist wraps his–uh vocals–uh around a certain style to great effect–uh, if you get whaddamean–uh. The song is good so the hammer is back in the holster. These guys have put out pretty good records in the past but this is my fave effort so far, which for a band that's been around awhile is a good thing to see. A new fan! Was that riff from WARSAW…? (RW)
(Shattered, www.shatteredrecords.net)

WARCRY – "Deprogram" 12"

OK, I have to admit that I was sort of on the fence about the first two WARCRY records, but this 12" is totally crazy good Swedish styled hardcore that is impossible not to like for fans of MEANWHILE, NO SECURITY, or crustcore that is definitively more hardcore than it is metal. *Deprogram* sounds urgent, desperate, totally pissed, and somehow more inspired than WARCRY's earlier material, which was fine but sort of flat—maybe they just figured out how to capture their live sound more accurately? They mix things up with a nice mixture of faster songs and mid-tempo ragers like the awesome "B.S.B.S.F.B.S." (guess what *that* stands for). This isn't nearly as rocked out as INEPSY or anything, but it definitely has the swagger that I associate with MOTÖRHEAD influence. Don't worry though, this record is hardcore through and through. Is WARCRY the best "Swedish" hardcore band currently going? I wouldn't have said yes before this album, but they are certainly making a claim for that title it with *Deprogram*. Best song: the fucking vicious album closer, "Harvest of Death." (GN)
(Feral Ward, www.feralward.com)

WIPERS – "Is This Real?" LP

Countless bands have formed in the wake of THE RAMONES, untold numbers of punks and misfits have picked up guitars to bash out a tune according to that almighty blueprint, but no one—*no one*—did it better than Portland, Oregon's THE WIPERS. This three-piece, led by reclusive genius Greg Sage, took the foundation laid down by those early RAMONES records—4/4 time, downstroked guitar, short, catchy songs led by the bass—and created something so much more. The songs were outwardly simple but deeply sophisticated, rooted in pop yet dark and compelling. The intensity of this album, in my opinion, has yet to be matched by another band—Sage's lyrics speak of longing, alienation, rejection, and desperation, while the music drives on, upbeat at times, bleak at others, but always urgent. 12 songs, every last one a classic. A perfect LP. Fortunately for the masses, it is now available again on vinyl, legitimately licensed from Sage's Zeno Records. Jackpot has done an excellent job, packaging the record in a thick cardboard sleeve with the original art and lyrics. I could go on about what this album means to me, but I think the music speaks for itself. Seek this one out; it could change your life. (CS)
(Jackpot, www.jackpotrecords.com)

THE WOBBLIES – "Red Dawn Rising" CD

Folky sing-along left-wing punk from Portland. Sounds like THE NIPS singing political songs. Not bad. (AD)
(www.thewobblies.org)

WHEN MY AUTHORITIES FALL – "Akmens Muri, Akmens Sirdis" EP

Latvia is fucking pissed! Who knew? Critical dual-vocalled hardcore with some awesome heavy moments that don't stray in to metal territory thankfully. Social political lyrics in Latvian with English translations. These guys are on to something out there (ST)
(Self-Titled Demo, myspace.com/selftitleddemorecords)

V/A – "Common Life Volume 2" LP

Ten bands from around the globe doing several tracks each. I definitely appreciate hearing more than one song per band here; I get a better idea of all their sounds. Included on this LP are CHOICE OF MY OWN, LEARN, GEORGE HARRISON, THIRD DEATH, LOW VISION, SMD, STILL STRONG, FPO, CAPTAINS AMERICA, and DUCK STAB. All fast stuff here, some better than others, but overall it's, ya know, the shit you can skate to, flip your caps up and tie your flannel around your waist, and go nuts. The subtitle on this records is "Pissed HC/Thrash" and that it is. (MS)
(Dead Heroes, doomsday@centrum.cz)

V/A – "Connecticut Fun" CD

Ahh, the early '80s—era of the regional hardcore compilation. *This Is Boston Not LA, Flex Your Head, Why Are We Here?, Process of Elimination... Connecticut Fun*

was the Nutmeg State's contribution to the genre, released in 1985 as a document of the Anthrax (club) scene. Most people have heard of YOUTH OF TODAY, and VATICAN COMMANDOS, 76% UNCERTAIN, or CIA are probably familiar to record collectors, but this comp is also full of obscuros like FATAL VISION, BAD ATTITUDE, END PRODUCT, and the ever-amusingly named NO MILK ON TUESDAY. The songs on here are for the most part pretty tame, and even 76% UNCERTAIN, the best band ever to come out of Connecticut, contribute a rare stinker. The best stuff is definitely the tracks by FATAL VISION and SEIZURE—both of whom seem to be a bit more twisted and crazy than their colleagues—and the five songs by YOUTH OF TODAY, who at this point were still in their formative stages and not yet a totally yawn-inducing caricature. As a bonus, this CD reissue also includes complete 7"s by RUDE AWAKENING and the aforementioned NO MILK. (CS)
(Incas, 28 Culvert City Road, New Milford, CT 06776, www.incasrecords.com)

V/A – "Everybody Loves Antiseen" 2xCD

There's only thing worse than an ANTISEEN 2xCD: a 2xCD of ANTISEEN covers. The takes range from uninspired, straight-ahead covers to weird metallic country to just plain shit. VOLATILE BABY's cover of "Wifebeater" is the standout track, making a good case for being the absolute worst thing I've heard in 2006. Download it and tell me it's not completely infuriating and insane. Classically awful tune, folks. Download it. I'm gonna go put my head in the oven now. (MC)
(TKO, www.tkorecords.com)

V/A – "Finding a Voice Volume Two" LP

A benefit for *No Compromise,* an animal liberation magazine that pulls no punches, and Earth Liberation Prisoner Support Network. I spent more time reading the included material than listening to the 12". They nicely included a copy of *No Compromise,* which I had never read. I enjoyed the legal info and global news sections. They also included a sixteen page booklet, which is half band contacts and lyrics and the other half is contact info for organizations, a list of Eco-defense and other political prisoners. OK, OK, onto the music. This comp has a diverse handful of groups from the straight ahead punk hardcore of I OBJECT to full on grindcore of CATHETER. FILTH PACT plays filthy heavy hardcore, and one of their tracks is one of the few with lyrics that are on the topic of animal liberation. WARTORN plays crust and has three vocalists. HOMOIRATUS has a heavy as fuck groove with vocals you can understand. BLACK MARKET FETUS contributes a couple live tracks. I love the intros to each track because the way the vocalist talks makes him sound like he's in a black metal band. Silly. SECURITY THREAT is in the same universe as HOMOIRATUS. Heavy, but not clearly hardcore and not clearly metal. The sound of a bulldozer. I OBJECT rips through a couple clean straight ahead hardcore tracks with female vocals. FUBAR grinds your head in with four quick and short tracks. Actually the second track has more of a powerviolence sound than grindcore. CATHETER contributes a fast, fast, and faster grindcore track OK, the track does slow down towards the end. HEWHOCORRUPTS sounds spot on, maybe too spot on so much so I question if the tracks are really live. I've always loved their style of grindcore. THIN THE HERD plays straight ahead hardcore with female vocals. Their track "Indulgence" is a bit heavier with a dramatic intro and the guitars are mixed higher. The vocals are also male/female tradeoff. WORDS THAT BURN contributes some skater thrash. And who is TOWER OF ROME? They do crazy, discordant grindcore not far from HEWHOCORRUPTS. This shit ripped. (MH)
(Repetitively Futile, PO Box 1311, Missoula, MT 59806)

V/A – "Hair: Chicago Punk Cuts" CD

A collection of exclusive tracks from some current Chicago bands. Ranging from the twisted sounds of the great COUGARS to the pop sounds of the METHODONES. Also included are MUCH THE SAME, HORACE PINKER , THE BOMB, THE FELIX CULPA, and many more. A good disc with quality and variety. (RL)
(Thick, www.thickrecords.com)

V/A – "Night of the Covers Dead" 10"

Spanish based MISFITS tribute wherein most of the bands actually *look* like their heroes. I'd imagine it's pretty hard to fuck up a MISFITS cover and yet some of these bands have a fair swing at it. I've never heard of any of the bands before and I never realized that there was an international MISFITS impersonation scene…kinky. I like the MISFITS as much as the next guy but this is not really doing it for me…for big fans only…then again, the longer I sit here listening to this the better it sounds, it might just be great…just not really intentionally, awhen the bands sing in Spanish it's priceless—in English it's awful. (AD)
(Bazofia, www.bazofia-records.com)

V/A – "The Speedfreaks Ball" DVD

A Captain Oi DVD? There is a lot of potential there! The DVD is from a 2005 show/festival featuring THE BUSINESS, BAD MANNERS, ARGY BARGY, SKABILLY REBELS, GOLDBLADE, and SECTION 5 as well other punk, ska, and psychobilly bands. A couple of tracks by each band shot mostly from the stage with crowd shots mixed in. Not your most hi-tech video production but still a fun spirited DVD with new and old bands getting some video footage out there for our viewing pleasure. Good sound too. (RL)
(Captain Oi)

V/A – "Till They All Come Home" CD

Wow, what a heady mix of things I can't stand all bundled together in one package. There isn't one song (out of 25) that could manage all the way through. The comp is weighted heavily in favor of atrocious metalcore bands and bad Oi, but is peppered with a few mediocre punk and hardcore numbers. It's difficult to know which stuff I disliked the most…I dunno take yer pick; FOUND DEAD IN THE TRUNK, DIRTY MOP WATER, 25 TA LIFE, BRICK BY BRICK, KING LY CHEE? You choose, I couldn't. I'm sure everyone in these scenes are stoked by these bands and a compilation supporting the troops. Me? I'm far too busy hammering nails into my eye sockets. (TB)
(8 Piece, PO Box 1322, Killeen, TX 76540)

V/A – "Urla Dal Granducato Vol. 2" CD

'80s hardcore/punk from Tuscany, Italy featuring: STATO DI POLIZIA, FALLOUT, JUGGERNAUT, AND BRONTOSAURI. STATO DI POLIZIA tracks have a striking raw, high-strung, and sometimes dissonant sound that's driving and classic Italian street punk. The JUGGERNAUT songs have a post punk hardcore sound with parts that hint at ARTICLES OF FAITH, but it's a more confused sound and the song structures become predictable fast. Low quality recording doesn't usually phase or dissuade me from listening to older cassette taped punk comps, in fact it usually helps, but for most of this CD it seems like these recordings and takes don't do the bands justice and many of them are live tracks. (BS)
(Area Pirata, areapirata.com)

Crimes Against Humanity Records / Distribution

Hellshock / Effigy Split Cd Out Early October. Check out www.cahrecords.com for details.
End of All "Same Shit But Different" Cd Blistering Swedish Thrash featuring an ex member of Wolfpack. Manditory
Cripple Bastards "Your Lies In Check" Cd Re-issue from this long-out-of-print classic. Ferocious grindcore at its best.
Wartorn "In the Name of the Father, Son and the Holy War" Cd A brutal style of Swedish styled State of Fear driven insanity.
Massmord "Inget Liv / Ingen Dod" Cd Swedish hardcore with piercing guitar leads, brutal bass, and whirlwind drumming, dual fe/male trade off vocals.
Phobia / Skrupel Split CdEp $5.50 Ferocious grindcore from both bands. This is Phobia's best stuff in years in my opinion. Essential.
Insuiciety "Believe And Die" Cd Totally devastating and refreshingly original doom/sludgecore in vein of Eyehategod and Grief.
Desolatevoid "Self Medicated Psycho Therapy" Cd Consider this an album that is anchored in a more straight ahead SOILENT GREEN, sucks the bone marrow out of EYEHATEGOD, and smokes up a little HIGH ON FIRE. Maybe then you'll understand why this shit is too heavy. (Blabbermouth.net)
Neuron "Gleichschritt" Cd Wicked grindcore from Germany. Some of the best I've heard. Neuron is all about grinding, thick, powerful grindcore
Gaurithoth "Perverse" Cd Raging European Black Metal. A little like Impaled Nazarene, Gaurithoth explodes on their debut album of pure insanity.
Mesrine "I Choose Murder" Cd Essential grindcore / Metal with a style to that similar to Dahmer This is awesome grindcore.
Diskonto "Watch Us Burn" Cd They are from Sweden so you should already know this is awesome. Their best album to date for sure.
Accion Mutante "The Complete Discography" Cd Everything they have recorded so far. Highly Essential. Total Crust / Metal.
Wartorn "Adolph Bushler" 7" Scandinavian thrash like State of Fear. This is limited to 300 Copies only.
To What End? "Concealed Below The Surface" Cd / Lp I consider this band to be the best Swedish Hardcore band going right now.
Misery "Production Through Destruction" Cd Re-release of this hard to find classic crust album from the early 90's
Pisshead Blues Band "s/t" Cd Blues lounge rock spewing from members of Civil Disobedience and Misery. Nice and relaxing and awesome.
Uncurbed "A Nightmare In Daylight" Cd Reissue from the 90's. Swedish hardcore that'll knock your socks off with brand new art.
Audio Kollaps "Music From An Extreme, Sick World" Cd / Lp A brutal mix of Crust, Grind and Metal. The best combination possible.
Head Hits Concrete "Thy Kingdom Come Undone" Cd Discography of their stuff to date. Head splitting ferocious grindcore.
Homoiratus "Apocalypse" Cd Pulverizing Grindcore / Death Metal from Greece. Comparisons to Rotten sound come to mind.
Beyond Description "A Road To A Brilliant Future" Cd / Lp // **Despite** "No Promise of Tomorrow" Cd / Lp
Urban Head Raw "Human Instinct" Cd Japanese Crust. // **Agathocles** "Alive And Mincing" Cd (Ltd to 1000)
Words That Burn "Spawning Ground For Hatred" Cd / Lp (Mailorder Ltd to 100 Red Vinyl) // **To What End?** "The Purpose Beyond" Cd
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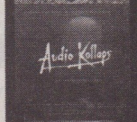

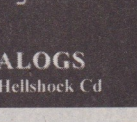

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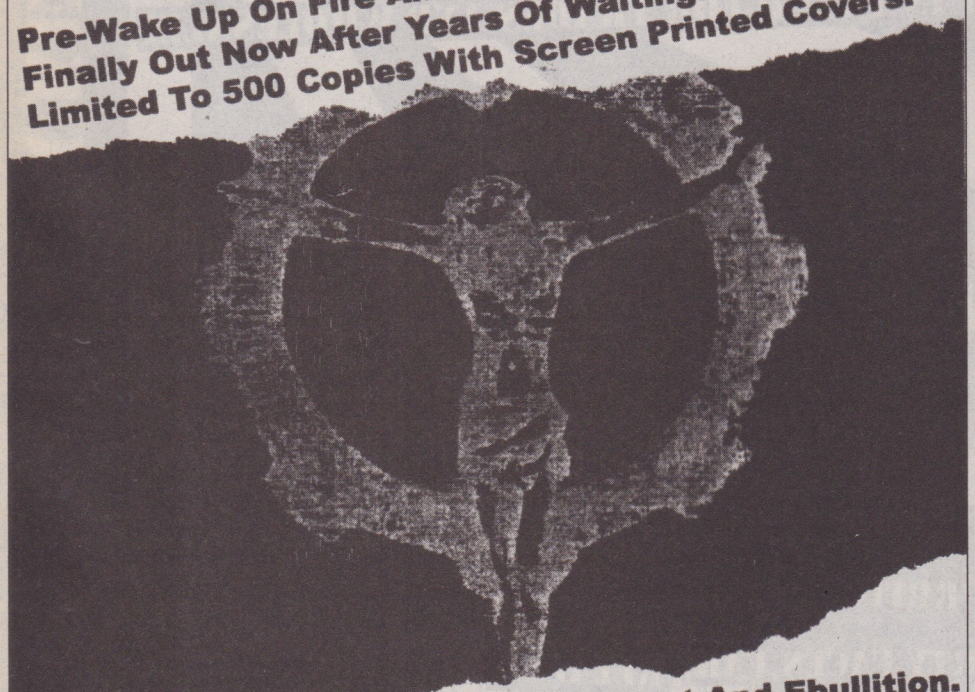

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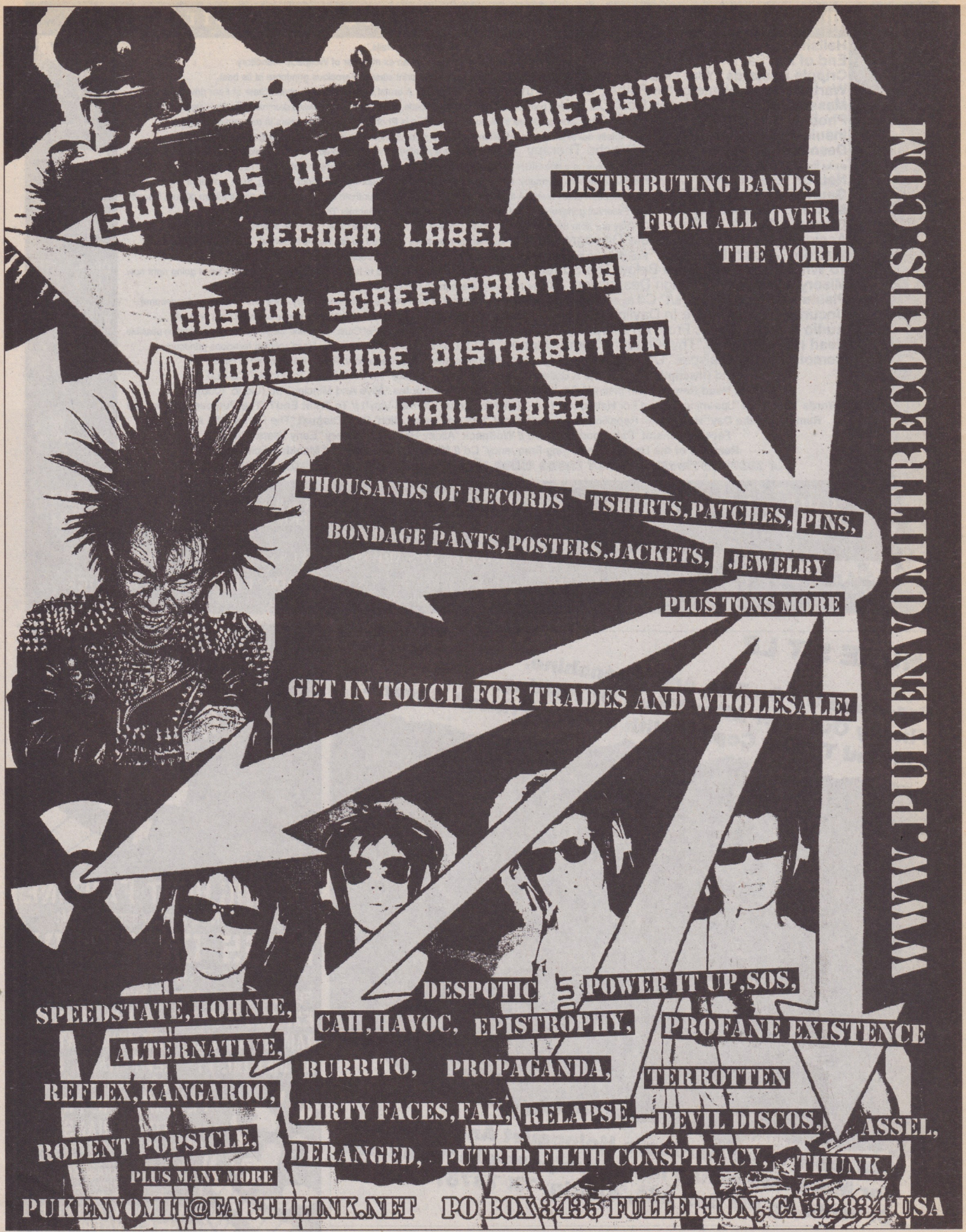
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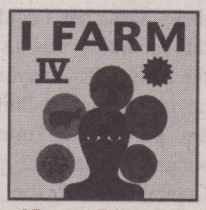

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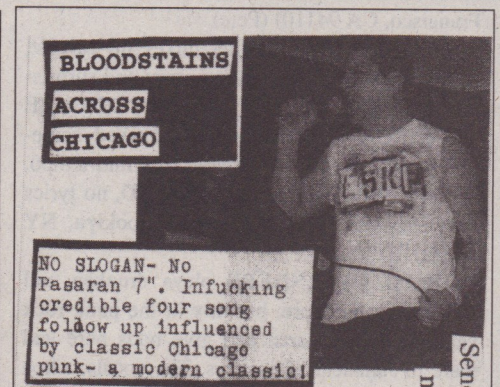

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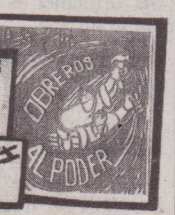

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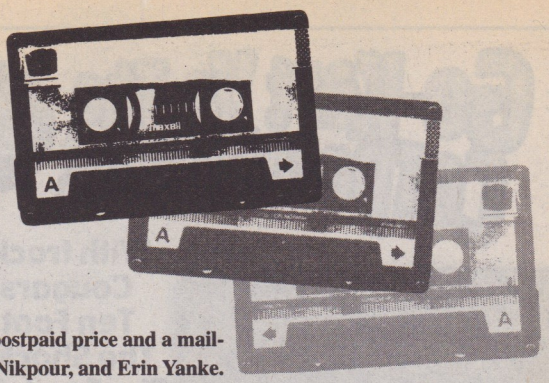

Send demos and CD-Rs to: Erin Yanke, PO Box 1113, Portland, OR 97207. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Peter Avery, Ariel Awesome, Colin Grigson, Golnar Nikpour, and Erin Yanke.

AN EXTRA DAY FOR RIOTS is going for an anthemic pop punk sound, but the vocals are mixed really high up, and they drowned out the music too much. The vocals are charmingly out of tune, which would work if there was music to match. This is a post mortem discography. (9 song CD, lyrics included. 4303 11th Ave. E. Bradeaton, FL 34208) (Erin)

BARBARIAN LORD runs through six songs in just over four minutes (that's if you don't count the minute of random electronic noise at the start of the first song). They play grindcore songs that mix blast beats with heavy breakdowns and metal riffs. There is a hint of youth crew influence in the songs, most notably in the backing vocals. This isn't all that special by any means but it is fun and the band plays the style pretty well. (6 song CD, with lyrics, $4 ppd, 1372 N. Washington St, Wilks-Barre, PA 18705, barbarianlordgrind@yahoo.com) (Pete)

BRUD KROU plays hardcore that's exciting, angry, and anguished. The music is frantic, lo-fi, totally energetic and on a perfect tight rope between tight and sloppy. I am reminded of the first time I heard the BCT Tapes (of mostly Italian hardcore from the '80s) because of sound and spirit. The vocals are fucking pissed, and I have not been so stoked to be so pissed in a long time. Get. This. Now. (13 song CD, lyrics included. Kuybashiv Str. 73-45, Minsk 220100, Belarus) (Erin)

BRUTAL TERRORISM is from Japan, and they shred hard. Fast as hell power violence, with touches of noise for good measure. On this, their discography cassette, they cover WHAT HAPPENS NEXT, CHARLES BRONSON, and GAI, and that tells you exactly what you need to know. They do what they do well, and this tape can get turned up loud, hell yeah! (24 song cassette, no lyrics included. Black Konflik Records, No, 59, Lorong 3, TMG Kenanga, 27600 Raub, Pahang, Malaysia) (Erin)

BUSSCOPS. Yes! As the cover claims, this CD-R is indeed "Youth Punx As Fuck!" This killer Pirituba three-piece have a sound that bridges classic CRUCIFIX/DISCHARGE stuff with a modern sound without sounding like TRAGEDY at all (*Yes*!). Songs range from mid-tempo to pretty fucking fast and the breakdowns are solid and huge. Singer Gregorio "Pimpolho" Patche must lose his voice every show with the impassioned howling he does here. One of Brazil's shining gems, *eu gosto* BUSSCOPS. (That means I like BUSSCOPS in Portuguese..) (5 Songs + 1 secret track on the CD. Rua Ramon Falcao, 103 CEP 05135040 Sao Paulo SP, Pirituba, Brazil) (Colin.)

After making my way through a plastic bag full of candy, macaroni and cheese, plastic ware, and condoms I finally got to the **CHEEZY TROLLZ** ridiculously long CD. The band plays garage style punk rock. There is lots of silly stuff in here but the better songs draw their influences from the punk bands of the '70s like THE RAMONES or THE STOOGES. The songs are up-tempo with fuzzy three-chord guitar parts and sung vocals. The recording isn't that great but it fits the music well. (33 song CD, no lyrics but it does come with a zine, 787 Treat St, San Francisco, CA 94110) (Pete)

CUDDLE MACHINES mixes up earnest, poppy punk with the frantic energy and surprising musicality of a band like SACCHARINE TRUST. The vocals are ranted and raved, sometimes sung, but always frantic. It's mid-tempo, and interesting. ($4 ppd. 11 song CD, no lyrics included. 801 Meeker Ave. #1, Brooklyn, NY 11222) (Erin)

DEAD OFFENDERS plays drunken and spiky punk hardcore, but mix in the punk rock version of Dub parts, and give nods here and there to Jamaican influences. The vocals, when sung, are gruff and grumpy, while during the punk parts they are full of rage, and sometimes border on the traditional grindcore vocal stylings. Historical and modern sounding punk rock. (7 song CD, lyrics included. Cut the Crap Records, 15 Leslie Rd, Edgbaston, Birmingham B16 9DX, United Kingdom) (Erin)

DISCOVER, from Sweden, plays brutal and fast hardcore, with the expected D-Beat of a band that starts with DIS-. The vocals are appropriately filled with spite, and are yelled with fury. They balance out well with the music, and the drummer is a fucking powerhouse. They cover the beloved DISCHARGE, too, and do it well. Tight and awesome. (24 song cassette, no lyrics included. Black Konflik Records, No, 59, Lorong 3, TMG Kenanga, 27600 Raub, Pahang, Malaysia) (Erin)

GERM ATTACK from Canada and **ZKOMPONENTZ** from the UK have released a split CD-R of raw hardcore punk. GERM ATTACK has a *lot* of reverb on the vocals, and plays basic DISCHARGE influenced thrash. They do a very convincing version of old Finnish or Japanese HC thrash, and they throw in a DISORDER cover for good measure. Their lyrics are pretty thoughtful, and their tunes are pretty rocking. ZKOMPONENTZ has an old anarcho feel, but not in a generic way. I know people say this a lot these days, but I could've easily believed that this recording was an old UK anarcho demo of the early '80s—maybe it's the weird element of having a drum machine? I like both bands, but I am particularly into the ZKOMPONENTZ songs. ($4 ppd. 22 song CD, lyrics included, Capitalicide, 92 Riel, Gatineau, QC, J8Y5Y2, Canada, capitalicide@hotmail.com) (Golnar)

GRAB BAG deserves some credit for their poo-poo jokes but their music is lacking. They play run of the mill, mosh pit, punk rock. The songs are sloppy, up-tempo numbers with a guitarist playing three chords (he attempts to wank at several points but it doesn't turn out well at all) and a vocalist with a forceful singing style. (6 song CD, no lyrics, no contact info) (Pete)

Long Island Hardcore is a two-disc CD comp that re-releases 2 LIHC tapes from the '80s. It's great to hear stuff that feels like the shows I went to. Scrappy, funny, fast, and also mean, sloppy, and tough. STANDS FOR NOTHING, SHIT FOR BRAINS, KEIEG KÖPFF, SUBURBAN DEFECTS, KRACK DOWN, COFFEE ACHIEVERS, MANUEL ZOMBIE, and CRACKED ACTOR make up the first CD. Disc 2 has some of those bands plus BORING SPONGE, SATAN'S CHEERLEADERS, SIX AND VIOLENCE, FOUR ROTTING CORPSES, DRY ROT, SURF ZOMBIES, TECHNICAL MISTAKE, and CRYPTIC. You may not recognize many or any of the bands, but you will recognize the palpable and awesome energy, and let's just say there's enough variety and similarity to make this my favorite compilation in a while, vinyl included! Also, the liner notes are great. Get this. ($12 ppd. 61 songs on 2 CDs, some lyrics included. 34 Marlon Ln, Hauppauge, NY 11788) (Erin.)

HUMOUSEXUAL plays pretty indie pop. They have quiet songs with handclaps and whistling that range in topic from the innocuous, to political — all of it pretty hilarious. I mean,

the name of the demo is *Tahini Beach Party*, and it features song titles such as, "Give Me Humous Or Give Me Death," "Sex Lib D-Beat," and "Supermarket Humous versus Smoked Tofu Spread." Anyway, it's cute, pro-queer, pro-vegan eats, and pro-laughs. Oh, and they get bonus points for the folowing lyrics: "girls — grow moustaches and eat molasses, boys — wear bikinis and eat tahini." (16 song CD, lyrics included. irrkproducts@yahoo.com) (Ariel)

THE KANAMITS plays fast basic, angry, female-fronted teenage punk. They sound a bit like NAKED AGGRESSION, and there is some FYP in there too, I don't know how but it's there. Anyway, it's not bad and I'm confident it will get better with more confident vocals, and more engaged lyrics. Oh, and please, please, *please* don't forget to include some contacts other than your Myspace page, because that's a big bummer. (6 song CD, lyrics included. www.myspace.com/kanamits) (Ariel)

LOWBALL plays melodic and gruff punk. They play it fast, and, although sometimes they sound like mid-'90s Southern California punk, they don't have too much hope in the future; ah, a true Portland band. (6 song CD, some lyrics included. 5810 SE Mitchell St, Portland, OR 97206) (Erin)

AS MERCEDES. There's a lot of hardcore bands in Sao Paulo. A huge scene based around it and a large support system for it. So the most genius next move Sao Paulo's hardcore scene could make would be to pluck 5 girls from it's cast of characters, 3 of which have never played in a band before and 2 from its best bands (I SHOT CYRUS, NAIFA, etc.) and have them play an amazing blend of girl group pop, 77 UK punk and a melancholy darkness resonating over it all. Nothing sounds like this. And it nails every bit of it, the up-tempo "Futil" makes me wiggle in my chair and the atmospheric "Guitarrita" makes me giddy to be bummed out, these songs are amazing. The melodies are everywhere on this CD and they just kill. My favorite band of the year. This is the type of demo that makes me want to start a record label. *Muito fodido* (very fuck yeah in Portuguese). ($2. 4 song demo. Rua Abilio Soares, 942 AP42 Paraíso, São Paulo, SP cep: 04005-003, Brazil) (Colin)

MORTO PELA ESCOLA (Killed By School en Portuguese) from Vitoria are three kids who love skating, hate school, and get their rocks off playing snotty hardcore. This rules! Songs are generally short but they have hooks (especially "Esporte De Playboy?") and the energy is totally for real. They have elements of JFA, BROKEN BONES, BAD BRAINS, DRI and way more, but they ain't copycats. This sounds like them, their riffing is unique, and the singer's basic bark is totally memorable. Yeah. Nine songs, with a weird bonus track of '80s-era rap in Portuguese. I'm in. ($2.50 plus shipping. 9 song CD-R. nº 96, Ap 302. Praia Da Costa Vila Velha-ES, Alex Vieira Morto Pela Escola Crimes Pela Juventude NC Renzo FCR, Pedro Jose Vieira 143, Santo Antonio Vitoria /ES 29026-160, Brazil, crimespelajuventude@yahoo.com.br) (Colin)

NAIFA ("Stab" in Portuguese) from Sao Paulo does a great job of doing something bands like X, THE CRAMPS, and THE RAMONES can do so well, hopscotch around different styles while always sounding like themselves. Their styles are generally within the hardcore department, but they can go from more GBH-ish stuff to *Suffer*-era BAD RELIGION to WASTED YOUTH to chugging MOTÖRHEAD with the greatest of ease and the same core sound over it. Featuring members of AS MERCEDES, CABECA DE GATO, BESTA-FERA, etc., this CD is solid all the way through. *Legal!* (Portuguese for cool.) ($2, 7 song CD, no lyrics included. Rua Artur de Azevedo, 1411, AP. 32, Pinheiros, São Paulo, sp. 05404013) (Colin)

A split demo from **RECONSTRUCT** and **PARKINSON** comes our way from Malaysia! RECONSTRUCT plays crust, with some real break-it-down mosh parts happening; heads will bang! PARKINSON covers the grindcore section with no surprises, but with energy and a really good sound. (12 song CD, 5 by R., 7 by P., lyrics included. Black Konflik Records, No, 59, Lorong 3, TMG Kenanga, 27600 Raub, Pahang, Malaysia) (Erin)

REDS has a three song demo or at least had a three song demo cause it appears to be out of print now, though I think you can download it from their website (yea, I fucking do research). The band plays typical, modern day emotional hardcore but with a more upbeat and catchy rock 'n' roll feel which is pretty refreshing. The music seems to be influence by generations of emo bands from RIGHTS OF SPRING to CURRENT to whatever might be popular today. The first track is a driving, dancing number that is a real winner. This is well worth checking out. (3 song CD, with lyrics, www.wakingrecords.com/reds) (Pete)

LA REVANCHA has energy energy energy. Taking their name from SPAZZ and referring to themselves as having a "power violence view" on the cover immediately give you the idea what they're going for. They attempted to make a crazy power violence record with weird bits of surf. And that they did. For a bunch of goofy kids they can pull of a metallic guitar sound and a huge degree of intensity. Lots of silly samples and short songs. If you like this stuff, y'know, you'll like this stuff. A two-singer attack makes the energy that much more frenetic and live it makes the shows literally the most energetic I've ever seen. Recommended. ($2 plus postage. 12 song CD, no lyrics included. Songs a/c Xopô av. 9 de Julho, 1967 AP. 61 CEP 01313-001, São Paulo SP, Brazil) (Colin)

SCRAM has a demo that is almost totally devoid of any information, which can also help to define the music. They play stripped down hardcore that reminds me a whole lot of old NO USE FOR A NAME. The songs are fast tunes consisting of power chords, distorted bass and screaming vocals (but it's the kind that you can still make out what they are saying). Simple music that is done well is often the best formula. (10 song CD, no lyrics, dustshade@aol.com) (Pete)

SEVER THE HANDS has a CD-R of fairly lengthy emotional hardcore songs. The music sounds a whole lot like STRIKFORCE DIABLO or TWELVE HOUR TURN, or maybe some other Florida band. They mix long, drawn out quiet parts taken from the SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE school and mix it with energetic hardcore. The songs are played pretty well and despite a couple of lackluster slow songs the CD is pretty good. (7 song CD, with lyrics, www.severthehands.com) (Pete)

SISSY DROPPED A SIXPACK plays simple punk rock with post-punk sensibilities, like interesting drumming, and killer weird guitar fills. The post punkers, though, sometimes have no spitfire left, and I'm proud to report that SDAS is full of piss and vinegar! Yee haw! The vocals sound like JOAN JETT doing emphatic speaking, which is great, just like this tape. ($2 ppd or trade. 4 song cassette, lyrics included. Woozley Farm, 6265 North St., Halifax, Nova Scotia B3L 1P4, Canada) (Erin)

THE SMUT PROJECT plays mid-tempo bar rock kind of punk, that is snarly, but not intimidating. When they acoustic it up, surprisingly they sound more menacing. Maybe the dark side is clearer that way. (15 song CD, no lyrics included. 4315 Pleasant Way #3, Pittsburgh, PA 15201) (Erin)

TOUGH LUCK reminds me of the earliest SCREECHING WEASEL stuff that had catchy punk songs and hardcore songs, and they did both so well. Yep, this demo is like that, but also raw and with a bit more malice. The vocals are shared and clear, rough and sung. (6 song CD, no lyrics included. 227 Montgomery Ave, Reading PA 19606) (Erin)

TUNDRA is theatrical, dark, and kind of metallic. Not fast or brutal enough for a ____-core label, they draw from REMAINS OF THE DAY, with a cello present, and everything. The vocals are shouted and anguished, strung out, and sparse. (5 song CD, lyrics included. 2020 S. Nye Place, Seattle, WA 98144.) (Erin)

Dear **WHITE ROSE**, thank you for releasing one of the best demos I've reviewed so far this year. The lyrics are political, well-composed, and—thankfully—original. Their sound is hard to pin down but it floats somewhere between AMEBIX and East Coast hardcore; well, let's just go ahead and say it's something all it's own. And it's great. (4 song CD, lyrics included. PO Box 880908 Pukalani, HI 96788) (Ariel)

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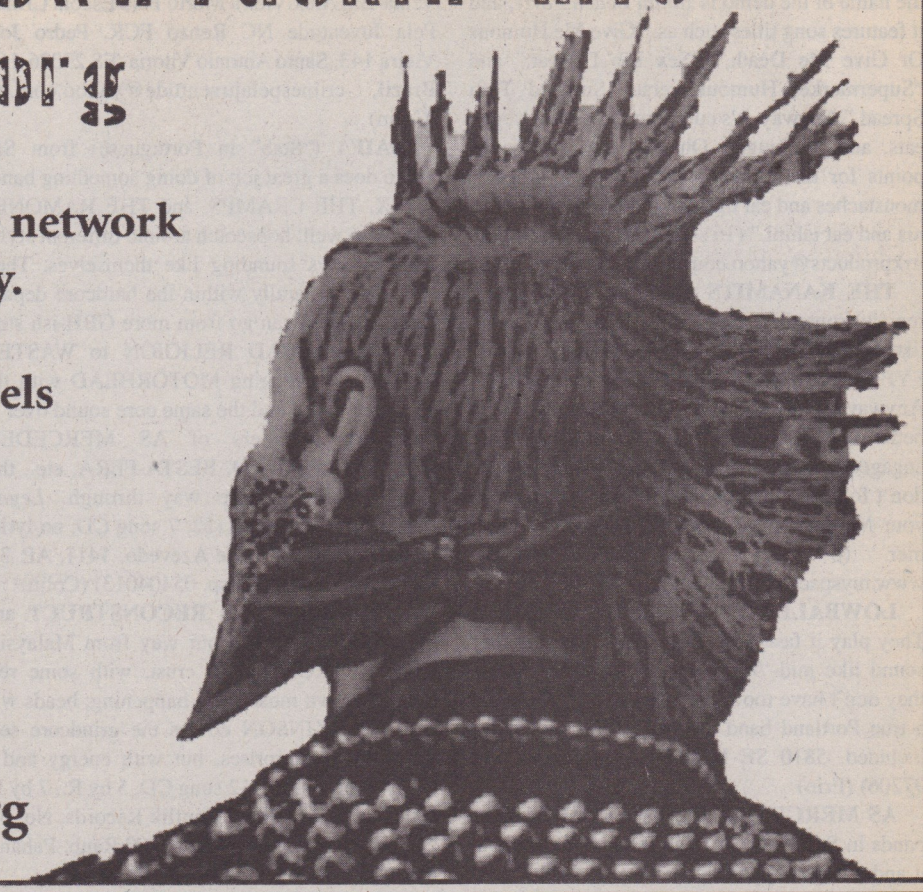

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ZINES

Reviews by: Julia Booze (JB), Paul Curran (PC), Mikel Delgado (MD), Layla Gibbon (LG), Cassie Harwood (CH) Chris Hubbard (CS), Harald Hartmann (HH), Nick Mangel (NM), Jeff Mason (JM), Golnar Nikpour (GN), Cooper Quintin (CQ), Casey Ress (CR), Andy Shoup (AS), Thera Webb (TW).

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

ANARCHY: A JOURNAL OF ARMED DESIRE #62 / $4.95
8.5 x 11 – printed – 76 pgs
Anarchy gets super legit with a glossy cover and a barcode and everything. On this issue's cover, the feature articles are "Dot Matrix On Penetrating Leftist Code," "Andy Robinson On State Abuse Of Ethnic Identity," and "Censored: What Was Slashed From 'Dreams Of Freedom'." Please send me the Cliffs Notes to this zine. I am a real live human living with ADHD, and this is like inviting a paraplegic to run a marathon. Naw, I do like to read though, a lot, or else I wouldn't be a zine reviewer, right? *Right??* Also in this issue, a column on the Spanish Revolution, a bunch of book reviews, and lots of articles about anarchy. (CH)
PO Box 3448 / Berkeley, CA / 94703
www.anarchymag.org

BLACKPOOL ROX II #9 / $5?
8.5 x 11 – printed – 28 pgs
Way tiny print that hurt my eyes to read, but some cool stuff in here. Started off with a very interesting and philosophical article about how music and the music industry have changed since the invention of recording and music sharing technology. Interviews with the Weakerthans, Zounds, The Great St Louis and Jenny from Holidays in the Sun. Lots of zine, gig, and music reviews, including a review of *Double Nickles on the Dime* that made my jaw drop: "not necessarily inspiring" "ok—will probably never listen to it again." Huh? This also comes with a CD featuring Higgins, The Tommys, Sick56, Limousine, and many others. (MD)
PO Box 1025 / Blackpool / FY3 0FA / United Kingdom
www.jsntgm.com

BROKEN PENCIL #32 / $5.95
11 x 8.5 – printed – 64 pgs
A Canandian indie sub-cultural zine that kind of reminds me of a less politicized *Kitchen Sink*. It looks like it has funding from the mythical government sources that seem to exist just to *FUND ZINES IN CANADA*. How mindblowing is that? Very. It's also a zine about zines and this is the "Family Issue," so lots of zinester talk about kid-sters etc. It also features blog reviews. Woah. I guess that's the future. I don't know, this isn't offensive or anything but it just bugs me out a little. The writing reads to me like people who really want to be professional writers, perhaps writing cultural pieces for the *NY Times* in their head. I like stuff that is more goofy somehow, less Dave Eggers. I am so snotty. But really. (LG)
PO Box 203 / Station P / Toronto ON M5S 2S7 / Canada

CAPTIVE VOICES #14 / $5-10 for year sub
8.5 x 11 – copied – 32 pages
This is a very organized and well-done zine all about prisoner rights, activism, and networking for those incarcerated and their allies. Jam-packed with information including current invents worldwide. This zine really ties in the full scope of prisoner's issues including those at Guantanamo, and those being unlawfully detained by intelligence and the military, etc. Several articles on trends in use of solitary confinement, abuse, etc. They are running a subscription support program now, and need your help, so cough up some money. They send their zine free to hundreds of prisoners, so help them out. (NM)
Houston ABC / PO BOX 6677614 / Houston, TX 77266

CONCIOUS DEFECT #1/ $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs
Conscious Defect chronicles the adventures of Spyder the straight edge vegan hitchhiking shoplifter. The writing is good and the stories overall are interesting and well put together. This issue contains stories about travel, scams, getting arrested, punk houses, and abandoned buildings. Some of his writing tends a bit to the self righteous and preachy. Spyder pulls no punches in his condemnation of drunks, cops, Wal-Mart employees, bored kids, or people who are overweight, but on the whole, it's a decent read. Note: he didn't include his address or price of the zine, so you probably should email him for more information. (CR)
conciousdefect@inbox.com

COUGH #4 / $1.50 or trade
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 14 pgs
Considering the style and content of this tiny thing I'm surprised it isn't photocopied directly onto college-ruled hole punched binder paper. It feels just like notes passed in History of Western Civ., or something equally tiresome, complete with the cutesy doodles. It is contributor based too, so the whole class is in on it. Seems to focus on Bay Area bands with extra love for the fast music. There's so much shit in here but the best are the instructions for making a tattoo gun out of a toothbrush, guitar string, and walkman motor (Maybe they're preparing their friends for Juvey?) and the chart that ranges from Icky/Tacky/Creepy/Taboo. See for yourself. (JB)
Tina / PO Box 604 / Moss Beach, CA 94058
www.coughzine.tk

DIAMONDS: A TEEN GIRL'S GUIDE TO BASEBALL #1 / $0.25
7 x 8.5 – copied – 4 pgs
This might be the strangest zine I've seen come into *Maximum* for review. Essentially, *Diamonds* is a cleverly made satire of teen magazines with a baseball theme. There's not a lot of content, and if you don't like baseball

there's not anything for you in here. I love baseball and really enjoyed the inside jokes and cute pencil drawings. It's funny and for a quarter, it's a cheap laugh. And yeah a Jason Schmidt glossy would be a good addition to *Maximum*, but wouldn't glossies of Vizquel be even better? (CR)
201 South Elm Street / Apt #6 / Champaign, IL 61820-4666
diamondsismybestfriend@hotmail.com

DISTORT #8-10 / $5 for 5 issue sub
11.5 x 8 – copied – 10 pgs
I've seen *Distort* before, and it's definitely a solid HC punk mag. Each issue covers the latest fast HC/thrash releases and usually has some stuff on old classic US HC or Japanese HC. Some examples includes H100s, Schism Records, Left for Dead, etc. There is also info on old rare records, lots of cool pictures, and awesome layout. Straight to the point and no filler! Gotta love it. (NM)
PO BOX 239 / North Carlton, Victoria / 3054 Australia

DOLL #230 / no price listed
8 x 10 – printed – 136 pgs – Japanese
This issue features the København punks Gorilla Angreb, No Hope For the Kids, Death Token (reprinted from *MRR*), and the Assassinators. These bands are interviewed, and of course they (and others—there's a two page photo spread) look great thanks to *Doll*'s sweet color photography. Select records outta the Danish capital are profiled as well. A half-million other bands are included, with an interview with Discocks and a section on Japanese skinhead bands, a photo spread from a psychobilly festival, talks with a couple of bands that were punk in '82 but, sadly, did not fatally OD, and lots of Japanese bands with whom I am not familiar. I like the pictures. (JM)
No. 303 Aota Bldg. / 3-1-9 / Kita / Kohenji / Suginami-Ku / Tokyo / Japan

DOLL #231 / $10
7 x 10 – printed – 140 pgs – Japanese
The cover feature for this issue of this long-running Japanese "super rock" zine is "London Punk 30 Years On!" Oh, yawn... They drag out the same old pictures of the same old bands: Pistols, Clash, Damned, et al, but that is quickly over and you get to the good stuff: interviews from a (way too) wide variety of bands, Japanese and otherwise, quality photos, and ads for records and CDs you'll never find. This issue's got interviews with non-Japanese bands Asta Kask, Hjerte Stop (translated from *MRR*), and others not worth mentioning. The funnest part of reading this is trying to figure out what the Japanese bands are all about, with only their band names, photos, and maybe a few English words that randomly appear in their interviews as guides. The most challenging one this issue: Clack Nash. Their logo and name say "The Clash," for sure, but the photo says "rockabilly" and the English words in the interview are "Motley Crue," "The Beatles," and "LOVE SHIT MUSIC." I don't have a clue, but Ariel's guess was that they probably do covers of The Clash and The Knack... Yes, hours of fun can be yours...Order now! (PC)
#303 Aota Bldg. / 3-1-9 Kita / Koenji Minami / Suginami-Ku / Tokyo / Japan

DØMD #1 / $4.50
5.5 x 8.25 – copied – 24 pgs
For someone graduating from a webzine to the printed zine world, this definitely has a nice DIY feel to it, with layouts that look good but not too computer-generated. Most of this is band interviews, with thoughtful, detailed questions that dig beneath the surface. The bands featured this time are Garmonbozia and Today's Overdose. There are also a few personal articles, mostly about different aspects of the punk scene. Definitely enjoyable. (MD)
Mathias Krogh / Edgrensgatan 27 / 671 50 Aruika / Sweden
www.domdfanzine.blogspot.com

DROPOUT #2 / free
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
Good god man, it's been a while since I've seen one like this, at least in my mailbox at *MRR*. *Dropout* is an honest-to-goodness punk rock skatezine. It has an interview with the Spits, an article about why the Zero Boys' *Vicious Circle* album is so awesome, some record reviews, a good little batch of gnar skate photos, an article about how to build a backyard bowl (for skateboarding), and a short story (with illustrations) by Jimmy Callaway. These kinds of zines helped form the backbone of the zine world of yesteryear, and it's good to see legit ones still being made. Thumbs up. (AS)
PO Box 86685 / Portland, OR 97286

EQUALIZING X DISTORT vol. 6, #6 / $?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 18 pgs
Cool newsletter zine that accompanies the radio show of the same name. Another good way to stay on top of all the crap that's coming out these days. This particular issue has interviews with To The Lions and Alternative Action, along with record, demo, book, and movie reviews and a rumor column. (CS)
35 Raglan Avenue, Unit 204 / Toronto, ON / M6C 2K7 / Canada
equalizingXdistort@ciut.fm

EQUALIZING DISTORT Vol. 6 #7 / $?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 20 pgs
Most notably, this issue of *Equalizing Distort* has a comprehensive interview with Rob Malyon from Youth Youth Youth, so if you are into that old Canadian band, check this out. We're talking nine full-size pages of interview. Less in depth discussions include Riot Brigade, Mutant, The Varukers and the reviews as usual. I wish people wouldn't use the damn computer for everything. The movie review of the documentary *American Hardcore* is scathing but I still want to see it! (JB)
35 Raglan Avenue, Unit 204 / Toronto, ON / M6C 2K7 / Canada
equalizingXdistort@ciut.fm

FREE SOCIETY #17 / $2 or trade
5.5 x 8 – copied – 80 pgs
By no means is this the greatest zine I've ever read, but it's got enough going on to put a smile on my face. The editor's enthusiasm really comes through, and his aesthetic is kind of retro, these days. He wonders what happened to zines being for the punx, writes about leaving his hometown for a bigger city, and gets upset when kids trash a venue back home. There is a local scene report, an interview with Tragedy, and a number of zine, book, movie, and music reviews. There's a bunch of photographs, which reproduced decently despite the photocopied look. Sometimes I think this small-town viewpoint suffers from a lack of perspective, like comparing kids who wreck a venue to US imperialists (which I guess some of the perpetrators were, but I hate to equate people killed, oppressed and impoverished with kids who lost their deposit), or wondering "do kids today care like we did?" in regards to fans of rock bands marketed as punk. But this perspective is the zine's strength, too, as it gives *Free Society* its distinctive feel, and seems to be part of why the editor has such love and dedication to crusty hardcore punk. I appreciate the effort and desire a little more than I do the actual results, but still, for what you get, it's worth the money. (JM)
c/o Stu / PO Box 342 / Peterborough, ON / K9J 6Z3 / Canada

GOOD IDEAS FOR TATTOOS / $1 or trade
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 36 pgs
This is pretty much the funniest zine I've read all year. Basically a collection of drawings Julie made for a friend thinking about getting a tattoo, the "advice" in here is amazing. "A cat would be a really symbolic animal to have if you were like a cute cuddly friendly animal one second and a demon possessed spawn of Satan the next" accompanies two drawings of kitties, and in the fruits and veg section she recommends, "A zucchini may not be the best idea. If you really want some phallic energy get a unicorn or a narwhal." Plus it had the best idea for a tattoo I've seen (besides the dragon with boobs from the Void insert in the Void/Faith split)—a MANATEE WITH HAWK WINGS!!!!! Seriously, I can't recommend this enough. I read it often, and laugh every time. (TW)
alphabalance@yahoo.com

IN MY HEAD #1 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 48 pgs
"Articles, essays, interviews, and art around mental health in the DIY scene and beyond." That pretty much sums it up. Good stuff in here, and not the touchy feely "if you just love the world and take this tincture everything will be hugs and puppies" crap that it could have ended up as. Very helpful for anybody who has had mental health stuff or knows anybody dealing with it. (TW)
tobychelms@hotmail.com

THE INNER SWINE Vol. 12, Issue 3 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 64 pgs
The Inner Swine is a weird one. It gets heckled by some of our other reviewers, and I can't remember why. It's not particularly *punk* or anything, but you know what? That really has so little to with anything in the zine world, at least as far as I'm concerned. The thing about *The Inner Swine* is that despite its lack of graphic pizzazz, it's written well. I mean *really* well. It's also pretty funny. Jeff Somers, the guy that does the zine, has a really good grasp of editing and tone and all that English class stuff. His written pieces are slice-of-life material, stories about getting old and lame work parties and some fiction thrown in for good measure. A solid effort all around. (AS)
PO Box 3024/ Hoboken, NJ 07030
www.innerswine.com

THE INSURGENT #17.5 / free
11 x 17 – printed – 28 pgs
Despite how old this issue is (May!) I found a lot of information in it that I hadn't heard yet. This paper focuses on international news with particular coverage of all things radical. It is published through the University of Oregon, which should explain the academic bent to the writing, although it is a lot more readable than *Green Anarchy*, at least for me. Plus you can't go wrong with the History of May Day, herbal medicine, a bio-diesel explanation, and an overview of Immigration Action. (JB)
UO Student Insurgent / Suite One / 1228 University of Oregon / Eugene, OR 97403
sialtmedia@hotmail.com

LAST HOURS #14 / 2.50 pounds
8 x 10 – printed – 116 pgs
While I would never go out of my way to read something as horrifying as the cover article for *Last Hours*, that being "Acoustic Punk Rock!" featuring Ghost Mice, etc. I do enjoy *Last Hours* as a magazine. Aside from the folk-punk crap, there are some good articles about Green Scare protests, renewable energy, and an interview with Nate Powell. This is a lot better than many other magazines of this ilk, you might like it! (TW)
PO Box 382 / 456-458 The Strand / London, WC2R ODZ, United Kingdom
www.lasthours.org.uk

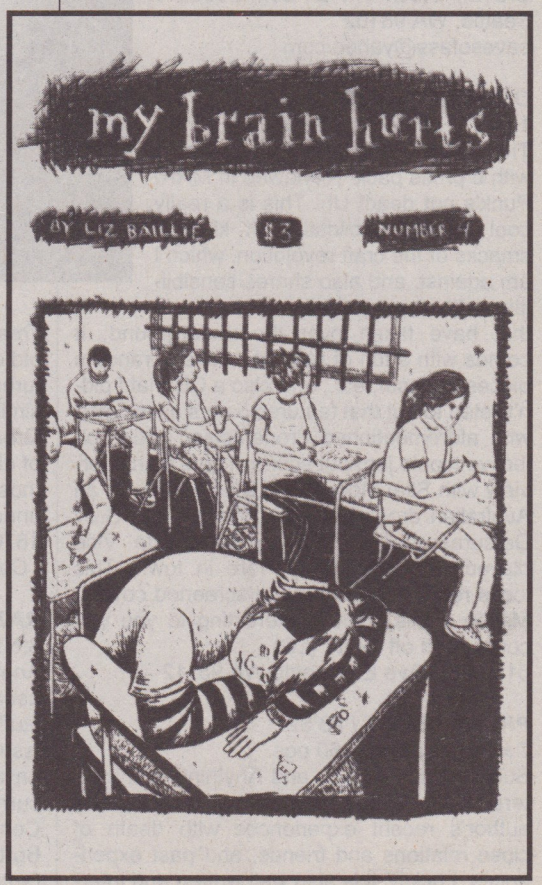
THE MATCH! #104 / free or donation
7 x 8.5 – printed – 84 pgs
The Match is "a journal of ethical anarchism" that, since 1969, as been produced without the aid of a telephone, email, or computer. The latest installment includes a handful of political articles, pieces on police brutality and the potentially cancerous effects of cell-phone usage, and "an anarchistic opera." Most interesting I found was the letters section, which took up about a quarter of the publication. A dialogue often times makes for better reading than simply an article, and *The Match* seems to encourage this as they include a self-addressed envelope in each issue. (CS)
PO Box 3012 / Tucson, AZ 85702

MY BRAIN HURTS #4 / $3
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 26 pgs
This is the fourth installment of a comic series by New York artist/writer Liz Baillie. Following the ups and downs of a teenage queer punker named Kate as she struggles with being bullied, the general fucked up-edness of high-school, and the confusing wonder of young love, *My Brain Hurts* is a tender but tough story that is both well-drawn and well-told. Kate's story will resonate both with queers and hets alike; what punker can't relate to the experience of feeling out of place, alienated, or afraid, especially in high school? The immediate reference point for Baillie's subject matter and comic style is Ariel Schrag, and I hope Baillie has the space and time to explore these characters as much as Schrag has in her work. I for one am all for more stories about rad queer lady punkers with crazy hair and crusty hardcore t-shirts sticking it to the man, which is basically what happens in this issue of *MBH.* Recommended. (GN)
liz@lizbaillie.com
www.lizbaillie.com

NATE RELOCATES #1 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs
Nate Relocates traces the author's life from birth through his early college days. The art is crude, which wouldn't be a problem if the stories had some larger connected theme that brought the issue together. It comes off as disjointed and thrown together. In theory this is the first of a series, hopefully the next issue will do a better job of bringing the stories together. (CR)
Nathan / PO Box 5145 / Pacific Grove, CA 93950

NEGATIVE REACTION #6 / $5
8.5 x 11 – printed – 24 pgs
This English punk zine features interviews with Holy Racket, the Skeptix, and the Fallout, as well as record and zine reviews. It's a solid effort, but overall, a little dull. (AS)
20 Front St / Tanfield Lea / Stanley Co / Durham / DH9 9LY / United Kingdom

THE NEW WAVE OF CUT AND PASTE #2 / $4
8 x 6 – copied – 20 pgs
This zine is like reading a conversation between clip art people. That's his zine concept anyways; clip art people with speech bubbles. If only those speech bubbles contained things I was more interested in. There's an interview with The Steal, lots of reviews of local bands, and a piece about how Biohazard are liars that errs of the side of zany and/or wacky. He's from Brighton, England, which is a town I lived in for three years in my late teens/early '20s. It's a great place, you should totally go there. Maybe if you write this dude you can crash at his house and you'll find out and that him and his friends are *ACTUAL CLIP ART PEOPLE* in real life too. (LG)
Dom, Flat 5 3 / Buckingham Rd / Brighton / BN1 3RA / United Kingdom

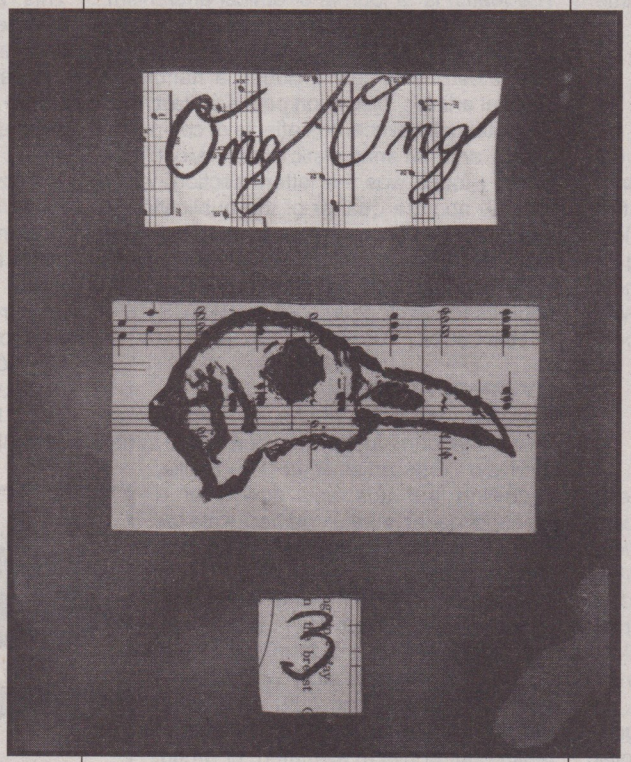


NIGHT TERROR / $2 or free to prisoners
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 28 pgs
Night Terror is broken up into three parts. The first is a story with illustrations about the author's disorienting struggle with night terrors, which are a nighttime dream state anxiety that are not exactly nightmares. As the writer Craven Rock describes, night terrors are "a long continual uncomfortable feeling or a creepiness or oppressive feel that lasts through the whole night." The night terror sufferer has a loose grip on what is actually reality and what is the terror, which can lead to difficult situations with anyone sharing their bed. This story is vivid, well drawn, and well told. The second part of the zine is a more straightforward, research themed section that chronicles the editor's attempt to find some definitive medical sense of what night terrors actually *are*, since what is currently known and written about them is so contradictory. Having something to do with severe psychological trauma, night terrors plague the people who suffer from them, not allowing the sleeper to cross over into deeper stages of sleep (such as from non-REM to REM). The final part of the zine is a comic by Kinoko, sketching a few instances of sleeping near or with people who suffer from night terrors. Overall, this zine is a compelling look at sleeplessness, frustration, and anxiety of people who suffer from this psychological disorder. Well done. (GN)
Craven Rock / PO Box 20692 / Seattle, WA 98102
eavesofass@yahoo.com

ONG ONG #3 / $6
10 x 7 – printed – 80 pgs
This came with a press pack. A zine with a press pack! Reviewed in *MRR!* Punk's not dead! Uh. This is a really cool looking publication, it kind of smacks of the craft revolution, which I am against, and also shares sensibilities with the free folk noise people that have taken over the underground…It comes with a ton of free art, stickers, random pieces of paper, etc., and also a CD that I didn't listen to but that features bands associated with aforementioned drone/noise/ freak collective hippie jam out scene. There's an interview with Slim Moon of KRS and one with an Australian drone noise band called the Grey Datsuras that I think my bandmate Vice played with when they were in town. This looks really cool, with hand-screened covers. Maybe if this sounds interesting to you you could send off for it? (LG)
514 15th / Ave E / Seattle WA 98112

PROOF I EXIST / #8 $2
7 x 8.5 – copied – 60 pgs
Subtitled "Life, Love, and Anything that matters," this issue focuses on religion, the author's recent experiences with death of close relations and friends, and past experiences. Luckily, it is also well written and interesting, especially if you want to hear about somebody who once though that he was Jesus. Definitely a good read. (TW)
PO Box 470507 / Chicago, IL 60647
www.iknowbilly.com

Q FOR TREASON #10 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 32 pgs
This is a great zine idea, and it is executed particularly well. The subtitle is "Exploring British Columbia Ghost Towns." That pretty much says it. When I was living in far northern Michigan there were numerous of these old spooky towns that had long since disappeared. Some of them used to have up to 20,000 people living there. They were associated with the lumber industry or mining usually and they really piqued my interest. *Q for Treason* reminds me of my interest in those old creepy places, which judging from the pictures, although they are in BC are remarkably similar to our American northern ghost towns. Great stories and information about all kinds of different little places. Reminds me a little of those zines about trespassing and urban underground exploration. Fucking cool! (NM)
1670 E 10 Ave #2 / Vancouver, BC / V5N 1X5 / Canada

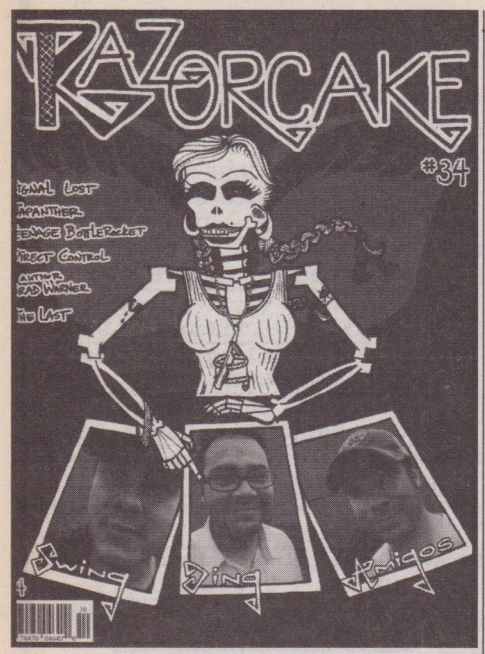


RAZORCAKE #34 / $4
8.5 x 11 – printed – 116 pgs
Another good issue of *Razorcake*, with the usual columns, comics, reviews, and all the stuff you're hopefully familiar with by now. Issue #34, featuring the Swing Ding Amigos on the cover, has interviews with two of my current favorites—Signal Lost and Direct Control—plus pieces on Japanther, Teenage Bottlerocket, the Last, and Brad Warner (author of the book *Hardcore Zen*, and former member of early-'80s Akron, Ohio hardcore band Zero Defex). Do the right thing for once and support this fine punk zine! (CS)
PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA 90042
www.razorcake.org

RENFIELD #15 / $3
8 x 6 – printed – 62 pgs – German
"Why Pod?" is the title of this edition of *Renfield*, and I must admit I enjoyed the cover and the free stickers. The caption is the familiar iPod ad except the guy is holding a rifle in one hand and an iPod in the other. Cool! Inside this fanzine are interviews with the Epoxies, the Briefs, and Magyar Posse. There are also some assorted articles one on doing an interview. There are also a bunch of new record reviews. This fanzine is always a fun read. (HH)
Tim Kegler / Samariterstr.2 / 10247 Berlin / Germany
renfield-fanzine@hotmail.de

RICE HARVESTER #13 / $2 (or trade from outside the US)
7 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs
Rice Harvester is one of those zines that everyone should know about. It's got great writing and a raw, DIY graphic style. This issue starts with the best intro page I've seen in years, all about the things that have happened in Greg Harvester's life that should have killed him but didn't. So much better reading than, "Sorry this issue is so late and sucks so bad but I've been lazy and drunk…" Know what I'm saying? There are contributions from awesome writers like Dan Beckman and Erick Lyle (formerly known as Iggy Scam), a great screen-printed cover by Icky (not "icki"), and lots from Greg himself, from pinball obsession to the harrowing story of getting shot in face in New Orleans. A must read. (PC)
PO Box 3381, Bloomington, IN 47402

THE RISE AND THE FALL OF THE HARBOR AREA #8 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 58 pgs
Tight layout, band interviews, scene stuff for the San Pedro / Los Angeles Harbor Area, plus a bunch of show photos from Fer Youz, which was a photo collage zine out of LA in the early to mid '80s. Basically, there's some sweet stuff, and some irrelevant stuff (at least to me) here. Also, some poems by one of my favorite over referenced, over rated, over romanticized by whack dudes who think writing about booze and crushes will make their boring zine suck less authors: Charles Bukowski! Apparently this is a "dream come true for most, if not all, zinesters." Take a minute to think about that. Fuck. (P.S. if this is a dream come true for you, at least start reading some of the other poets who were writing in the same scene. Referencing that one dude over and over is way boring.) (TW)
PO Box 1794 / San Pedro, CA 90733
www.theriseandfall.com



SOUTHCOAST VEGAN COOKING ZINE #5 / $2 or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 24 pgs
As far as cookbook/zines go, this was more of the entry-level vegan type. Many of the recipes seem to be of the "throw together whatever's in the pantry" style, which I can totally respect for being simple and cheap. But there's lots of margarine, vegan mayo, and ramen noodles, which is not inspiring to someone who really enjoys cooking. (MD)
PO Box 1398 / Southampton, Hants / S016 9WX / United Kingdom
hannah_pinchin@yahoo.com.uk

STRAIGHT SOB FANZINE #10 / $1 or trade
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 32 pgs
Tons of pictures of awesome bands like Fucked Up, Pedestrians, No Hope for the Kids, Marked Men, and more. Stories about traveling through the country on bike and train. Some cheezy shit about drinking coffee, and more travel stories. As much as I hate reading about people's love of coffee I will let it slide this time since this zine is full of awesome pictures, and overall I really enjoyed reading it. (CH)
Mike Schake / 63 Highland Rd / Hackettstown, NJ / 07840
forceforchange@yahoo.com

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #200-201 / trade
8 x 6 – printed – 64 pgs – Finnish
There is lots of punk in this two hundred double celebration issue. Included in this edition is an excellent article on an alternative punk organization in Vaasa that led to the founding of this fanzine. There are also some tour diaries of bands playing around central and eastern Europe. There is also a brief history of the punk scene in Blackpool, England. Finally to write there are also plenty of new record reviews, lots of ads, and cool photos. (HH)
PO Box 1 / 65200 / Vaasa / Finland
jantsa@yahoo.com

TRUST #119 / $5
11 x 8 – printed – 68 pgs – German
This issue of *Trust* includes interviews with Anne Ullrich, a photographer of the early German punk scene, Ben Weasel, Sleater Kinney, Panic, and Once A Demon. There is a very interesting article on Afghanistan with some rather interesting photographs that one would never see it the straight press. The rest of this fanzine is the usual fare of columns, new music reviews, cool ads, and a great gig listing. (HH)
PO Box 11 07 62 / 28087 Bremen / Germany
www.trust-zine.de

TURNING THE TIDE Vol. 19 #5 / free
11 x 17 – printed – 8 pgs
A regular propaganda rag from the Los Angeles chapter of Anti-Racist Action. This issue includes pieces on the rebuilding of New Orleans, the California prison system, the Black Panthers, and white supremacists in Ontario, Canada, all from a decidedly leftist standpoint. I believe it's free but they're a non-profit and a good cause so you might wanna send them some money for one if you can. (PC)
ARA-LA / PO Box 1055, Culver City CA 90232, antiracistaction_la@yahoo.com

UNFIT FOR CONSUMPTION #10 / $?
9 x 11.75 – copied – 52 pgs
If you buy your zines by the word count, you'll get this one for sure. The type is small and the pages are big. The focus is a variety of DIY, mostly Irish, bands. The second half is mostly reviews, and about 2/3 of the bands get slagged in that clever Irish way. I'm so sick of fake-ass fawning reviews that I appreciated this. Also the reviewers do describe the music and the fucking problem pretty well—there are hardly any two-line reviews, more like six- or ten-line. Interviewed are El Bastardo, Pig Destroyer, producer Billy Anderson, the Freebooters, the Dead Hate the Living, and a number of others who would fall outside *MRR*'s area of coverage. There are columns as well, including master didact Steve Scanner writing on the standardization of agriculture demanded by giant businesses. Seriously, this dude is a treasure. Plenty of talk of football and drinking pints is found throughout the publication. This is the final print issue—future consumption will be via the World Wide Web. (JM)
c/o Trevor Meehan / 46 Rosturra Cres. / Woodview Pk. / Limerick / Ireland / trevmeehan@hotmail.com

WAX & VIOLENCE #2 / $4
8 x 6 – printed – 72 pgs – German
This is volume two of a discography of USA street punk. There is a brief introduction in English. But beyond that this small fanzine is just a discography of records by US bands: It is composed of a picture of the record cover and a brief statement describing the music. This is more of a reference guide than a fanzine, but an excellent place to learn about new music and bands. (HH)
Thomas Junggebauer / Blumberger Damm 31 / 12685 Berlin / Germany
email:waxandviolence@gmx.net

YOUTH CULTURE KILLED MY DOG #7 / $2 or trade
8.5 x 5 – copied – 60 pgs
This is a proper punk zine. From the rad angry drawings of a mohawk flipping the reader off, the interviews with local and German bands, the political diatribes on subjects ranging from capital punishment to why nerds are not popular. I did not actually *like* this zine but that's because I am old and lame. I bet you would like it. A lot of work clearly went into it, and after reading so many professional zines this issue it's rad to see a true DIY cut 'n' paste small town teenage (I think? Maybe I am being patronizing) punk zine. The bands interviewed are the Jerkwads, Up! Scumbag and SS Kaliert. (LG)
310 W 2nd / Anderson, IN 46016

ZINE MANIFESTO #1 / $?
5 x 7 – copied – 20 pgs – Portuguese
Nice zine here from Brazil, covering some pretty rad bands from there including Hats, Descolados, Sengaya, and I Shot Cyrus. Not at all bad for a first issue! Also covers some political goings-on, some cartoons, etc. Also, if you can read Spanish, Portuguese is pretty easy to figure out (only in written form, spoken from my experience is a different story!). Very cool. (NM)
Daniel Wallace De Souza Lima / Cidade: Sao Jose SC / Rua Adao Schmidt N 803 / Bairro Barreiros / CEP 88117260 / Brazil

OUT IN SUMMER 2006:

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X-MGR 1000mph Gulf Coast Crackcore

DUDMAN EP & DUDMAN/NK6 Split
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XBRAINIAX - 31 song EP
31 song ballistic ADD assault

SLIGHT SLAPPERS - 2nd LP
Tokyo power viuolence legends

APARTMENT 213 - 1993-97 CD
90s raw Clevo power violence

BREAKFAST 2nd LP
Round 2 of manic Tokyo Skate thrash

INSECT WARFARE -2nd EP + CD
Blasting grind-CD w/EPs,Split,Demo

MINDLESS MUTANT - Debut EP
Chino area full throttle fastcore

NO DICE - One Sided Lmted EP
Brand new insane Bay Area speedcore

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS - Coll CD
Manic Texas HC from late 90s

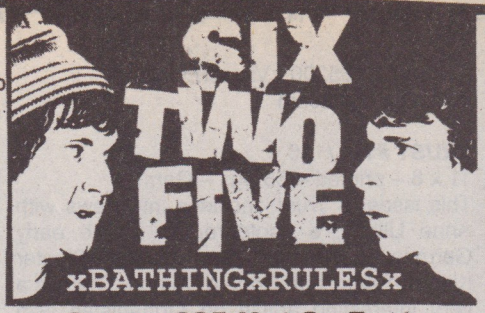
JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS - Coll LP
Collects everything - high-energy HC.

SECOND OPINION - CD
Fast-High Energy thrash, EP,demo,live

KUNGFU RICK - 2xCD
Entire collection. Insane grind/HC

BARBARIC THRASH CD COMP SERIES
NEW!Euro Thrash CD comp in digipak plus earlier Cali, & Japan editions!

HIT ME BACK - Debut LP
Socal ultra-posi thrash kings



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One-person fastcore a la Despise You

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IRON LUNG/SHANK split CD
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BLOODY PHOENIX - Debut EP
Ex-Excruc Terror grinding blastcore

MACHINE GUN ROMANTICS - CD
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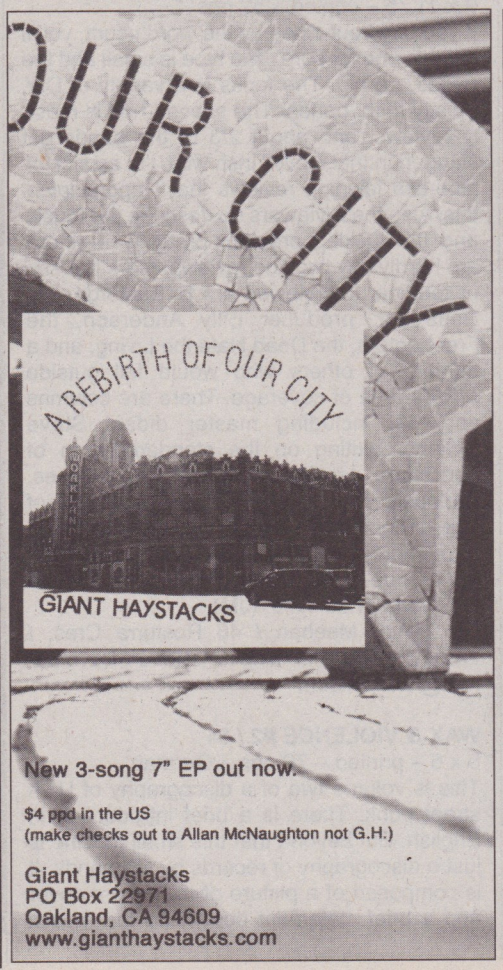

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TEAR IT UP S/T
CAUSTIC CHRIST S/T
TAMPERE SS Kuolutt & Kuopattu
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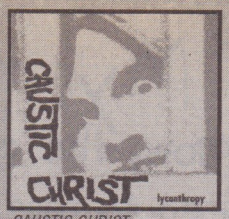

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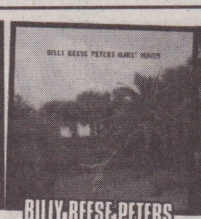
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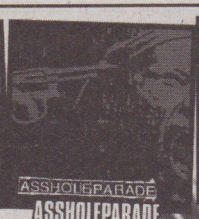
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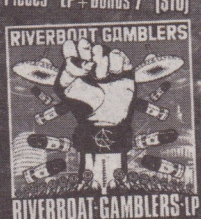
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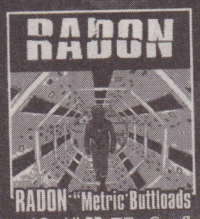
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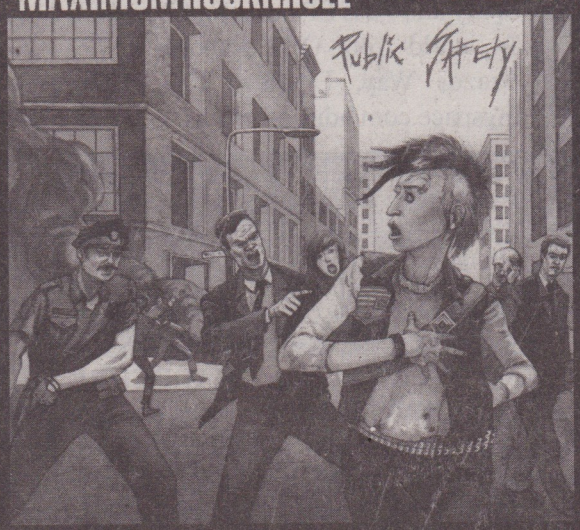

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